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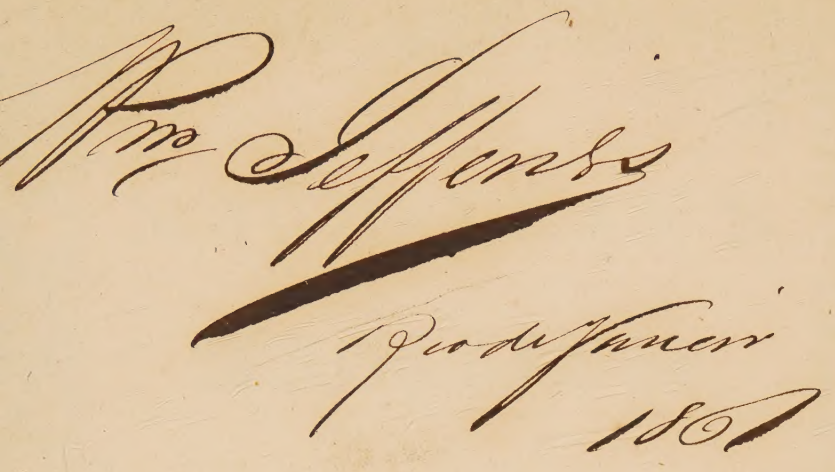

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1859.

POLITICS OF THE PRESENT, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is eleven years since the Peace established by Waterloo was broken, and the irritability which had been pretty well pent up during the preceding thirty-three years within the separate bodies-politic of Europe again broke forth in insurrections and wars. This fact, that we are now in the twelfth year of a new period of war and commotion, succeeding a period of comparative peace, ought to be distinctly borne in mind. Eleven years of the period have passed; but, according to all probability, many more years will have to elapse before the period shall have reached its historical close.

What meant such an epidemic of political irritability throughout Europe eleven years ago but that certain wrongs or mal-arrangements, of which the nations had been complaining since the so-called general adjustment of 1815, were now felt in such accumulated degree as no longer to be endurable? The wrongs openly complained of were of two kinds —wrong as between certain peoples and their own proper governments; and wrong as respected the way in which certain peoples were parceled out among governments not their own. Of the feeling of one or other of these kinds of wrong, or of the two united, the well-remembered events of 1848-9 were an emphatic proclamation. The Parisian revolt against Louis-Philippe, and all the simultaneous reckonings to which that rapid French movement gave occasion between the populations of the Italian and German states and their respective sovereigns, were risings of the subject for an increase of liberty. The Hungarian war, after its first stage, on the other hand, the contemporary war in Italy for the expulsion of the Austrians, and the tumults among the Slavonian populations subject to Austria, were commotions having their root in the sense of outraged nationality, in the loathing of certain races and certain parts of the earth for alien governments tied over them by force. Through what course these agitations, in their double kind, ran, and what immediately came of them, who is there that forgets? To the first triumphant rush of democratic effort and of the enthusiasm of nationalities, there succeeded the gradual tyrannic reaction; the Constitutions granted by the sovereigns were torn in pieces or blown back as cartridge-paper in the faces of the mobs; the insurgent nationalities were lashed down and rechained; and, save for the incidents of a Piedmont happily rescued from the waves and not disposed to sink again, and a Prussia constitutionalized a little more than formerly, the only result on which the popular eye could rest as the positive and tangible issue of so much turmoil was the unexpected appearance in the centre of European affairs of one most extraordinary man, long vagrant in the

outer spaces of the world as a fragment of the old Napoleon, but now restored to his uncle's place, with his Napoleonian ideas all within him, and with a system of ethics such as belongs only to exiles that have been purple-born.

Say what we will, the appearance in the centre of affairs of this one man—whom some eccentric persons persist in regarding as stupid, but whom others have uniformly praised, since his success, as wise and profound,—is the most pregnant fact in recent European history. How it modifies, for one thing, the notion with which some philosophers have been recently entertaining us, that the importance of the individual in society is necessarily becoming less and less! Louis-Napoleon, it is true, can only act as all the circumstances about him admit of his acting, and the drift of affairs on a large average might be much the same without him as with him; but, in the present state of Europe, his will is undoubtedly one of the main elements that have to be taken into account, and the influence which he personally exerts tells immediately over as large a surface of the earth as was ever reached from Paris before. Even in the general confusion of 1848-9, and while he was but President of the French Republic, his influence was perceptible. It has been more perceptible, however, in what has occurred since. First, in his own self-arranged rise from the Presidency to the Empire, and in his firm possession of the Empire on the terms of his own dictation, he has perplexed previous ideas as to modes of government, by showing to the world that, after all, Dynastic Despotism and Representative Constitutionalism are not, as has been supposed, the only alternatives that human ingenuity can work out at present in this department of experiment—by exhibiting at least one successful example of the art of founding a personal despotism, even in a highly sensitive and civilized country, upon an instantaneous or vanishing basis of Universal Suffrage, and so suggesting to the reflective that, were the process repeated along a line of successors not necessarily related to each other, there might be a revival, or a modification, for certain countries, of the rule of the Roman Cæsars. How powerfully Louis-Napoleon's dealings with his French constituency have affected the speculative politics of the present, may be seen in the fact that, on the one hand, the partisans of Despotism have been looking less askance of late at Universal Suffrage, as on something long unnecessarily dreaded, and now seen to be capable, in certain cases, of useful employment, and that, on the other hand, liberal and popular thinkers, formerly advocates of Universal Suffrage pure and simple, have felt themselves knocked back in their enthusiasm, and have begun to re-investigate for correctives and limitations. But Louis-Napoleon's influence has not been confined to such action on speculative politics in virtue of what he has done in France. As he has been a bold man, a man of new methods, within his own constituency, so he has been a bold man, a man of new methods, in his dealings with other nations. Twice or thrice, Great Britain, incapable of penetrating his meaning, but knowing that he is not a man of the old calculable kind, has fancied that the immense forces he was accumulating in France, and which must have some outlet, were destined for her shores. Among the continental nations round France there has been the trepidation of a like uncertainty. Twice, relieving this general anxiety as to the direction his will might take, he *has* acted, and acted characteristically. It is in the East of Europe, where national masses have not yet been formed, as in the West, but where Austria and Turkey hold between them provisionally a medley of races, tugged at by the huge Slavonic power of Russia, and otherwise agitated by instincts of their own—it is there that the question of nationality is both most rife and most difficult. Into this region the genius of Napoleon III. took its first aggressive walk. Russia, tired of merely tugging at the medley of masterless or ill-mastered races within her view, and thinking the time come for more decisive interference, invaded the Turkish part

of them, intending to cashier the sick Turk, and to help herself to his Slavonian provinces and to whatever else might be convenient, while satisfying other great powers by leaving the rest at their discretion. The great powers did not like the project; France and England, allying themselves, declared a war of the balance of power; and, at a vast cost, Russia was obliged to desist, and the question of the future of the populations subject to the Turk was reserved, with a little temporary adjustment, for another solution. In the making of the peace with Russia, however, France had a greater share than England; and it has since appeared that, though the French Emperor fought that war with Russia, there has been such intercourse between Paris and St. Petersburg as to bring him and the Russian government to a better understanding of their respective parts. For lo! the second Napoleonic stroke in the common politics of Europe! The scene now is Italy—that country whose unhappy pre-eminence it is to have offered for so long the spectacle at once of native despotism and bad government in their worst conceivable forms and of the bitterest agony under foreign rule. Undertaking, after an ominous pause, one part of the Italian problem, the French Emperor threw his armies into the Austrian portion of the peninsula. Russia, it is understood, having her own views on Austria, acquiesced. But, within a few weeks, the enterprise was bursting the bounds that its promoters had hoped to set to it. Accordingly through Europe flew the news that the war was stopped. Putting in practice what is also one of his peculiar methods, borrowed from his uncle's book—that of settling affairs by private interviews of crowned heads — the French Emperor had arranged his differences with the young Austrian Emperor at a personal conference. Since then the Italians have been doing their best to wind up the unfinished business as satisfactorily for themselves as the state of the case will permit, and with no more reference to the treaty between the two Emperors than they have been obliged to pay to an ideal arrangement hung up half-formed in the air above them.

Such has been the course of European events during the last eleven years; on the fringe of such a continental state of things as the attained result, does Great Britain now stand. The important consideration, we repeat, is that all is not yet over—and this not in the ordinary sense which implies that there never is rest in human affairs, but in a sense more special. Nothing is in a state which, even by a figure of speech, can be called permanent; all is glaringly out of equilibrium. The man who has done so much already is still in his cabinet in Paris, inscrutable as ever, twirling his moustache, and thinking what he shall do next. Even should he disappear, France is now such, in virtue of what he has done in her, that she cannot settle herself without a shock. Since 1789 France may be said to have declared herself done with government by dynasties; and the French enthusiasm for the name of Napoleon will hardly extend itself, through such competition as is likely to be, to a third generation. Moreover, the European questions, the statement of which caused the convulsion in which Louis-Napoleon rose, are still baulked of a settlement. Populations that made a start for constitutional government eleven years ago, and failed, are ready, on opportunity, to start again. The principle of nationality, laughed at as a pedantry by some in our part of Europe, beats in the very blood and brain of other parts, so that armies are required to watch its pulsations. Italy may be patched, and patched; but all the patching that Congresses can devise will not smother, it seems, her passion for unity. It is not in the nature of things that the East of Europe can long remain as it is, an amorphous mass of struggling religions and races—one set leashed together by a Germanic knot and called Austria; another held more loosely in the clutches of the degenerate Turk; the whole with a bit of independent Greece for its Mediterranean tip, and a huge yellow Russia for its northern

butt-end. The theory already in possession of the field for the organization of this chaos is that theory of Panslavism of which we have lately heard so much, which our practical little men of the West are also accustomed to deride, but which will awaken them some day with a vengeance. It is the Russian version of that theory that is now alone active; for the present all is quiet; but we shall soon hear more of it.

Britain must make *herself* safe. That is the first duty. There must be a navy sufficient to ride round and round her, to keep the silver seas clear between her and the rest of the world, and to maintain her guard over her scattered dependencies. Her coasts must have the means of ample defence. Her population must be inferior to no other nation in the best and most approved gymnastic of arms. There is no end to the self-sophistication of even the most able and most honest men on any subject whatever; but surely there is no greater infatuation than that which would oppose the universal desire of the country to see itself insured to the utmost amount of contemporary risk, and which, not hesitating to call Wellington a dotard for having given it sorrowfully as his dying opinion that an invasion of this island was a military possibility, or to call Lyndhurst foolish for accepting that opinion, or to make fun of past panics of invasion because it is eight centuries since an invasion actually succeeded, reserves all its denunciations of the war-spirit for our own modest and healthy efforts at defensive soldiering in our own fields, and proposes as a better safeguard the habit of speaking soft of the very men abroad who practise this iniquity on the largest scale, and walk in war and bloodshed.

But Britain cannot lie like a log on the waters, contented to be secure herself, and regardless of what happens on all the earth besides. A man, it has been said, lives not only in the spot which he personally occupies, but in every spot to which he may extend his action, or to which he may conceive it possible that his action should be extended. And so, wherever over the world British influence penetrates, or can conceive itself penetrating, there, and not in the mere islands where we have our footing, Great Britain lives.

In one thing, indeed, the men of the Peace-party are conspicuously right. As a large portion of the business of every man consists in keeping clear of business with which he has no concern, or which he cannot efficiently undertake—as every tolerably busy man has to spend a considerable part of his time in actually avoiding engagements in which others wish to involve him, and in some of which he would like to involve himself, if he thought any good could come of it—so perhaps the most important part of Britain's work may be in judiciously abstaining from meddling with what she cannot mend. Where Britain cannot act characteristically, and according to her own views of what is right, there she had better not act at all.

At all times, however, and in every emergency as it rises, there is one duty which Britain may systematically perform, whether active interference seems desirable or not—the duty of vigilant observation, and of honest and open criticism. At the present time especially the world is entitled to look to Great Britain for the efficient performance of this kind of service. Chaucer, in one of his poems, fancies a definite place, or focal point in the universe, called the House of Fame, where all the sounds from all the regions of the world meet and commingle, and where Fame, enthroned amid the roar of rumours, listens judicially to all, and blows back in response her blasts of praise or blame. England is at present this House of Fame for Europe—the one land where all reports may meet and none needs be stifled, where all facts and characters can be discussed in all ways, and where the trumpets of praise and blame can be freely blown. England may perform an inestimable service to the other nations by realizing this obvious fact about herself, and by maintaining, through her Press, a steady and courageous play of English public opinion upon European

potentates and their acts. It is difficult to limit the good that may be done, or that has been done already, by this fulmination from our land of our independent insular verdicts on what passes abroad.

But we are not restricted to this kind of service, powerful as it may be. England is not merely a House of Rumours annexed to the rest of Europe for the reception and free discussion of all the news that may be brought to it from the adjacent regions of action—not merely a separate condenser fitted up at a sufficient distance from the rest of the machine for a continued service of speculation and talk. England is a powerful nation, a member of the commonwealth of nations, represented everywhere by ambassadors and ministers, and actually, through them, at every moment contributing for better or worse her advices on European emergencies as they successively arise. Every week there go despatches from our Foreign Office, committing us as a nation to some opinion on some international question, and to some course of policy affecting the interests of myriads of fellow-men whom our eyes shall never behold. Here then is a second form of international service which we actually do perform, through our Diplomacy, and which we may perform well or ill. Lastly, beyond this, and as a service of the last resort, not to be used except in great and rare exigencies—but the abnegation of which altogether would be to render all else without effect and to announce ourselves to the world as a passive crowd of insular lecturers—there is the exertion of our power to enforce our views. To decide the moment when this final mode of service shall be resorted to is the extreme responsibility of statesmanship, a question of combined principle and prudence so terrible and so complex, that perhaps it is well that we should have among us men whose eternal argument it is that it need never be resorted to at all. It may have to be resorted to in self-defence, when our own possessions or our own liberties are attacked; but even in this case, there may be differences of opinion—some maintaining that it will be time enough to arm when Philip is at our gates, others being ready to stir whenever Bœotia shall have been overrun, and others of farther glance holding, with the orator of old, that that man whose whole course of action is antagonistic to us and our interests, and who is drawing nearer and nearer in his antagonism, is already our enemy, wherever he may be. Of all conceivable cases in which self-defence to the last extremity might be considered lawful, that one is least to be questioned in which the instinct of self-defence would coincide with the determination to preserve for England her right to be still an open House of Rumours wherein shall be performed for Europe, if no other service, at least the faithful service of free discussion. A blow at the appendages of our Empire were nothing so fatal as a blow at this liberty of our heart; and it is creditable to the sentiment of our common people that, at an instant when danger threatened, they would not even hear plausible reasoning on such a subject, but declared their decision at once, and even felled an otherwise popular government that there might be no mistake. There is far less likelihood, despite the precedent of the Russian war, of a positive exertion of our strength in a cause not obviously and immediately our own. There may possibly, however, be occasions of this kind—occasions when either in a general conflict between organized Despotism and Liberty we should see ourselves compelled to take a part, or when some intolerable outrage of the fundamental principles of human society should bring us armed to the spot of the wrong. Were there a massacre of Christians in any Mohammedan part of the earth, we should make short work of the principle of non-interference; and to this day it is a proof how strongly prudence and a calculation of all the chances may operate to restrain from an act which common humanity might long to perform, that the late Government of Naples—a government characterized by Mr. Gladstone as "a systematic negation of the

idea of God"—should have subsisted so long untouched and impudent within the range of British and American guns.

In all the three kinds of service which Britain may perform in her relations to the rest of Europe at the present time—whether the general and systematic service of discussion and criticism, or the constant official service of diplomatic advice, or the rarer and extreme service of active interference—the first and most essential rule is that she should act characteristically, that she should be true to herself:

> This above all,—to thine own self be true;
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Substitute nation for individual, and the maxim still holds. Whatever good Britain can do must be done by being true to herself—to her own principles, her own acquired convictions, even to what she and the world may regard as her peculiarities. Now, were an Englishman himself, or were a foreigner for him, to try to express generally in a few terms the distinctive characteristics of England, what else could he say but something to this effect—that England is a country of free institutions, Protestant in respect of religion, and mainly of the Anglo-Saxon branch of the Gothic race? Her compacted system of civil liberty, her Protestantism, and her Gothic descent and affinities—these are at least three facts or elements in her history and constitution. To a great extent, they are identical. It is in the Protestant nations that civil liberty has been realized in fullest degree; Protestantism, rightly understood, is but a name for the spirit of liberty; and the only nations in which Protestantism has succeeded have been those of the Gothic group—which nations, indeed, always had been, in a manner, Protestant. But let each characteristic stand apart, and out of each there might come a rule determining, not indeed the exact conduct of Britain in every combination of circumstances, but the general scope of her conduct in all circumstances, if she is to be true to herself. That nation is unworthy the name of a nation which is not prepared to assert internationally what she is and holds by internally. Free herself, Britain is bound to extend her sympathies to every manifestation in other lands of the spirit of liberty, to make liberty the object of her search, her anxiety, her reverence. Save for the presence among us of a few perverse spirits, who blaspheme our Liberty while they are eating its bread, and are clothed by its purchases, and protected in their very gabble by its shelter—a few passionless souls who sneer at that in the present which comes nearest, in aim and in promise, to what we all venerate in our own past—we have been true perhaps, within merely sentimental limits, to our own traditions of freedom in our judgments of recent continental events. We have not been so true to our Protestantism. Had we been so, then surely, regarding it as one of our own greatest advantages to have emancipated ourselves and all our concerns long ago from the notion of any duty of allegiance to a pontiff stationed in central Italy, and professing to be the one authorized button connecting earth and heaven, we should have welcomed, as supremely interesting, any spontaneous signs of a tendency, in still Papal parts of the earth, to follow our example, or (which might be equivalent) any efforts in those parts to reduce the Papacy to a purely spiritual power dependent thenceforth on its own merits. How far contrary the fact has been may be felt by those who remember that in 1849 our ambassador in Paris was instructed to state to the French Government, then fitting out the expedition for Rome, that the object of that expedition—the restoration of the Pope to the sovereignty from which his own subjects had deposed him—was also the desire of her Britannic Majesty's Government. We did not *help* the French to do it; but the atrocious blunder of our approbation of their act in doing it stands recorded in our Blue Books; and we have been paying the penalty ever since. Fidelity

to our professed Protestantism, at least to the avoidance of any similar good office to the Papacy in future, should it again spontaneously tumble, may surely be written down in our note-books as a pretty sound rule of action. What rule is to be derived out of the recollection of our Anglo-Saxon descent and our Germanic affinities, over and above what may be involved in the preceding, is a matter of more vague speculation, but might be worth a thought. Race, in practical politics, must go for little. France, with which we do not account our connexion by race so great as with some other countries, is yet more closely connected with us than any other, by neighbourhood, by historical tradition, and by the respect which we owe to a people so superlative in talent, and so powerful for good or evil; nor, when we look to Russia and the Slavonian east, is any bugbear of Panslavism or of Russian aggression to prevent our doing justice to the efforts of that extensive mass of peoples in material and moral civilization, and to their capabilities in the commerce of Europe. It is conceivable, however, that a juncture might arise in which we might find ourselves acting most naturally and most beneficially in alliance with the nations of our own Gothic and Protestant group; and, even as matters are, there is nothing for which a British statesman would deserve more vehement reprobation than for promoting a quarrel, on almost any ground whatever, between Britain and the great American Republic.

While a resolution to act characteristically and truly to herself might serve as a very good general law of conduct to Britain in her international relations, and might be found more available even in particular difficulties than professional politicians suppose, there might be farther guidance in the possession of distinct views and conclusions on the questions most pressing and most likely to recur. To engage in any business without definite views as to the conclusions to which it is desirable to bring it, is as if a man were to plunge into a fog, and feel his way in it laboriously, without minding whether he emerged at the spot where he entered, or at the right or left, or at the opposite and proper end. Our politicians, in dealing with foreign questions, have too often acted after this fashion. In almost every question of politics, the politician may obtain some light, in addition to what he may have in his own character and abstract notions of right, by distinctly considering two things—the *tendency* of affairs, or the direction in which they are going, whether he will or not; and the *expediency* of this or that proposed measure, or its probable effect for good on the material and moral condition of the greatest number implicated. He who opposes a tendency, when he might be working with it, loses his time; and he who has not the wellbeing of the largest and most helpless portion of the human race always before him, and who does not test every proposed measure as well as he can by reference to that object, lacks the very soul of a statesman. Now, there are questions of the present day on which it is quite possible to be helped to a conclusion by both these lights at once. It is impossible for any well-informed person, for example—let him value the abstract doctrine of Nationality never so lightly—to come to any other conclusion than that Italy tends to be an independent nation, and that it is desirable for Europe that she should be such. And so, with respect to the East of Europe, without assigning too much importance to considerations of race, without denying that what are called nations have been and may be very factitious things, it is possible to note tendencies to consolidation which have nature in their favour, and in fostering which we should be rousing rich lands to the full consciousness of their capabilities, and opening them to the commerce of the world.

After all, we shall best fulfil the most essential part of our duty to the rest of the world by attending diligently to our own affairs. Within the limits of our own British islands, and much

more within the limits of our varied and ocean-dislocated Empire, there are perpetually rising new difficulties and wants, craving the attention of whatever wisdom or authority may be nearest the spots where they rise, and also, in the last resort, of the collective wisdom and authority concentrated in Westminster. The application of social wisdom and ingenuity, through whatever organ, to the needs and uses of the community as they successively arise—this constitutes our Home Politics. Under this name, however, are usually comprehended only those questions which, from their nature, do not admit of being locally settled, but must be directly or indirectly referred to head-quarters.

It is said, indeed, that such questions are becoming rarer and rarer, and that ultimately the sole office of a central government will be that of a police preventing injustice between man and man, and so allowing free scope to individual action and to joint-stock enterprise; but even those who maintain that such a time is coming, do not say that it has come yet, but allow that there still remains for Government much deliberative business, if only in studying how to remove the restrictions, in the shape of past laws and institutions, by which individual action and the right of co-operation are still clogged. Others go farther, and maintain that, even should society ever reach the prophesied period when all shall be done by absolutely free individual action, coagulating into joint-stock enterprise, Government would still emerge again in a positive form as the systematized Art of Joint-stock Enterprise; and so that even now, in this time of preliminary confusion, Government, besides its negative service of protection and the removal of restrictions, may assume the positive service of directing the co-operative tendency, indicating objects for it, and even provisionally doing some of its work. The difference may seem one of speculation; but it pervades our practical politics through and through, giving rise to discussions concerning Centralization and Local Government, and obviously distinguishing our statesmen into two classes—those who regard Government chiefly as a machinery for making new laws and institutions, and those who regard it rather as a machinery for removing old ones. For many years our most powerful and popular, perhaps also our most useful, politicians, have been of the latter class, destructive rather than constructive.

Whichever notion is entertained as to the true business of Government, there is no substantial difference anywhere among us as to the method by which the business must be performed. Ours is and has been for centuries a Government on the system of Representation. The greatness of Britain, its very existence, is identified with its representative or Parliamentary Constitution. True, in our House of Peers we have a part of our Constitution nominally not representative—a traditional and undissolved fragment of that older system in which a certain number of individuals in the community claimed the right of government as inhering in their own persons by their birth and position. True also there are different degrees of affection among us for that system of Representation of which we boast as our national possession, and different estimates of its sufficiency for all the work that is now or may soon be required of it. The word has gone forth lately from some among us that Representative Institutions are on their trial; and there have been actual proposals in certain quarters of various measures that would modify somewhat the representative character of our system, or at least strengthen the personal and permanent element lying at the back of it—an extended use of Acts of Council, for example, or the admission to seats in Parliament of a limited number of nominees of the Crown or of the chief minister. The difference in this respect will be found to depend on the views taken by the different sets of persons as to what is to be expected from Government. Those who regard it as the function of Government to be on the outlook for all social difficulties, and to provide positive solutions for them in the

shape of laws and new arrangements, tend naturally to such a modification of the representative system as would bring into play the experience and the inventiveness of individual statesmen; whereas those who regard Government mainly as an agency for the removal of old laws and restrictions, and think all the bustle of a Parliamentary session well bestowed if one or two restrictions are swept away by it, have no thoughts of a limitation of the Representative System, but would give all their energies to its farther development. Despite these different tendencies of opinion, however, all are convinced that, as Britain has lived by her representative institutions hitherto, so she must live by them for the future, clinging to them with such tenacity that no domestic revolution shall rack them out of her, and they shall yield to nothing short of a foreign conquest. Nay, more, all parties are at the present moment agreed that the basis of our representative system as established in 1832 is no longer adequate for our national purposes, and that a new measure is necessary which, besides other changes in our electoral arrangements, shall sound depths in our national being that have not yet been reached, and admit a far larger proportion of our population to the franchise of full citizenship.

As hesitations respecting the expediency of a measure for the extension of the suffrage have now pretty well ceased among us, so also, we think, ought some of our hesitations respecting the exact depth down among the yet unfranchised which the measure ought to reach. There are, indeed, questions worth discussion and now being discussed, as to the necessity of still, for a time, excluding some portion of the community, supposed to be unfit for the immediate exercise of the suffrage, and of using the right of the suffrage, as regards *them*, rather as something to be held temptingly over their heads, for their own good, for the purpose of attracting them up to a certain easy mark of qualification, than as a privilege already due to them. There are questions, also, more delicate and difficult, as to the possibility of a graduated system of suffrage, whereby the more fit, according to certain standards, shall have larger voting power in proportion. Saving these questions, however, it may be asserted that, the more full and thorough any Reform Bill is, in respect of the extension of the suffrage which it proposes, the better. Not that extended suffrage, not that universal suffrage, will, or can of itself, yield to any nation the great positive result of good government. When all the individuals in the nation shall have votes, the ways and means of good government will be as much to seek as ever. It is, indeed, one of the best reasons for extending the suffrage as soon as may be to the uttermost, that exaggerated ideas of the benefits to be derived from such an extension will thereby be extinguished, and that, finding by actual experience that good government does not consist in this, and cannot come out of this alone, people will have their minds more free for inquiring in what else it does consist, and out of what else it is likely to come. The great argument for complete popular representation is, that till we have it we shall never be at rest about it. When this is ceded, then at least one long cause of discontent and of discord between different classes will have been removed; the limit will have been reached beyond which it will be impossible to go in that direction; and the strength of the community, instead of being wasted to a great extent, as hitherto, in mere tossing of arms, mere clamour, and mutual struggle between franchised and unfranchised, will be all available for whatever real business may be on hand.

While Parliamentary Reform, and its related questions of Ballot, Payment of Members, and the like, are the questions of home politics now most conspicuous on the board, other classes of questions are likewise presenting themselves. In Colonial administration, properly so called, nothing of much interest is at present under discussion; our compelled assent to the principle of Colonial self-government having rid us of such questions of this class as might other-

wise have been continually recurring. There is, however, the imperial question of India—a question likely to task all our ingenuity and all our energies for many a day to come. Nor must we forget, among our immediate home-questions, an important class of which we are likely to hear more and more, as stock political questions of Parliamentary Reform, &c. are disposed of and laid to sleep—those questions, we mean, of which the recent strikes have been at once an illustration and an announcement. Political Economy is the particular science of those social phenomena which relate to the acquisition of wealth; Politics is the general and more comprehensive science of social exigencies; and there is no order of questions more really pressing than those, little regarded at present, which lie athwart these two sciences, and will have to be settled between them.

Ever at the end of the list, as still unsettled and still far from any probability of settlement, comes the question of the means of National Education. On this head, it has always appeared to us, that it would be well if people were to place before themselves a *minimum* as well as a *maximum* scheme of what may seem desirable. It is desirable that popular or primary education should include many things—discipline in good habits both of mind and of body; instruction in the sciences appertaining to health, wealth, and human well-being; access to the best views on the highest of all subjects which man can consider. But, supposing we are required for sheerly practical purposes to forego these wide ideas of education, and to accept a minimum scheme of what may be laboured for with some chance of success, might it not be well to make such a minimum consist in the setting up in all our parishes of such an apparatus of schools, as shall at least perform the one good and simple service of teaching all that are born among us thoroughly to read and write? After all, the accomplishment of perfect and easy reading in one's own vernacular is the grand distinction between the educated and the non-educated. There are degrees and differences among those above this line; but between those above and those below it there is a great gulf. Of all franchises that can be conferred on the working-man, the greatest is the franchise of books. Teach a man thoroughly to read and write; and he has the means of being almost anything he chooses to be, intellectually. Might it not be well, then, if we were to consider it as the primary function of a national school system—other things, of course, being reserved—to impart to all the children in a community, the full use of this franchise; in other words, if we were to be content, in the first place, with such a scheme of national education as would render it impossible for any boy or girl born on British ground to grow up untaught to read and write?

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

INTRODUCTORY.

In the Michaelmas term after leaving school, Tom Brown received a summons from the authorities, and went up to matriculate at St. Ambrose's College, Oxford. He presented himself at the college one afternoon, and was examined by one of the tutors, who carried him, and several other youths in like predicament, up to the Senate House the next morning; where they went through the usual forms of subscribing to the articles, and otherwise testifying their loyalty to the established order of things, without much thought perhaps, but in very good faith nevertheless. Having completed the ceremony, by paying his fees, our hero hurried back home, without making any stay in Oxford. He had often passed through it, so that the city had not the charm of novelty for him, and he was anxious to get home; where, as he had never spent an autumn away from school till now, for the first time in his life he was having his fill of hunting and shooting.

He had left school in June, and did not go up to reside at Oxford, till the end of the following January. Seven good months; during a part of which he had indeed read for four hours or so a week with the curate of the parish, but the residue had been exclusively devoted to cricket and field sports. Now, admirable as these institutions are, and beneficial as is their influence on the youth of Britain, it is possible for a youngster to get too much of them. So it had fallen out with our hero. He was a better horseman and shot, but the total relaxation of all the healthy discipline of school, the regular hours and regular work to which he had been used for so many years, had certainly thrown him back in other ways. The whole man had not grown; so that we must not be surprised to find him quite as boyish, now that we fall in with him again, marching down to St. Ambrose's, with a porter wheeling his luggage after him on a truck, as when we left him at the end of his school career.

Tom was in truth beginning to feel that it was high time for him to be getting to regular work again of some sort. A landing place is a famous thing, but it is only enjoyable for a time, by any mortal who deserves one at all. So it was with a feeling of unmixed pleasure that he turned in at the St. Ambrose gates, and inquired of the porter what rooms had been allotted to him within those venerable walls.

While the porter consulted his list, the great college sun-dial, over the lodge, which had lately been renovated, caught Tom's eye. The motto underneath, "Pereunt et imputantur," stood out, proud of its new gilding, in the bright afternoon sun of a frosty January day: which motto was raising sundry thoughts in his brain, when the porter came upon the right place in his list, and directed him to the end of his journey: No. 5 staircase, second quadrangle, three-pair back. In which new home we shall leave him to instal himself, while we endeavour to give the reader some notion of the college itself.

CHAPTER I.

ST. AMBROSE'S COLLEGE.

St. Ambrose's College was a moderate sized one. There might have been some seventy or eighty undergraduates in residence, when our hero appeared there as a freshman. Of these, unfortunately for the college, there were a very large proportion of gentlemen-commoners; enough, in fact, with the other men

whom they drew round them, and who lived pretty much as they did, to form the largest and leading set in the college. So the college was decidedly fast; in fact, it was *the* fast college of the day.

The chief characteristic of this set was the most reckless extravagance of every kind. London wine merchants furnished them with liqueurs at a guinea a bottle, and wine at five guineas a dozen; Oxford and London tailors vied with one another in providing them with unheard of quantities of the most gorgeous clothing. They drove tandems in all directions, scattering their ample allowances, which they treated as pocket money, about roadside inns and Oxford taverns with open hand, and going tick for everything which could by possibility be booked. Their cigars cost two guineas a pound; their furniture was the best that could be bought; pine apples, forced fruit, and the most rare preserves figured at their wine parties; they hunted, rode steeple chases by day, played billiards until the gates closed, and then were ready for *vingt-et-une*, unlimited loo, and hot drink in their own rooms, as long as any one could be got to sit up and play.

The fast set then swamped, and gave the tone to the college; at which fact no persons were more astonished and horrified than the authorities of St. Ambrose.

That they of all bodies in the world should be fairly run away with by a set of reckless, loose young spendthrifts, was indeed a melancholy and unprecedented fact; for the body of fellows of St. Ambrose was as distinguished for learning, morality, and respectability, as any in the University. The foundation was not indeed actually an open one. Oriel at that time alone enjoyed this distinction; but there were a large number of open fellowships, and the income of the college was large, and the livings belonging to it numerous; so that the best men from other colleges were constantly coming in. Some of these of a former generation had been eminently successful in their management of the college. The St. Ambrose undergraduates at one time had carried off almost all the university prizes, and filled the class lists, while maintaining at the same time the highest character for manliness and gentlemanly conduct. This had lasted long enough to establish the fame of the college, and great lords and statesmen had sent their sons there, head-masters had struggled to get the names of their best pupils on the books: in short, every one who had a son, ward, or pupil, whom he wanted to push forward in the world—who was meant to cut a figure, and take the lead among men—left no stone unturned to get him into St. Ambrose's; and thought the first and a very long step gained when he had succeeded.

But the governing bodies of colleges are always on the change, and in the course of things men of other ideas came to rule at St. Ambrose,—shrewd men of the world; men of business, some of them, with good ideas of making the most of their advantages; who said, "Go to: why should we not make the public pay for the great benefits we confer on them? Have we not the very best article in the educational market to supply—almost a monopoly of it—and shall we not get the highest price for it?" So by degrees they altered many things in the college. In the first place, under their auspices, gentlemen-commoners increased and multiplied; in fact, the eldest sons of baronets, even of squires, were scarcely admitted on any other footing. As these young gentlemen paid double fees to the college, and had great expectations of all sorts, it could not be expected that they should be subject to quite the same discipline as the common run of men, who would have to make their own way in the world. So the rules as to attendance at chapel and lectures were relaxed in their favour; and, that they might find all things suitable to persons in their position, the kitchen and buttery were worked up to a high state of perfection, and St. Ambrose, from having been one of the most reasonable, had come to be about the most expensive college in the university. These changes worked as

their promoters probably desired that they should work, and the college was full of rich men, and commanded in the university the sort of respect which riches bring with them; but the old reputation, though still strong out of doors, was beginning sadly to wane within the university precincts. Fewer and fewer of the St. Ambrose men appeared in the class lists, or amongst the prize-men. They no longer led the debates at the Union; the boat lost place after place on the river; the eleven got beaten in all their matches. The inaugurators of these changes had passed away in their turn, and at last a reaction had commenced. The fellows recently elected, and who were in residence at the time we write of, were for the most part men of great attainments, all of them men who had taken very high honours. The electors naturally enough had chosen them as the most likely persons to restore, as tutors, the golden days of the college; and they had been careful in the selection to confine themselves to very quiet and studious men, such as were likely to remain up at Oxford, passing over men of more popular manners and active spirits, who would be sure to flit soon into the world, and be of little more service to St. Ambrose.

But these were not the men to get any hold on the fast set who were now in the ascendant. It was not in the nature of things that they should understand each other; in fact, they were hopelessly at war, and the college was getting more and more out of gear in consequence.

What they could do, however, they were doing; and under their fostering care were growing up a small set, including most of the scholars, who were likely, so far as they were concerned, to retrieve the college character in the schools; but they were too much like their tutors, men who did little else but read. They neither wished nor were likely to gain the slightest influence on the fast set. The best men amongst them, too, were diligent readers of the *Tracts for the Times*, and followers of the able leaders of the High-church party, which was then a growing one; and this led them also to form such friendships as they made amongst out-college men of their own way of thinking—with high churchmen, rather than St. Ambrose men. So they lived very much to themselves, and scarcely interfered with the dominant party.

Lastly, there was the boating set, which was beginning to revive in the college, partly from the natural disgust of any body of young Englishmen, at finding themselves distanced in an exercise requiring strength and pluck, and partly from the fact, that the captain for the time being was one of the best oars in the University boat, and also a deservedly popular character. He was now in his third year of residence, had won the pair-oar race, and had pulled seven in the great yearly match with Cambridge, and by constant hard work had managed to carry the St. Ambrose boat up to the fifth place on the river. He will be introduced to you, gentle readers, when the proper time comes; at present, we are only concerned with a bird's-eye view of the college, that you may feel more or less at home in it. The boating set was not so separate or marked as the reading set, melting on one side into, and keeping up more or less connexion with, the fast set, and also commanding a sort of half allegiance from most of the men who belonged to neither of the other sets. The minor divisions, of which of course there were many, need not be particularized, as the above general classification will be enough for the purposes of this history.

Our hero, on leaving school, had bound himself solemnly to write all his doings and thoughts to the friend whom he had left behind him: distance and separation were to make no difference whatever in their friendship. This compact had been made on one of their last evenings at Rugby. They were sitting together in the sixth-form room, Tom splicing the handle of a favourite cricket bat, and Arthur reading a volume of Raleigh's works. The Doctor had lately been alluding to the "History of the World,"

and had excited the curiosity of the active-minded amongst his pupils about the great navigator, statesman, soldier, author, and fine gentleman. So Raleigh's works were seized on by various voracious young readers, and carried out of the school library; and Arthur was now deep in a volume of the "Miscellanies," curled up on a corner of the sofa. Presently, Tom heard something between a groan and a protest, and, looking up, demanded explanations; in answer to which, Arthur, in a voice half furious and half fearful, read out:—

"And be sure of this, thou shalt never find a friend in thy young years whose conditions and qualities will please thee after thou comest to more discretion and judgment; and then all thou givest is lost, and all wherein thou shalt trust such a one will be discovered."

"You don't mean that's Raleigh's?"

"Yes—here it is, in his first letter to his son."

"What a cold-blooded old Philistine," said Tom.

"But it can't be true, do you think?" said Arthur.

And, in short, after some personal reflections on Sir Walter, they then and there resolved that, so far as they were concerned, it was not, could not, and should not be true; that they would remain faithful, the same to each other, and the greatest friends in the world, through I know not what separations, trials, and catastrophes. And for the better insuring this result, a correspondence, regular as the recurring months, was to be maintained. It had already lasted through the long vacation and up to Christmas without sensibly dragging, though Tom's letters had been something of the shortest in November, when he had had lots of shooting, and two days a week with the hounds. Now, however, having fairly got to Oxford, he determined to make up for all short-comings. His first letter from college, taken in connexion with the previous sketch of the place, will probably accomplish the work of introduction better than any detailed account by a third party; and it is therefore given here verbatim:—

"*St. Ambrose, Oxford,*
"*February*, 184–

"My dear Geordie,

"According to promise, I write to tell you how I get on up here, and what sort of a place Oxford is. Of course, I don't know much about it yet, having been only up some two weeks; but you shall have my first impressions.

"Well, first and foremost, it's an awfully idle place; at any rate, for us freshmen. Fancy now. I am in twelve lectures a week of an hour each—Greek Testament, first book of Herodotus, second Æneid, and first book of Euclid! There's a treat! Two hours a day; all over by twelve, or one at latest; and no extra work at all, in the shape of copies of verses, themes, or other exercises.

"I think sometimes I'm back in the lower fifth; for we don't get through more than we used to do there; and if you were to hear the men construe, it would make your hair stand on end. Where on earth can they have come from? unless they blunder on purpose, as I often think. Of course, I never look at a lecture before I go in; I know it all nearly by heart; so it would be sheer waste of time. I hope I shall take to reading something or other by myself; but you know I never was much of a hand at sapping, and, for the present, the light work suits me well enough, for there's lots to see and learn about in this place.

"We keep very gentlemanly hours. Chapel every morning at eight, and evening at seven. You must attend once a day, and twice on Sundays—at least, that's the rule of our college—and be in gates by twelve o'clock at night. Besides which, if you're a decently steady fellow, you ought to dine in hall perhaps four days a week. Hall is at five o'clock. And now you have the sum total. All the rest of your time you may just do what you like with.

"So much for our work and hours. Now for the place. Well, it's a grand old place, certainly; and I dare say, if a fellow goes straight in it, and gets creditably through his three years, he may end by loving it as much as we do

the old school-house and quadrangle at Rugby. Our college is a fair specimen: a venerable old front of crumbling stone fronting the street, into which two or three other colleges look also. Over the gateway is a large room, where the college examinations go on, when there are any; and, as you enter, you pass the porter's lodge, where resides our janitor, a bustling little man, with a pot belly, whose business it is to put down the time at which the men come in at night, and to keep all discommonsed tradesmen, stray dogs, and bad characters generally, out of the college.

"The large quadrangle into which you come first, is bigger than ours at Rugby, and a much more solemn and sleepy sort of a place, with its little gables and old mullioned windows. One side is occupied by the hall and chapel; the principal's house takes up half another side; and the rest is divided into staircases, on each of which are six or eight sets of rooms, inhabited by us undergraduates, with here and there a tutor or fellow dropped down amongst us (in the first-floor rooms, of course), not exactly to keep order, but to act as a sort of ballast. This quadrangle is the show part of the college, and is generally respectable and quiet, which is a good deal more than can be said for the inner quadrangle, which you get at through a passage leading out of the other. The rooms ain't half so large or good in the inner quad; and here's where all we freshmen live, besides a lot of the older undergraduates who don't care to change their rooms. Only one tutor has rooms here; and I should think, if he's a reading man, it won't be long before he clears out; for all sorts of high jinks go on on the grass plot, and the row on the staircases is often as bad, and not half so respectable, as it used to be in the middle passage in the last week of the half year.

"My rooms are what they call garrets, right up in the roof, with a commanding view of college tiles and chimney pots, and of houses at the back. No end of cats, both college Toms and strangers haunt the neighbourhood, and I am rapidly learning cat-talk from them; but I'm not going to stand it,—I don't want to know cat-talk. The college Toms are protected by the statutes, I believe; but I'm going to buy an air-gun for the benefit of the strangers. My rooms are pleasant enough, at the top of the kitchen staircase, and separated from all mankind by a great, iron-clamped, outer door, my oak, which I sport when I go out, or want to be quiet; sitting-room eighteen by twelve, bed-room twelve by eight, and a little cupboard for the scout.

"Ah Geordie, the scout is an institution! Fancy me waited upon and valeted by a stout party in black, of quiet, gentlemanly manners, like the benevolent father in a comedy. He takes the deepest interest in all my possessions and proceedings, and is evidently used to good society, to judge by the amount of crockery and glass, wines, liquors, and grocery, which he thinks indispensable for my due establishment. He has also been good enough to recommend to me many tradesmen who are ready to supply these articles in any quantities; each of whom has been here already a dozen times, cap in hand, and vowing that it is quite immaterial when I pay,—which is very kind of them; but, with the highest respect for friend Perkins (my scout) and his obliging friends, I shall make some inquiries before "letting in" with any of them. He waits on me in hall, where we go in full fig of cap and gown at five, and get very good dinners, and cheap enough. It is rather a fine old room, with a good, arched, black oak ceiling and high paneling, hung round with pictures of old swells, bishops and lords chiefly, who have endowed the college in some way, or at least have fed here in times gone by, and for whom, "cæterisque benefactoribus nostris," we daily give thanks in a long Latin grace, which one of the undergraduates (I think it must be) goes and rattles out at the end of the high table, and then comes down again from the dais to his own place. No one feeds at the high table except the dons and the gentlemen-commoners, who are undergraduates in velvet caps and silk

gowns: why they wear these instead of cloth and serge I haven't yet made out, —I believe it is because they pay double fees; but they seem uncommonly wretched up at the high table, and I should think would sooner pay double to come to the other end of hall.

"The chapel is a quaint little place, about the size of the chancel of Lutterworth Church. It just holds us all comfortably. The attendance is regular enough, but I don't think the men care about it a bit in general. Several I can see bring in Euclids and other lecture books, and the service is gone through at a great pace. I couldn't think at first why some of the men seemed so uncomfortable and stiff about the legs at the morning service, but I find that they are the hunting set, and come in with pea-coats over their pinks, and trousers over their leather breeches and top-boots; which accounts for it. There are a few others who seem very devout, and bow a good deal, and turn towards the altar at different parts of the service. These are of the Oxford High-church school, I believe; but I shall soon find out more about them. On the whole, I feel less at home, I am sorry to say, at present in the chapel than anywhere else.

"I was very nearly forgetting a great institution of the college, which is the buttery-hatch, just opposite the hall-door. Here abides the fat old butler (all the servants at St. Ambrose's are portly), and serves out limited bread, butter, and cheese, and unlimited beer brewed by himself, for an hour in the morning, at noon, and again at supper-time. Your scout always fetches you a pint or so on each occasion, in case you should want it, and if you don't, it falls to him; but I can't say that my fellow gets much, for I am naturally a thirsty soul, and cannot often resist the malt myself, coming up, as it does, fresh and cool, in one of the silver tankards, of which we seem to have an endless supply.

"I spent a day or two in the first week, before I got shaken down into my place here, in going round and seeing the other colleges, and finding out what great men had been at each (one got a taste for that sort of work from the Doctor, and I'd nothing else to do). Well, I never was more interested: fancy ferreting out Wycliffe, the Black Prince, Sir Walter Raleigh, Pym, Hampden, Laud, Ireton, Butler, and Addison, in one afternoon. I walked about two inches taller in my trencher cap after it. Perhaps I may be going to make dear friends with some fellow who will change the history of England. Why shouldn't I? There must have been freshmen once who were chums of Wycliffe of Queen's, or Raleigh of Oriel. I mooned up and down the High-street, staring at all the young faces in caps, and wondering which of them would turn out great generals, or statesmen, or poets. Some of them will, of course, for there must be a dozen at least, I should think, in every generation of undergraduates who will have a good deal to say to the ruling and guiding of the British nation before they die.

"But, after all, the river is the feature of Oxford, to my mind; a glorious stream, not five minutes' walk from the colleges, broad enough in most places for three boats to row abreast. I expect I shall take to boating furiously; I have been down the river three or four times already with some other freshmen, and it is glorious exercise; that I can see, though we bungle and cut crabs desperately at present.

"Here's a long yarn I'm spinning for you; and I dare say after all you'll say it tells you nothing, and you'd rather have twenty lines about the men, and what they're thinking about, and the meaning and inner life of the place, and all that. Patience, patience! I don't know anything about it myself yet, and have only had time to look at the shell, which is a very handsome and stately affair; you shall have the kernel, if ever I get at it, in due time.

"And now write me a long letter directly, and tell me about the Doctor, and who are in the Sixth, and how the house goes on, and what sort of an eleven there'll be, and what you are all doing and thinking about. Come up here and

try for a scholarship; I'll take you in, and show you the lions. Remember me to all old friends.—Ever yours affectionately, T. B."

CHAPTER II.

A ROW ON THE RIVER.

WITHIN a day or two of the penning of this celebrated epistle, which created quite a sensation in the sixth-form room as it went the round after tea, Tom realized one of the objects of his young Oxford ambition, and succeeded in embarking on the river in a skiff by himself, with such results as are now to be described. He had already been down several times in pair-oar and four-oar boats, with an old oar to pull stroke and another to steer and coach the young idea, but he was not satisfied with these essays. He could not believe that he was such a bad oar as the old hands made him out to be, and thought that it must be the fault of the other freshmen who were learning with him that the boat made so little way and rolled so much. He had been such a proficient in all the Rugby games, that he couldn't realize the fact of his unreadiness in a boat. Pulling looked a simple thing enough—much easier than tennis; and he had made a capital start at the latter game, and been highly complimented by the marker after his first hour in the little court. He forgot that cricket and fives are capital training for tennis, but that rowing is a speciality, of the rudiments of which he was wholly ignorant. And so, in full confidence that, if he could only have a turn or two alone, he should not only satisfy himself, but every body else, that he was a heaven-born oar, he refused all offers of companionship, and started on the afternoon of a fine February day down to the boats for his trial trip. He had watched his regular companions well out of college, and gave them enough start to make sure that they would be off before he himself could arrive at the St. Ambrose's dressing-room at Hall's, and chuckled, as he came within sight of the river, to see the freshmen's boat in which he generally performed go plunging away past the University barge, keeping three different times with four oars, and otherwise demeaning itself so as to become an object of mirthful admiration to all beholders.

Tom was punted across to Hall's in a state of great content, which increased when in answer to his casual inquiry the managing man informed him that not a man of his college was about the place. So he ordered a skiff with as much dignity and coolness as he could command, and hastened upstairs to dress. He appeared again, carrying his boating coat and cap. They were quite new, so he would not wear them; nothing about him should betray the freshman on this day if he could help it.

"Is my skiff ready?"

"All right, sir; this way, sir;" said the manager, conducting him to a good safe-looking craft. "Any gentleman going to steer, sir?"

"No," said Tom, superciliously; "you may take out the rudder."

"Going quite alone, sir? Better take one of our boys—find you a very light one. Here, Bill!"—and he turned to summons a juvenile waterman to take charge of our hero.

"Take out the rudder, do you hear?" interrupted Tom. "I won't have a steerer."

"Well, sir, as you please," said the manager, proceeding to remove the degrading appendage. "The river's rather high, please to remember, sir. You must mind the mill-stream at Iffley Lock. I suppose you can swim?"

"Yes, of course," said Tom, settling himself on his cushion. "Now, shove her off."

The next moment he was well out in the stream, and left to his own resources. He got his sculls out successfully enough, and, though feeling by no means easy on his seat, proceeded to pull very deliberately past the barges, stopping his sculls in the air to feather accurately, in the hopes of deceiving spectators into the belief that he was an old hand just going out for a gentle paddle. The manager watched him for a minute, and

turned to his work with an aspiration that he might not come to grief.

But no thought of grief was on Tom's mind as he dropped gently down, impatient for the time when he should pass the mouth of the Cherwell, and so, having no longer critical eyes to fear, might put out his whole strength, and give himself at least, if not the world, assurance of a waterman.

The day was a very fine one, a bright sun shining, and a nice fresh breeze blowing across the stream, but not enough to ruffle the water seriously. Some heavy storms up Gloucestershire way had cleared the air, and swollen the stream at the same time; in fact, the river was as full as it could be without overflowing its banks—a state in which, of all others, it is the least safe for boating experiments. Fortunately, in those days there were no outriggers. Even the racing skiffs were comparatively safe craft, and would be now characterized as tubs; while the real tubs (in one of the safest of which the prudent manager had embarked our hero) were of such build that it required considerable ingenuity actually to upset them.

If any ordinary amount of bungling could have done it, Tom's voyage would have terminated within a hundred yards of the Cherwell. While he had been sitting quiet and merely paddling, and almost letting the stream carry him down, the boat had trimmed well enough; but now, taking a long breath, he leaned forward, and dug his sculls into the water, pulling them through with all his strength. The consequence of this feat was that the handles of the sculls came into violent collision in the middle of the boat, the knuckles of his right hand were barked, his left scull unshipped, and the head of his skiff almost blown round by the wind before he could restore order on board.

"Never mind; try again," thought he, after the first sensation of disgust had passed off, and a glance at the shore showed him that there were no witnesses. "Of course, I forgot, one hand must go over the other. It might have happened to any one. Let me see, which hand shall I keep uppermost: the left, that's the weakest." And away he went again, keeping his newly-acquired fact painfully in mind, and so avoiding further collision amidships for four or five strokes. But, as, in other sciences, the giving of undue prominence to one fact brings others inexorably on the head of the student to avenge his neglect of them; so it happened with Tom in his practical study of the science of rowing, that by thinking of his hands he forgot his seat, and the necessity of trimming properly. Whereupon the old tub began to rock fearfully, and the next moment he missed the water altogether with his right scull, and subsided backwards, not without struggles, into the bottom of the boat; while the half-stroke which he had pulled with his left hand sent her head well into the bank.

Tom picked himself up, and settled himself on his bench again, a sadder and a wiser man; as the truth began to dawn upon him that pulling, especially sculling, does not, like reading and writing, come by nature. However, he addressed himself manfully to his task; savage indeed, and longing to drive a hole in the bottom of the old tub, but as resolved as ever to get to Sandford and back before hall time, or perish in the attempt.

He shoved himself off the bank, and, warned by his last mishap, got out into mid stream, and there, moderating his ardour, and contenting himself with a slow and steady stroke, was progressing satisfactorily, and beginning to recover his temper, when a loud shout startled him; and, looking over his shoulder at the imminent risk of an upset, he beheld the fast sailer the Dart, close hauled on a wind, and almost aboard of him. Utterly ignorant of what was the right thing to do, he held on his course, and passed close under the bows of the miniature cutter, the steersman having jammed his helm hard down, shaking her in the wind, to prevent running over the skiff, and solacing himself with pouring maledictions on Tom and his craft, in which the man who had hold of the sheets, and the third, who was lounging in the

bows, heartily joined. Tom was out of ear shot before he had collected vituperation enough to hurl back at them, and was, moreover, already in the difficult navigation of the Gut, where, notwithstanding all his efforts, he again ran aground; but with this exception he arrived without other mishap at Iffley, where he lay on his sculls with much satisfaction, and shouted, "Lock—lock!"

The lock-keeper appeared to the summons, but instead of opening the gates seized a long boat-hook and rushed towards our hero, calling on him to mind the mill-stream, and pull his right-hand scull; notwithstanding which warning, Tom was within an ace of drifting past the entrance to the lock, in which case assuredly his boat, if not he, had never returned whole. However, the lock-keeper managed to catch the stern of his skiff with the boat-hook, and drag him back into the proper channel, and then opened the lock-gates for him. Tom congratulated himself as he entered the lock that there were no other boats going through with him; but his evil star was in the ascendant, and all things, animate and inanimate, seemed to be leagued together to humiliate him. As the water began to fall rapidly, he lost his hold of the chain, and the tub instantly drifted across the lock, and was in imminent danger of sticking and breaking her back, when the lock-keeper again came to the rescue with his boat-hook; and, guessing the state of the case, did not quit him until he had safely shoved him and his boat well out into the pool below, with an exhortation to mind and go outside of the barge which was coming up.

Tom started on the latter half of his outward voyage with the sort of look which Cato must have worn when he elected the losing side, and all the gods went over to the winning one. But his previous struggles had not been thrown away, and he managed to keep the right side of the barge, turn the corner without going aground, and zig-zag down Kennington reach, slowly indeed, and with much labour, but at any rate safely. Rejoicing in this feat, he stopped at the island, and recreated himself with a glass of beer, looking now hopefully towards Sandford, which lay within easy distance, now upwards again along the reach which he had just overcome, and solacing himself with the remembrance of a dictum, which he had heard from a great authority, that it was always easier to steer up stream than down, from which he argued that the worst part of his trial trip was now over.

Presently he saw a skiff turn the corner at the top of the Kennington reach, and, resolving in his mind to get to Sandford before the new comer, paid for his beer, and betook himself again to his tub. He got pretty well off, and, the island shutting out his unconscious rival from his view, worked away at first under the pleasing delusion that he was holding his own. But he was soon undeceived, for in monstrously short time the pursuing skiff showed round the corner, and bore down on him. He never relaxed his efforts, but could not help watching the enemy as he came up with him hand over hand, and envying the perfect ease with which he seemed to be pulling his long steady stroke, and the precision with which he steered, scarcely ever casting a look over his shoulder. He was hugging the Berkshire side himself, as the other skiff passed him, and thought he heard the sculler say something about keeping out, and minding the small lasher; but the noise of waters and his own desperate efforts prevented his heeding, or, indeed, hearing the warning plainly. In another minute, however, he heard plainly enough most energetic shouts behind him; and, turning his head over his right shoulder, saw the man who had just passed him backing his skiff rapidly up stream towards him. The next moment he felt the bows of his boat turn suddenly to the left; the old tub grounded for a moment, and then, turning over on her side, shot him out on to the planking of the steep descent into the small lasher. He grasped at the boards, but they were too slippery to hold, and the rush of water was too strong for him, and, rolling him over and over, like a

piece of drift wood, plunged him into the pool below.

After the first moment of astonishment and fright was over, Tom left himself to the stream, holding his breath hard, and paddling gently with his hands, feeling sure that, if he could only hold on, he should come to the surface sooner or later; which accordingly happened after a somewhat lengthy submersion.

His first impulse on rising to the surface, after catching his breath, was to strike out for the shore, but, in the act of doing so, he caught sight of the other skiff coming stern foremost down the descent after him, and he trod the water and drew in his breath to watch. Down she came, as straight as an arrow, into the tumult below; the sculler sitting upright, and holding his sculls steadily in the water. For a moment she seemed to be going under, but righted herself, and glided swiftly into the still water; and then the sculler cast a hasty and anxious glance round, till his eyes rested on our hero's half-drowned head.

"Oh, there you are!" he said, looking much relieved; "all right, I hope. Not hurt, eh?"

"No, thankee; all right, I believe," answered Tom. "What shall I do?"

"Swim ashore; I'll look after your boat." So Tom took the advice, swam ashore, and there stood dripping and watching the other as he righted the old tub, which was floating quietly bottom upwards, little the worse for the mishap, and no doubt, if boats can wish, earnestly desiring in her wooden mind to be allowed to go quietly to pieces then and there, sooner than be rescued to be again entrusted to the guidance of freshmen.

The tub having been brought to the bank, the stranger started again, and collected the sculls and bottom boards, which were floating about here and there in the pool, and also succeeded in making salvage of Tom's coat, the pockets of which held his watch, purse, and cigar case. These he brought to the bank, and, delivering them over, inquired whether there was anything else to look after.

"Thank you, no; nothing but my cap. Never mind it. It's luck enough not to have lost the coat," said Tom, holding up the dripping garment to let the water run out of the arms and pocket-holes, and then wringing it as well as he could. "At any rate," thought he, "I needn't be afraid of its looking too new any more."

The stranger put off again, and made one more round, searching for the cap and anything else which he might have overlooked, but without success. While he was doing so, Tom had time to look him well over, and see what sort of man had come to his rescue. He hardly knew at the time the full extent of his obligation—at least if this sort of obligation is to be reckoned not so much by the service actually rendered, as by the risk encountered to be able to render it. There were probably not three men in the University who would have dared to shoot the lasher in a skiff in its then state, for it was in those times a really dangerous place; and Tom himself had had an extraordinary escape, for, as Miller, the St. Ambrose coxswain, remarked on hearing the story, "No one who wasn't born to be hung could have rolled down it without knocking his head against something hard, and going down like lead when he got to the bottom."

He was very well satisfied with his inspection. The other man was evidently a year or two older than himself, his figure was more set, and he had stronger whiskers than are generally grown at twenty. He was somewhere about five feet ten in height, very deep-chested, and with long powerful arms and hands. There was no denying, however, that at the first glance he was an ugly man; he was marked with small-pox, had large features, high cheek-bones, deeply set eyes, and a very long chin; and had got the trick which many underhung men have of compressing his upper lip Nevertheless, there was that in his face which hit Tom's fancy, and made him anxious to know the other better. He had an instinct that he should get good out of him. So he was very glad when

the search was ended, and the stranger came to the bank, shipped his sculls, and jumped out with the painter of his skiff in his hand, which he proceeded to fasten to an old stump, while he remarked—

"I'm afraid the cap's lost."

"It doesn't matter the least. Thank you for coming to help me; it was very kind indeed, and more than I expected. Don't they say that one Oxford man will never save another from drowning unless they have been introduced?"

"I don't know," replied the other; "are you sure you're not hurt?"

"Yes, quite," said Tom, foiled in what he considered an artful plan to get the stranger to introduce himself.

"Then we're very well out of it," said the other, looking at the steep descent into the lasher, and the rolling tumbling rush of the water below.

"Indeed we are," said Tom; "but how in the world did you manage not to upset?"

"I hardly know myself—I have shipped a good deal of water, you see. Perhaps I ought to have jumped out on the bank and come across to you, leaving my skiff in the river, for if I had upset I couldn't have helped you much. However, I followed my instinct, which was to come the quickest way. I thought, too, that if I could manage to get down in the boat I should be of more use. I'm very glad I did it," he added after a moment's pause; "I'm really proud of having come down that place."

"So ain't I," said Tom with a laugh, in which the other joined.

"But now you're getting chilled," and he turned from the lasher and looked at Tom's chattering jaws.

"Oh, it's nothing. I'm used to being wet."

"But you may just as well be comfortable if you can. Here's this rough jersey which I use instead of a coat; pull off that wet cotton affair and put it on, and then we'll get to work, for we have plenty to do."

After a little persuasion Tom did as he was bid, and got into the great woollen garment, which was very comforting; and then the two set about getting their skiffs back into the main stream. This was comparatively easy as to the lighter skiff, which was soon baled out and hauled by main force on to the bank, carried across and launched again. The tub gave them much more trouble, for she was quite full of water and very heavy; but after twenty minutes or so of hard work, during which the mutual respect of the labourers for the strength and willingness of each other was much increased, she also lay in the main stream, leaking considerably, but otherwise not much the worse for her adventure.

"Now what do you mean to do?" said the stranger. "I don't think you can pull home in her. One doesn't know how much she may be damaged. She may sink in the lock, or play any prank."

"But what am I to do with her?"

"Oh, you can leave her at Sandford and walk up, and send one of Hall's boys for her, or if you like I will tow her up behind my skiff."

"Won't your skiff carry two?"

"Yes; if you like to come I'll take you, but you must sit very quiet."

"Can't we go down to Sandford first and have a glass of ale? What time is it?—the water has stopped my watch."

"A quarter-past three. I have about twenty minutes to spare."

"Come along, then," said Tom; "but will you let me pull your skiff down to Sandford? I resolved to pull to Sandford to-day, and don't like to give it up."

"By all means, if you like," said the other with a smile; "jump in, and I'll walk along the bank."

"Thank you," said Tom, hurrying into the skiff, in which he completed the remaining quarter of a mile, while the owner walked by the side, watching him.

They met on the bank at the little inn by Sandford lock, and had a glass of ale, over which Tom confessed that it was the first time he had ever navigated a skiff by himself, and gave a

detailed account of his adventures, to the great amusement of his companion. And by the time they rose to go, it was settled, at Tom's earnest request, that he should pull the sound skiff up, while his companion sat in the stern and coached him. The other consented very kindly, merely stipulating that he himself should take the sculls, if it should prove that Tom could not pull them up in time for hall dinner. So they started, and took the tub in tow when they came up to it. Tom got on famously under his new tutor, who taught him to get forward, and open his knees properly, and throw his weight on to the sculls at the beginning of the stroke. He managed even to get into Iffley lock on the way up without fouling the gates, and was then and there complimented on his progress. Whereupon, as they sat there, while the lock filled, Tom poured out his thanks to his tutor for his instruction, which had been given so judiciously that, while he was conscious of improving at every stroke, he did not feel that the other was asserting any superiority over him; and so, though he was really much more humble than at the most disastrous period of his downward voyage, instead of being brimfull of wrath and indignation, was getting into a better temper every minute.

It is a great pity that some of our instructors in more important matters than sculling will not take a leaf out of the same book. Of course, it is more satisfactory to one's own self-love, to make every one who comes to one to learn, feel that he is a fool, and we wise men; but, if our object is to teach well and usefully what we know ourselves, there cannot be a worse method. I suppose that no man is likely to adopt it, so long as he is conscious that he has anything himself to learn from his pupils; and as soon as he has arrived at the conviction that they can teach him nothing —that it is henceforth to be all give and no take—the sooner he throws up his office of teacher, the better it will be for himself, his pupils, and his country, whose sons he is misguiding.

On their way up, so intent were they on their own work that it was not until shouts of "Hullo, Brown! how did you get there? Why, you said you were not going down to-day," greeted them just above the Gut, that they were aware of the presence of the freshmen's four-oar of St. Ambrose College, which had with some trouble succeeded in overtaking them.

"I said I wasn't going down with *you*," shouted Tom, grinding away harder than ever, that they might witness and wonder at his prowess.

"Oh, I dare say! Whose skiff are you towing up? I believe you've been upset."

Tom made no reply, and the four-oar floundered on ahead.

"Are you at St. Ambrose's?" asked his sitter, after a minute.

"Yes; that's my treadmill, that four-oar. I've been down in it almost every day since I came up, and very poor fun it is. So I thought to-day I would go on my own hook, and see if I couldn't make a better hand of it. And I have, too, I know, thanks to you."

The other made no remark, but a little shade came over his face. He had had no chance of making out Tom's college, as the new cap which would have betrayed him had disappeared in the lasher. He himself wore a glazed straw hat, which was of no college; so that up to this time neither of them had known to what college the other belonged.

When they landed at Hall's, Tom was at once involved in a wrangle with the manager as to the amount of damage done to the tub; which the latter refused to assess before he knew what had happened to it; while our hero vigorously and with reason maintained, that if he knew his business it could not matter what had happened to the boat. There she was, and he must say whether she was better or worse, or how much worse than when she started. In the middle of which dialogue his new acquaintance, touching his arm, said, "You can leave my jersey with your own things; I shall get it to-morrow," and then disappeared.

Tom, when he had come to terms with

his adversary, ran upstairs, expecting to find the other, and meaning to tell his name, and find out who it was that had played the good Samaritan by him. He was much annoyed when he found the coast clear, and dressed in a grumbling humour. "I wonder why he should have gone off so quick. He might just as well have stayed and walked up with me," thought he. "Let me see, though; didn't he say I was to leave his jersey in our room, with my own things? Why, perhaps he is a St. Ambrose man himself. But then he would have told me so, surely. I don't remember to have seen his face in chapel or hall; but then there are such a lot of new faces, and he may not sit near me. However, I mean to find him out before long, whoever he may be." With which resolve Tom crossed in the punt into Christ's Church meadow, and strolled college-wards, feeling that he had had a good hard afternoon's exercise, and was much the better for it. He might have satisfied his curiosity at once by simply asking the manager who it was that had arrived with him; and this occurred to him before he got home, whereat he felt satisfied, but would not go back then, as it was so near hall time. He would be sure to remember it the first thing to-morrow.

As it happened, however, he had not so long to wait for the information which he needed; for scarcely had he sat down in Hall and ordered his dinner, when he caught sight of his boating acquaintance, who walked in habited in a gown which Tom took for a scholar's. He took his seat at a little table in the middle of the hall, near the bachelors' table, but quite away from the rest of the undergraduates, at which sat four or five other men in similar gowns. He either did not or would not notice the looks of recognition which Tom kept firing at him until he had taken his seat.

"Who is that man that has just come in, do you know?" said Tom to his next neighbour, a second term man.

"Which?" said the other, looking up.

"That one over at the little table in the middle of the hall, with the dark whiskers. There, he has just turned rather from us, and put his arm on the table."

"Oh, his name is Hardy."

"Do you know him?"

"No; I don't think anybody does. They say he is a clever fellow, but a very queer one."

"Why does he sit at that table?"

"He is one of our servitors," said the other? "they all sit there together."

"Oh," said Tom, not much the wiser for the information, but resolved to waylay Hardy as soon as hall was over, and highly delighted to find that they were after all of the same college; for he had already begun to find out, that however friendly you may be with out-college men, you must live chiefly with those of your own. But now his scout brought his dinner, and he fell to with marvellous appetite on his ample commons.

CHAPTER III.

A BREAKFAST AT DRYSDALE'S.

No man in St. Ambrose College gave such breakfasts as Drysdale. I don't mean the great heavy spreads for thirty or forty, which came once or twice a term, when everything was supplied out of the college kitchen, and you had to ask leave of the Dean before you could have it at all. In those ponderous feasts the most hum-drum of undergraduate kind might rival the most artistic, if he could only pay his battel-bill, or get credit with the cook. But the daily morning meal, when even gentlemen-commoners were limited to two hot dishes out of the kitchen, this was Drysdale's forte. Ordinary men left the matter in the hands of scouts, and were content with the ever-recurring buttered toast and eggs, with a dish of broiled ham, or something of the sort, and marmalade and bitter ale to finish with; but Drysdale was not an ordinary man, as you felt in a moment when you went to breakfast with him for the first time.

The staircase on which he lived was inhabited, except in the garrets, by men in the fast set, and he and three others,

who had an equal aversion to solitary feeding, had established a breakfast-club, in which, thanks to Drysdale's genius, real scientific gastronomy was cultivated. Every morning the boy from the Weirs arrived with freshly-caught gudgeon, and now and then an eel or trout, which the scouts on the staircase had learnt to fry delicately in oil. Fresh watercresses came in the same basket, and the college kitchen furnished a spitch-cocked chicken, or grilled turkey's leg. In the season there were plover's eggs; or, at the worst, there was a dainty omelette; and a distant baker, famed for his light rolls and high charges, sent in the bread—the common domestic college loaf being of course out of the question for any one with the slightest pretensions to taste, and becoming the perquisite of the scouts. Then there would be a deep Yorkshire pie, or reservoir of potted game, as a *pièce de résistance*, and three or four sorts of preserves; and a large cool tankard of cider or ale-cup to finish up with, or soda-water and maraschino for a change. Tea and coffee were there indeed, but merely as a compliment to those respectable beverages, for they were rarely touched by the breakfast-eaters of No. 3 staircase. Pleasant young gentlemen they were on No. 3 staircase; I mean the ground and first-floor men who formed the breakfast-club, for the garrets were nobodies. Three out of the four were gentlemen-commoners, with allowances of £500 a year at least each; and, as they treated their allowances as pocket-money only, and went tick for everything which the wide range of Oxford tradesmen would book, and as they were all in their first year, ready money was plenty and credit good; and they might have had potted hippopotamus for breakfast if they had chosen to order it, which I verily believe they would have done if they had thought of it.

Two out of the three were the sons of rich men who had made their own fortunes, and sent their sons to St. Ambrose's because it was very desirable that the young gentlemen should make good connexions. In fact, the fathers looked upon the University as a good investment, and gloried much in hearing their sons talk familiarly in the vacations of their dear friends Lord Harry This and Sir George That.

Drysdale, the third of the set, was the heir of an old as well as of a rich family, and consequently, having his connexion ready made to his hand, cared little enough whom he associated with, provided they were pleasant fellows, and gave him good food and wines. His whole idea at present was to enjoy himself as much as possible; but he had good manly stuff in him at the bottom, and, had he fallen into any but the fast set, would have made a fine fellow, and done credit to himself and his college.

The fourth man of the breakfast-club, the Hon. Piers St. Cloud, was in his third year, and was a very well-dressed, well-mannered, well-connected young man. His family was poor, and his allowance small, but he never wanted for anything. He didn't entertain much, certainly, but when he did, everything was in the best possible style. He was very exclusive, and knew no man in college out of the fast set; and of these he addicted himself chiefly to the society of the rich freshmen, for somehow the men of his own standing seemed a little shy of him. But with the freshmen he was always hand and glove, lived in their rooms, and used their wines, horses, and other movable property as his own; and, being a good whist and billiard player, and not a bad jockey, managed in one way or another to make his young friends pay well for the honour of his acquaintance; as, indeed, why should they not, at least those of them who came to college to form eligible connexions; for had not his remote lineal ancestor come over in the same ship with William the Conqueror? were not all his relations about the Court, as lords and ladies in waiting, white sticks or black rods, and in the innermost of all possible circles of the great world; and was there a better coat of arms than he bore in all Burke's Peerage?

Our hero had met Drysdale at a house in the country shortly before the beginning of his first term, and they had rather taken to one another; so as soon as Tom came up, Drysdale had left his pasteboard; and, as he came out of chapel one morning shortly after his arrival, Drysdale's scout came up to him with an invitation to breakfast. So he went to his own rooms, ordered his commons to be taken across to No. 3, and followed himself a few minutes afterwards. No one was in the rooms when he arrived, for none of the club had finished their toilettes. Morning chapel was not meant for, or cultivated by, gentlemen-commoners; they paid double chapel fees, in consideration of which, I suppose, they were not expected to attend so often as the rest of the undergraduates; at any rate, they didn't, and no harm came to them in consequence of their absence. As Tom entered, a great splashing in an inner room stopped for a moment, and Drysdale's voice shouted out that he was in his tub, but would be with him in a minute. So Tom gave himself up to the contemplation of the rooms in which his fortunate acquaintance dwelt; and very pleasant rooms they were. The large room, in which the breakfast-table was laid for five, was lofty and well proportioned, and paneled with old oak, and the furniture was handsome and solid, and in keeping with the room.

There were four deep windows, high up in the wall, with cushioned seats under them, two looking into the large quadrangle, and two into the inner one. Outside these windows, Drysdale had rigged up hanging gardens, which were kept full of flowers by the first nurseryman in Oxford all the year round; so that even on this February morning, the scent of gardania and violets pervaded the room, and strove for mastery with the smell of stale tobacco which hung about the curtains and sofas. There was a large glass in an oak frame over the mantelpiece, which was loaded with choice pipes and cigar-cases, and quaint receptacles for tobacco; and by the side of the glass hung small carved oak frames, containing lists of the meets of the Heythrop, the Old Berkshire, and Drake's hounds, for the current week. There was a queer assortment of well-framed paintings and engravings on the walls; some of considerable merit, especially some water-colour sea-pieces and engravings from Landseer's pictures, mingled with which hung Taglioni and Cerito, in short petticoats and impossible attitudes; Phosphorus winning the Derby; the Death of Grimaldi (the famous steeple-chase horse—not poor old Joe); an American Trotting Match, and Jem Belcher and Deaf Burke in attitudes of self-defence. Several tandem and riding whips, mounted in heavy silver, and a double-barrelled gun, and fishing rods, occupied one corner, and a polished copper cask, holding about five gallons of mild ale, stood in another. In short, there was plenty of everything except books—the literature of the world being represented, so far as Tom could make out in his short scrutiny, by a few well-bound but badly-used volumes of classics, with the cribs thereto appertaining, shoved away into a cupboard which stood half open, and contained, besides, half-emptied decanters, and large pewters, and dog-collars, and packs of cards, and all sorts of miscellaneous articles to serve as an antidote.

Tom had scarcely finished his short survey, when the door of the bedroom opened, and Drysdale emerged in a loose jacket lined with silk, his velvet cap on his head, and otherwise gorgeously attired. He was a pleasant-looking fellow, of middle size, with dark hair, and a merry brown eye, with a twinkle in it which spoke well for his sense of humour; otherwise, his features were rather plain, but he had the look and manners of a thoroughly well-bred gentleman.

His first act, after nodding to Tom, was to seize on a pewter and resort to the cask in the corner, from whence he drew a pint or so of the contents, having, as he said, "'a whoreson longing for that poor creature, small beer.' We were playing Van-John in Blake's rooms till three last night, and he gave us devilled bones and mulled port. A fel-

low can't enjoy his breakfast after that without something to cool his coppers."

Tom was as yet ignorant of what Van-John might be, so held his peace, and took a pull at the beer which the other handed him; and then the scout entered, and received orders to bring up Jack and the breakfast, and not to wait for any one. In another minute, a bouncing and scrattling was heard on the stairs, and a white bull-dog rushed in, a gem in his way; for his brow was broad and massive, and wrinkled about the eyes; his skin was as fine as a lady's, and his tail taper and nearly as thin as a clay pipe; but he had a way of going snuzzling about the calves of strangers which was not pleasant for nervous people. Tom, however, was used to dogs, and soon became friends with him, which evidently pleased his host. And then the breakfast arrived, all smoking, and with it the two other ingenious youths, in velvet caps and far more gorgeous apparel, so far as colours went, than Drysdale. They were introduced to Tom, who thought them somewhat ordinary and rather loud young gentlemen. One of them remonstrated vigorously against the presence of that confounded dog, and so Jack was sent to lie down in a corner, and then the four fell to work upon the breakfast.

It was a good lesson in gastronomy, but the results are scarcely worth repeating here. It is wonderful, though, how you feel drawn to a man who feeds you well; and, as Tom's appetite got less, his liking and respect for his host undoubtedly increased.

When they had nearly finished, in walked the Honourable Piers, a tall slight man, two or three years older than the rest of them; good-looking, and very well and quietly dressed, but with a drawing up of his nostril, and a drawing down of the corners of his mouth, which set Tom against him at once. The cool, supercilious half-nod, moreover, to which he treated our hero when introduced to him, was enough to spoil his digestion, and hurt his self-love a good deal more than he would have liked to own.

"Here, Henry," said the Honourable Piers to the scout in attendance, seating himself, and inspecting the half-cleared dishes; "what is there for my breakfast?"

Henry bustled about, and handed a dish or two.

"I don't want these cold things; haven't you kept me any gudgeon?"

"Why, sir," said Henry, "there was only two dozen this morning, and Mr. Drysdale told me to cook them all."

"To be sure I did," said Drysdale. "Just half a dozen for each of us four: they were first-rate. If you can't get here at half-past nine, you won't get gudgeon, I can tell you."

"Just go and get me a broil from the kitchen," said the Honourable Piers, without deigning an answer to Drysdale.

"Very sorry, sir; kitchen's shut by now, sir," answered Henry.

"Then go to Hinton's, and order some cutlets."

"I say, Henry," shouted Drysdale to the retreating scout; "not to my tick, mind! Put them down to Mr. St. Cloud."

Henry seemed to know very well that in that case he might save himself the trouble of the journey, and consequently returned to his waiting; and the Honourable Piers set to work upon his breakfast, without showing any further ill-temper certainly, except by the stinging things which he threw every now and then into the conversation, for the benefit of each of the others in turn.

Tom thought he detected signs of coming hostilities between his host and St. Cloud, for Drysdale seemed to prick up his ears and get combative whenever the other spoke, and lost no chance of roughing him in his replies. And, indeed, he wasn't far wrong; the fact being, that during Drysdale's first term, the other had lived on him—drinking his wine, smoking his cigars, driving his dog-cart, and winning his money; all which Drysdale, who was the easiest going and best tempered fellow in Oxford, would have stood without turning a hair; but St. Cloud added to these little favours a half patronizing, half

contemptuous manner, which he used with great success towards some of the other gentlemen-commoners, who thought it a mark of high breeding, and the correct thing, but which Drysdale, who didn't care three straws about knowing St. Cloud, wasn't going to put up with.

However, nothing happened beyond a little sparring, and the breakfast things were cleared away, and the tankards left on the table, and the company betook themselves to cigars and easy chairs; Jack coming out of his corner to be gratified with some of the remnants by his fond master, and then curling himself up on the sofa along which Drysdale lounged.

"What are you going to do to-day, Drysdale?" said one of the others. "I've ordered a leader sent on over the bridge, and mean to drive my dog-cart over, and dine at Abingdon. Won't you come?"

"Who's going besides?" asked Drysdale.

"Oh, only St. Cloud and Farley here. There's lots of room for a fourth."

"No, thank'ee; teaming's slow work on the back seat; besides, I've half-promised to go down in the boat."

"In the boat!" shouted the other. "Why you don't mean to say you're going to take to pulling?"

"Well, I don't know; I rather think I am. I'm dog-tired of driving and doing the High Street, and playing cards and billiards all day, and our boat is likely to be head of the river, I think."

"By Jove! I should as soon have thought of your taking to reading, or going to University Sermon," put in St. Cloud.

"And the boating-men, too," went on Farley; "did you ever see such a set, St. Cloud? with their everlasting flannels and jerseys, and hair cropped like prize-fighters."

"I'll bet a guinea there isn't one of them has more than £200 a-year," put in Chanter, whose father could just write his name, and was making a colossal fortune by supplying bad iron rails to the new railway companies.

"What the devil do I care," broke in Drysdale; "I know they're a deal more amusing than you fellows, who can do nothing that don't cost pounds."

"Getting economical!" sneered St. Cloud.

"Well, I don't see the fun of tearing one's heart out, and blistering one's hands, only to get abused by that little brute, Miller the coxswain," said Farley.

"Why you won't be able to sit straight in your chair for a month," said Chanter; "and the captain will make you dine at one, and fetch you out of anybody's rooms, confound his impudence, whether he knows them or not, at eleven o'clock every night."

"Two cigars a day, and a pint and a half of liquid," and Farley inserted his cod-fish face into the tankard; "fancy Drysdale on training allowance!"

Here a new comer entered in a bachelor's gown, who was warmly greeted by the name of Sanders by Drysdale. St. Cloud and he exchanged the coldest possible nods; and the other two, taking the office from their mentor, stared at him through their smoke, and, after a minute or two's silence, and a few rude, half-whispered remarks amongst themselves, went off to play a game at pyramids till luncheon time. Sanders took a cigar which Drysdale offered, and began asking him about his friends at home, and what he had been doing in the vacation.

They were evidently intimate, though Tom thought that Drysdale didn't seem quite at his ease at first, which he wondered at, as Sanders took his fancy at once. However, eleven o'clock struck, and Tom had to go off to lecture, where we cannot follow him just now, but must remain with Drysdale and Sanders, who chatted on very pleasantly for some twenty minutes, till a knock came at the door. It was not till the third summons that Drysdale shouted "Come in," with a shrug of his shoulders, and an impatient kick at the sofa-cushion at his feet, as though he were not half pleased at the approaching visit.

Reader! had you not ever a friend a few years older than yourself, whose good opinion you were anxious to keep? A fellow *teres atque rotundus;* who could do everything better than you, from Plato and tennis down to singing a comic song and playing quoits? If you have had, wasn't he always in your rooms or company whenever anything happened to show your little weak points? Sanders, at any rate, occupied this position towards our young friend Drysdale, and the latter, much as he liked Sanders's company, would have preferred it at any other time than on an idle morning just at the beginning of term, when the gentlemen tradesmen, who look upon undergraduates in general, and gentlemen-commoners in particular, as their lawful prey, are in the habit of calling in flocks.

The new arrival was a tall, florid man, with a half servile, half impudent, manner, and a foreign accent; dressed in sumptuous costume, with a velvet-faced coat, and a gorgeous plush waistcoat. Under his arm he carried a large parcel, which he proceeded to open, and placed upon a sofa the contents, consisting of a couple of coats, and three or four waistcoats and pairs of trousers. He saluted Sanders with a most obsequious bow, looked nervously at Jack, who opened one eye from between his master's legs and growled, and then, turning to Drysdale, asked if he should have the honour of seeing him try on any of the clothes?

"No; I can't be bored with trying them on now," said Drysdale; "leave them where they are."

Mr. Schloss would like very much on his return to town, in a day or two, to be able to assure his principals, that Mr. Drysdale's orders had been executed to his satisfaction. He had also some very beautiful new stuffs with him, which he should like to submit to Mr. Drysdale; and without more ado began unfolding cards of the most fabulous plushes and cloths.

Drysdale glanced first at the cards and then at Sanders, who sat puffing his cigar, and watching Schloss's proceedings with a look not unlike Jack's, when any one he did not approve of approached his master.

"Confound your patterns, Schloss," said Drysdale; "I tell you I've more things than I want already."

"The large stripe, such as these, is now very much worn for trousers in London," went on Schloss, without heeding the rebuff, and spreading his cards on the table.

"D—— trousers," replied Drysdale; "you seem to think, Schloss, that a fellow has ten pairs of legs."

"Monsieur is pleased to joke," smiled Schloss; "but, to be in the mode, gentlemen must have variety."

"Well, I won't order any now, that's flat," said Drysdale.

"Monsieur will do as he pleases; but it is impossible that he should not have some plush waistcoats; the fabric is only just out, and is making a sensation."

"Now look here, Schloss; will you go if I order a waistcoat?"

"Monsieur is very good; he sees how tasteful these new patterns are."

"I wouldn't be seen at a cock-fight in one of them; they're as gaudy as a salmon-fly," said Drysdale, feeling the stuff which the obsequious Schloss held out. "But it seems nice stuff, too," he went on; "I shouldn't mind having a couple of waistcoats of it of this pattern;" and he chucked across to Schloss a dark tartan waistcoat which was lying near him. "Have you got the stuff in that pattern?"

"Ah! no," said Schloss, gathering up the waistcoat; "but it shall not hinder. I shall have at once a loom for Monsieur set up in Paris."

"Set it up at Jericho if you like," said Drysdale; "and now go!"

"May I ask, Mr. Schloss," broke in Sanders, "what it will cost to set up the loom?"

"Ah! indeed, a trifle only; some twelve, or perhaps fourteen, pounds." Sanders gave a chuckle, and puffed away at his cigar.

"By Jove," shouted Drysdale, jerking himself into a sitting posture, and

upsetting Jack, who went trotting about the room, and snuffling at Schloss's legs; "do you mean to say, Schloss, you were going to make me waistcoats at fourteen guineas a-piece?"

"Not if Monsieur disapproves. Ah! the large hound is not friendly to strangers; I will call again when Monsieur is more at leisure." And Schloss gathered up his cards and beat a hasty retreat, followed by Jack with his head on one side, and casting an enraged look at Sanders, as he slid through the door.

"Well done, Jack, old boy!" said Sanders, patting him; "what a funk the fellow was in. Well, you've saved your master a pony this fine morning. Cheap dog you've got, Drysdale."

"D—— the fellow," answered Drysdale, "he leaves a bad taste in one's mouth;" and he went to the table, took a pull at the tankard, and then threw himself down on the sofa again, and Jack jumped up and coiled himself round by his master's legs, keeping one half-open eye winking at him, and giving an occasional wag with the end of his taper tail.

Sanders got up, and began handling the new things. First he held up a pair of bright blue trousers, with a red stripe across them, Drysdale looking on from the sofa. "I say, Drysdale, you don't mean to say you really ordered these thunder-and-lightning affairs?"

"Heaven only knows," said Drysdale; "I daresay I did. I'd order a full suit cut out of my grandmother's farthingale to get that cursed Schloss out of my rooms sometimes."

"You'll never be able to wear them; even in Oxford the boys would mob you. Why don't you kick him down-stairs?" suggested Sanders, putting down the trousers, and turning to Drysdale.

"Well, I've been very near it once or twice; but, I don't know—my name's Easy—besides, I don't want to give up the beast altogether; he makes the best trousers in England."

"And these waistcoats," went on Sanders; "let me see; three light silk waistcoats, peach-colour, fawn-colour, and lavender. Well, of course, you can only wear these at your weddings. You may be married the first time in the peach or fawn-colour; and then, if you've luck, and bury your first wife soon, it will be a delicate compliment to take to No. 2 in the lavender, that being half-mourning; but still, you see, we're in difficulty as to one of the three, either the peach or the fawn-colour—"

Here he was interrupted by another knock, and a boy entered from the fashionable tobacconist's in Oriel Lane, who had general orders to let Drysdale have his fair share of anything very special in the cigar line. He deposited a two-pound box of cigars at three guineas the pound on the table, and withdrew in silence.

Then came a boot-maker with a new pair of top-boots, which Drysdale had ordered in November, and had forgotten next day. This artist, wisely considering that his young patron must have plenty of tops to last him through the hunting season (he himself having supplied three previous pairs in October), had retained the present pair for show in his window; and every one knows that boots wear much better for being kept some time before use. Now, however, as the hunting season was drawing to a close, and the place in the window was wanted for spring stock, he judiciously sent in the tops, merely adding half-a-sovereign or so to the price for interest on his outlay since the order. He also kindly left on the table a pair of large plated spurs to match the boots.

It never rains but it pours. Sanders sat smoking his cigar in provoking silence, while knock succeeded knock, and tradesman followed tradesman; each depositing some article ordered, or supposed to have been ordered, or which ought in the judgment of the depositors to have been ordered, by the luckless Drysdale; and new hats, and ties, and gloves, and pins jostled balsam of Neroli, and registered shaving-soap, and fancy letter-paper, and eau de Cologne, on every available table. A visit from two livery-stable-keepers in succession followed,

each of whom had several new leaders which they were anxious Mr. Drysdale should try as soon as possible. Drysdale growled and grunted, and wished them or Sanders at the bottom of the sea; however, he consoled himself with the thought that the worst was now past,—there was no other possible supplier of undergraduate wants who could arrive.

Not so; in another minute a gentle knock came at the door; Jack pricked up his ears and wagged his tail; Drysdale recklessly shouted, "Come in!" and the door slowly opened about eighteen inches, and a shock head of hair entered the room, from which one lively little gimlet eye went glancing about into every corner; the other eye was closed, but whether as a perpetual wink to indicate the unsleeping wariness of the owner, or because that hero had really lost the power of using it in some of his numerous encounters with men and beasts, no one, so far as I know, has ever ascertained.

"Ah! Mr. Drysdale, sir!" began the head; and then rapidly withdrew behind the door, to avoid one of the spurs, which (being the missile nearest at hand) Drysdale instantly discharged at it. As the spur fell to the floor, the head reappeared in the room, and as quickly disappeared again, in deference to the other spur, the top boots, an ivory-handled hair-brush, and a translation of Euripides, which in turn saluted each successive appearance of said head; and the grin was broader on each reappearance.

Then Drysdale, having no other article within reach which he could throw, burst into a loud fit of laughter, in which Sanders and the head heartily joined, and shouted, "Come in, Joe, you old fool! and don't stand bobbing your ugly old mug in and out there, like a jack in the box."

So the head came in, and after it the body, and closed the door behind it; and a queer cross-grained, tough-looking body it was, of about fifty years standing, or rather slouching, clothed in old fustian coat, and corduroy breeches and gaiters, and being the earthly tabernacle of Joe Muggles, the dog-fancier of St. Aldate's.

"How the deuce did you get by the lodge, Joe?" inquired Drysdale. Joe, be it known, had been forbidden the college for importing a sack of rats into the inner quadrangle, upon the turf of which a match at rat-killing had come off between the terriers of two gentlemen-commoners. This little event might have passed unnoticed, but that Drysdale had bought from Joe a dozen of the slaughtered rats, and nailed them on the doors of the four college tutors, three to a door; whereupon inquiry had been made, and Joe had been outlawed.

"Oh, please Mr. Drysdale, sir, I just watched the 'ed porter, sir, across to the buttery to get his mornin', and then I tips the wink to the under-porter (pal o' mine, sir, the under-porter) and makes a run of it right up."

"Well, you'll be quod'ed if you're caught! Now, what do you want?"

"Why, you see, Mr. Drysdale, sir," said Joe, in his most insinuating tone, "my mate hev' got a old dog brock, sir, from the Heythrop kennel, and Honble Wernham, sir, of New Inn 'All, sir, he've jist been down our yard with a fighting chap from town, Mr. Drysdale—in the fancy, sir, he is, and hev got a matter of three dogs down wi' un, stoppin at Milky Bill's. And he says, says he, Mr. Drysdale, as arra one of he's dogs 'll draw the old un three times, while arra Oxford dog 'll draw un twice, and Honble Wernham chaffs as how he'll back un for a fi'pun note;"—and Joe stopped to caress Jack, who was fawning on him as if he understood every word.

"Well, Joe, what then?" said Drysdale.

"So you see, Mr. Drysdale, sir," went on Joe, fondling Jack's muzzle, "my mate says, says he, 'Jack's the dog as can draw a brock,' says he, 'agin any Lonnun dog as ever was whelped; and Mr. Drysdale,' says he, 'aint the man as 'd see two poor chaps bounced out of their honest name by arra town chap, and a

fi'pun note's no more to he, for the matter o' that, than to Honble Wernham his self,' says my mate."

"So I'm to lend you Jack for a match, and stand the stakes?"

"Well, Mr. Drysdale, sir, that was what my mate was a sayin'."

"You're cool hands, you and your mate," said Drysdale; "here, take a drink, and get out, and I'll think about it." Drysdale was now in a defiant humour, and resolved not to let Sanders think that his presence could keep him from any act of folly which he was minded to.

Joe took his drink; and just then several men came in from lecture, and drew off Drysdale's attention from Jack, who quietly followed Joe out of the room, when that worthy disappeared. Drysdale only laughed when he found it out, and went down to the yard that afternoon to see the match between the London dog and his own pet.

"How in the world are youngsters with unlimited credit, plenty of ready money, and fast tastes, to be kept from making fools and blackguards of themselves up here," thought Sanders as he strolled back to his college. And it is a question which has exercised other heads besides his, and probably is a long way yet from being well solved.—*To be continued.*

PAPER, PEN AND INK:

AN EXCURSUS IN TECHNOLOGY.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE WILSON.

Many years ago, when I was young, I was told by a preceptor that, when asking for writing materials, I should request Paper, Pen, and Ink—not Pen, Ink, and Paper; Ink, Paper, and Pen; or the three scriptorial essentials in any other order than that first named. I have since been told that the second formula was more in accordance with modern etiquette; but I was taught to prefer the first. No reason, so far as I remember, was given for this rule, which I never had formal occasion to apply. It seemed to me, when I first heard it, to be merely a conventional arrangement of words, built as much on a basis of euphony, as on a recognition of the relative importance of the things named. Yet it appeared to regard their importance also, and to imply that he who proposed to write should first provide himself with *paper*, then look out for a *pen*, and lastly make search at his leisure for *ink*. I frequently put to myself these questions, Was it intended by this mode of asking to signify that the *paper* was a more important writing-material than the *pen*, and the pen than the *ink*; and further, would the idioms of all the civilized nations of the world be found sanctioning a similar arrangement of words, and for the reasons supposed? But in trying to answer these questions I was thrown back on the still more fundamental problem, What in its fullest sense is the idea conveyed in the respective words, Paper, Pen and Ink? And again, What is the relative importance, as graphic or scriptorial materials, of the things represented by them? A little reflection showed that the points of view from which these questions could be looked at were so many, and so different, that no two nations, and perhaps no two individuals, were likely to answer them in the same way; and that to press for an unanimous judgment would be foolish and useless. At the same time there could be no harm in seeking to reach an individual conclusion, and the one to which I was led in the course of a somewhat erratic excursus is here offered with due deference to the reader.

The names of the three chief writing materials—Paper, Pen, and Ink—are typical or representative. *Paper* represents all the receptive materials of graphic

art; in a word, every surface or body on which we can paint, write, print, carve, inscribe, or otherwise impress the portraits of visible things, the pictures of imagined objects, and the signs or symbols which constitute written language. The *Pen* represents every graphic tool by which such painting, writing, printing, carving, inscribing, or impressing is effected. *Ink* represents every tint, shadow, or colour which is employed to render more true to nature, more significant, or more visible, the work of the graphic tool on the receptive material. At first sight it seems the least essential of the graphic three; for, with the manifest exception of the pictorial representation of coloured objects, it may be dispensed with, and yet leave to the blind a great part of written language open to a full interpretation and a free use. Nevertheless, colour in its graphic relations can be placed little, if at all, below its two sisters, for the blind assuredly are greatly hindered in their interpretation and employment of written characters by the invisibility of the latter to them; and those who do see are immensely assisted in reading and writing by the colour of the symbols before them. In truth, even where we seem to dispense with colour, as in engraved or sculptured letters, in reality we introduce it, by placing them so that they are unequally illuminated, and the place of ink is supplied by shadows.

It should thus seem, that, passing by for the time with affectionate sympathy the privations of the blind, we must assign to each visible graphic material an equality of value. And such is our general and surely our wise estimate. The purest and most spotless of tablets, the finest and boldest of pens, the richest and deepest of colours, should all come together when some great graphic work must be done. Yet, often, all the three cannot be marshalled side by side; nay, when the necessity for their use is greatest, there may be as many as two of them wanting. Strangely, however, it sometimes happens that one of them can for a time discharge the duties of all three. The olive leaf which Noah's dove brought back to the Ark, was for it, paper, pen and ink; and Noah had no difficulty in reading the statement on the leaf, that "the waters were abated from off the earth." The branch which floated past Columbus as he went sailing westward was a whole folio in Nature-printing upon the trees of America: and of the rainbow which spans the sky the complaint of the nations has ever been, only that it is an illuminated missal, which in a moment so gracefully crowds itself with inscription upon inscription that they are able to read but a few lines in the thick clustered paragraphs.

We cannot hope, however, like the Diluvian dove, to unite the whole three unless on rare occasions, or be certain that our writing will be read by eyes as sagacious as those of the Patriarch. The examples we have given are all indeed Divine, in invention and application. To us nevertheless is not denied the power of putting two at least of the graphic requisites together. This has been done from the first. A bit of charcoal, or a piece of chalk, or a black-lead pencil, is *pen and ink* in one. The photographer's sensitive plate is *paper and ink* in one. The dyer's mordanted tissue is *paper and pen* in one: and we deal with *paper, pen and ink* in one, when we count upon our fingers, and when the dumb and the blind, placing their hands together, write in invisible ink on each other's palms.

Any one of the three can thus on occasion be dispensed with, so that no one seemingly can claim precedence of the others. Considered in themselves, therefore, they may be represented by an equilateral triangle, of which the three equal sides are paper, pen, and ink. When we look, however, at their practical employment, we find that it has always been a much more difficult thing for mankind to furnish themselves with the first two than with the last. They are better symbolised, therefore, by an isosceles triangle, of which the two equal and longer sides are the paper and pen, and the unequal side, a very little shorter, is the ink. Moreover, when

they are in active, diversified use, their true symbol is a scalene triangle, of which the ink is generally the shortest side, whilst sometimes the paper, sometimes the pen is the longest. Thus to the sculptor the chisel-pen is the long side. To the sailor steering by night, the colour-ink of the red lighthouse lamp. To the blind-mute the living paper of his hand. To the printer, again, the triangle is barely scalene, and even sometimes seems equilateral.

The world of graphic and scriptorial art is thus, as it were, entered by a gateway, of which the two tall side pillars or jambs are the paper and pen, and the shorter lintel crossing them is the ink.

Let us stand before this porch which leads into a land of wonders, and admire one by one its triple components. We will exalt each in turn, and praise each to the fullest, beginning with the right-hand pillar named PAPER, and giving it for the time the amplest pre-eminence.

No wonder the scribe asks first for paper! The pen does its work, and perishes in doing it. The ink forgets the lines in which it was guided, unless the paper grasps it and fixes it. The enduringness of the graphic work is in the guardianship of the paper. The nations have tried in turn many kinds of paper, but have preferred from the beginning until now, and will to the end of time prefer, one kind to all others.

Stones have been touched by the finger of God into Tables of the Law. Rocks riven by lightning and smoothed by the glacier have been ploughed by the chisel into the Doomesday Books and annuals and almanacks of nations. The hardest of gems has furrowed below the harder steel into words of awe and wisdom. Every metal, from the dull lead to the shining gold, has submitted to bear some sign or inscription. The sand on the sea-shore has been written on between tide and tide. The clay of the field has acknowledged the stamp, and bound itself by the ordeal of fire to proclaim the truth entrusted to it, so long as it endured. All the unliving things of the sleeping mineral world, except the wild sea and the viewless air, have served man as paper. On all of them he has written his thoughts, and where he had a great thought to express, one material has sufficed for its expression nearly as well as another. From the once living world he has borrowed the flat bones of dead animals as writing tablets; the tusks of wild elephants he has converted into drawing boards; and the skins of many creatures have served him as parchment.

But especially has he gathered from dead plants. When "by desire of power the angels fell, and men by that of knowledge," as Bacon reminds us they did, it was in the shape of a tree that the coveted knowledge of good and evil rose before our first mother. And with a tree the literature of every highly-civilised people inseparably connects itself, preserving by such terms as *library*, *codex*, *folio*, and *leaf*, its recognition of the peculiar indebtedness of mankind to plants for what we, *par excellence*, style paper. And can it be the blood of Eve stirring in our veins, that makes us turn from even the most suitable of those dead papers, and find such delight as we do in carving the names of those we love upon the bark of living trees? Strange practice, with its absurd as well as its poetical side! In the Museum of Kew Gardens I have stopped once and again to gaze at a strange and touching memorial of the fidelity with which a living tree will preserve, and even perpetuate by reproduction, the record confided to it. On the inner *liber*, or book-bark, some one, a century or more ago, has carved two letters of the alphabet, probably the initials of a name, with a date attached. Long since the carver has died into dust, but the tree, faithful to its charge, has not only preserved the letters unharmed, but, as if they were dear to the Hamadryad who dwelt in its branches, has slowly drawn a veil of bark over the inscription, and made a copy of the letters in relief upon this cover!

From such records on the living pages of unconscious leafy organisms, I find myself unavoidably led a step higher, to gaze at that strangest of all papers, the bodies of living men! There are nice discussions in historical works as to the date of the first English paper-mill, and whether British paper is older than the days of Queen Elizabeth. Queen Elizabeth! Say, rather, Queen Boadicea, or, far beyond her, select Queen Anonyma, who reigned in pre-historic times. Our ancestors wrote on their fair skins, in native woad or indigo, what they sought to put on record, and for I know not how many thousand years the practice has prevailed down to our own day. It is dying out, yet it still continues among soldiers and sailors, and for a touching reason.

The sailor imprints his name in indelible characters on his arm, that, should the fate which every moment hangs over him, overtake him, and the gnawing sea-monster or the wasting sea-wave disfigure him beyond recognition, perchance the words on his limb will secure him Christian burial on shore, and save mother, or sister, or wife, or sweetheart at home from being

—— "doomed to bear
The hope that keeps alive despair."

The sailors, true to the tradition of their sea-cradle, mark their arms with blue. The soldiers use gunpowder; and I have seen one wild mercenary fighter who preferred the blood-red vermilion. He had been at the Retreat from Moscow, and had fought at Austerlitz, Jena, and Waterloo. With his life appraised by himself at a shilling a day, he shrank from a nameless sepulchre, and had printed his name (Joseph Jankowski) on his flesh, that, though robbed after death of all else, he might still have the chance of falling into the hands of his comrades, and be laid in a soldier's grave.

Affecting as such memorials are, they are, like a last will and testament, not intended to come into operation till after death, and they have no force while the testator liveth. From them I rise in thought to that living writing paper which is in use all throughout life, and is useless after death; without which all other papers presented to the eye are valueless, and possessed of which, all others can be dispensed with. That living paper is within the eye; anatomists call it the retina. It is a faint and filmy web, finer than the finest tissue paper, exquisitely sensitive, good for every graphic art; the best of writing paper, drawing paper, music paper; the only paper, indeed, good for scriptorial or artistic purposes. Yes! Sculpture and carve as you will, engrave and write, paint and print, on whatever you please, you execute but outlines and rough drafts, and the final touching, correcting and printing are done when the transfer is made to the living eye-paper. The Egyptian might write on basalt, the Hebrew on gems, the Assyrian on alabaster, the Greek on marble and ivory, the Etruscan on clay, the Venetian on glass, the Anglo-Saxon on iron, and all the peoples of the world on endless stone and metal, wood and other surfaces, but these are in every case only what the printer or engraver calls proofs or revises. The final printing-room is the eye; there the only impressions which are seen are struck off. All previous printings are rejected, or, rather, of themselves cease to be; neither are first proofs, outline designs, or rough drafts essentially necessary. The telegraph needle swaying in the air, the revolving handles on the clock-dial, the time-ball falling, write and print *directly* on the retina-paper. And the fewer the printings and transfers, the fewer the mistakes.

To the eye-paper must be transferred all that has been written on paper of any other kind, before it can be read or interpreted; and if the writing can be directly inscribed on the retina-sheet, all intermediate papers are worse than useless. Beyond this we cannot go. At every moment a new sheet of this choicest nerve-paper is spread within the eye to receive a new inscription. With lightning speed the soul deciphers it, and the paper is changed.

So much for the Paper; and now we turn to the left pillar of our porch and ask, Is the PEN of equal eminence with the paper, and worthy to be called its peer? Who shall deny that it is? for if all other papers ultimately resolve themselves into the retina-paper of the eye, what is a pen but a living finger, or more fully, a living hand? When a dumb man speaks to another, moving his fingers before him, we have writing reduced to its simplest conditions. With his finger as a pen he writes through the air on the retina-paper of his neighbour's eye. It is true that he generally uses both hands, and the one is sometimes taking the place of the paper on which the other writes. But the two are not needed. The experience of electric telegraphy has shown, that the motion of two fingers of one hand would suffice for the spelling of every word in our language, letter by letter.

We rise but one step in complexity when we reach the Eastern schoolmaster, sitting cross-legged among his cross-legged pupils, each with busy finger inscribing numerals on the sand, and asking no intermediate pen or pencil to facilitate his calculations. The Egyptian and Greek of old practised their geometry in the same simple way, and æsthetical travellers like Bayard Taylor expatiate on the beauty of the devices which the wandering Chinese artist produces, with his wetted forefinger and a little colouring matter, on a tablet of porcelain, or any smooth surface that comes in his way. And if we use in addition to our hands certain implements which we call pens, it is because we must often write for eyes distant from us in space, and distant in time; must send messages to friends on the other side of the globe, and make records for generations yet unborn. Therefore, as our hands are not long enough or strong enough, or our finger-nails sharp enough, and as the blood in our veins cannot be shed from our finger-tips as ink at a distance, we arm these hands with what we call pens; but the power is in the hand, not in the pen, and anything will almost do for one.

It was a foolish wish of the poet's, "O! for a pen plucked from a seraph's wing!" What good could that do him? Had he asked the loan of the seraph's living hand, there would have been wisdom in the request. If the seraphic power be in the poet, the smallest humming-bird's quill will serve to give it expression; and if that power be wanting, he will write as a weakling even with a seraph's pen-feather. A man's hand is his pen, and, as necessity demands, he supplements its shortcomings now by one weapon or tool, now by another. A sword is sometimes the best pen; sometimes an axe; sometimes a chisel; sometimes a needle; a bit of copper; an iron wire; a piece of loadstone; a lump of chalk; a metal punch; a burned stick; a split reed or feather; a bundle of bristles; a drop of chemical liquid; a ray of light; a ray of darkness. In so far then as these and all other pens but supplement the hand, which is the true pen, I place it side by side with the eye, the true paper.

On each of those, and all the other supplementary pens, I would willingly linger. Volumes might be written on them. The *Burnt Stick*, the pen of common humanity, of which the pencil and the writing pen are simple modifications! The *Brush*, the fine-art pen, equivalent to the burnt stick changed from the rigid immobility, which was all that prosaic reality needed, into the pliant hair-tassel, obedient to every motion of the idealist's hand! The *Chisel*, the architect's and sculptor's lithographic pen, with which cathedrals and Sebastopols are written in granite, and gods and men in marble! The *Printer's Type*, the pen of civilization, with which nation speaks to nation, and, in these latter days, God speaks to all men! The *Electric Telegraph*, the world's short-hand pen, which strings together the cities of the globe like beads upon its wire, and makes it the same time of day with them all! The *Actinic Ray*, nature's photographic pen, with which the stars write to each other; the newest, and, in some respects most wonderful of pens which man has acquired! All those

deserve notice, but to the last alone I shall refer. It has this peculiarity about it, that it is rather lent to us than made by us for ourselves; and some of its most wonderful work is done without the interference of human hands. Of all its astonishing and every-day increasing wonders, as guided by man, none perhaps is more marvellous than its power to confer perpetual youth upon everything around us. The stars of heaven, the beautiful faces upon earth, the glories of the sea and sky, it transfers for us to abiding tablets, and multiplies to infinity. Familiarity has already deadened us to the value of these memorials; yet it is very great. All the visible historical monuments of the world are by it, in an important sense, rendered imperishable. The features of the planets, the inconstant moon herself, the mighty mountains of the globe, the famous buildings of all nations, their great pictures, their great sculptures, their rare manuscripts, have now the seal of immortality set upon them by light. The Pyramids may crumble down, the ruins of the Parthenon waste utterly away, the Transfiguration and the Crucifixion resolve themselves into dust, and every manuscript of the Bible and writing of the ancient world fade into irrecoverable blankness; nevertheless, we shall possess the power of recalling and reproducing them in almost absolute facsimile; and, though that does not warrant the least neglect of the originals, it supplies a consolation for the loss which some day must bring, such as none of our forefathers had.

A friend has described to me the speechless amazement with which a wild Arab Chief of the Desert watched, in a tent near Cairo, the development of a photograph of the Great Sphinx. When in the faint light, the glass taken, as it seemed, unchanged from the camera, and subjected thereafter to a simple baptism, began to reveal line by line the well-known features of the mysterious sculpture, the Arab turned to my informant, and, pointing to the photographer, exclaimed, "He is the eldest son of Satan!"

With the Arab's wonder we should profoundly sympathize, although it is not from the hands of the Prince of Darkness that we will take the pencil of light. It speaks for itself as one of the choicest gifts of God reserved for us in these latter days. With this feeling I have found myself in a dream of the night, among the spirits of the great dead in the silent land, myself clothed in flesh and blood, a visitant for the briefest space from this upper world. There could be no speech between us; but to their longing looks for information regarding that world from which they had come, and to which they could not return, methought I replied by laying before the pale conclave the shadowy photographs which were in my hands. And the ancient Egyptian saw that the Pyramids would waste no more; and the Greek was consoled that the ruin of his temples could proceed no further, and knew that at length a Prometheus had come, who with the very fire of heaven had made each marble form immortal; and the Italian painter ceased to sigh at the fading of his frescoes; and the Mediæval architect mourned no longer over his cathedral falling before those fierce Iconoclasts, the Lightning and the North Wind, the Snow and the Rain; and the ancient Christian who, in the scriptorium of his convent, centuries ago, had reverently copied, letter by letter, every jot and tittle of the venerable Evangel before him, felt that the days of faithful copying had come back again—nay, were exceeded in faithfulness—and realized that to the end of time his labour might not prove in vain. And over all the spiritual faces a gleam of shadowy sunshine passed, as I awoke and behold it was a dream.

This pencil of light, however, is ours only in loan. Nature is every day, and all the day, employing it herself, not only writing transiently on the retina of every eye, but abidingly upon every object. Every shadow is a piece of Nature-writing, Nature-printing; sometimes like a pencil-note upon a slate, rubbed out next moment; often like the carving of a gem destined to

endure for ages. These shadows have a strange power of fixing themselves, and, could we interpret them, we should find them furnish the Sun's Diary or Record of his daily work upon earth. As it is, we scarcely recognise the existence of such a solar journal, still less endeavour to translate it. Yet daily it is issued, and there are evening journals also. The Moon not only

"... nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;"

but leaves the tokens of her track wherever she passes; and each of the stars walking in darkness keeps some chronicle of all that its bright eye has seen during the silent watches of the night. It may be difficult at first to believe this, when we learn what pains it costs to obtain photographs of the heavenly bodies; but the difficulty is mainly occasioned by the swiftness with which they travel, and this does not hinder them from writing on tablets of their own choosing. How strangely they write, may in some respects be realized by one example of their art. An amateur astronomer, resident in Ireland, was in the constant practice of using a fine reflecting telescope. On one occasion he neglected, on ceasing his observations, to put the cap over the mouth or object glass of the instrument, so that the light was free to enter the tube and fall on the polished metal reflector. He was taken ill that day, soon became worse, and in the end died. For weeks, if not for months after his death, his study remained locked as he had left it on the first day of his illness. All this time the telescope stood with its mouth pointed to a distant church with a stately spire. Every day the sun peeped in to see if he were wanted; every clear night the moon and the stars offered their services, and, as no other work was asked from them, they drew the church spire and surrounding landscape on the mirror of the telescope as they made their rounds.

At length the observatory was opened, the telescope taken down, and behold, upon its mirror a permanent picture of the church spire and the objects around it! The mirror had tarnished and rusted, but the light determined where the rusting should occur, and where the metal should remain bright, and employed the rust as if it were ink to furnish the shadows.

The sun, the moon and the stars are writing in the same fashion every day on every surface. The pens which they use are of amazing length. I have elsewhere called the electric pen the long pen, and it is by far the longest earthly pen; but it is a mere stump or pencil-point when compared in length to the pen which the sun stretches through space to us; and the sun's pen is nothing in length to those with which more distant suns write upon the earth, across the vast abysses of space. These are the oldest as well as longest, and among the swiftest of pens. The mode in which the dust settles on a floor or a wall, the gathering of the dew on the leaves of a flower, the fading of colour from a carpet or a curtain, are all determined by those wondrous beams of solar and abysmal light, which draw and paint upon the globe with catholic impartiality every object which presents itself to their pencils. At present most of us are indifferent to those wondrous pictures; we blot them out almost before they are executed, and do not appreciate them even when we preserve them. But we are quickly learning better, and in our meteorological observatories the swift and unerring pen of light is now from moment to moment chronicling for us in indelible ink the magnetic, barometric, thermometric, electric, and other fluctuations of the great physical forces of the universe.

Thus much of the Pen, the active member of the graphic triad, an extension of the hand, the symbol and instrument of man's intelligent energy. It is the equal, with a difference, of the Paper, the negative member of the triad, and simply receptive like the eye, of which it is an extension. Of the Ink, the connecting lintel of the gate-pillars we have been considering, and to

which we now turn, we cannot say so much; but we must not say too little. It is of somewhat less importance than the other two, as it can be more easily dispensed with. But though we can scarcely mark paper with even our finger-nail, and not leave a trace in some degree visible, yet we must not think lightly of the ink which we seem not to miss. Intermediate between the positive active pen and the negative receptive paper, it often appears to us in the act of writing more important than either, and as the really potential graphic agent. If they represent the Eye and the Hand, it represents the Heart. The paper is before us, the pen in our hand, mere mechanical media as it seems; but the ink quickens and slackens its current, and ebbs and flows, as the tide of our emotions sinks and swells. In reality the pen is as sympathetic, as we feel when it takes the shape of the pencil; but the latter is only employed for temporary scriptorial purposes, and a liquid ink is used for all important writings.

Of particular inks there is no room to speak, as we did of particular pens and papers. Charcoal furnishes with water a black ink for white paper, and chalk with water a white ink for black paper. The latter is most familiar to us in its form of the solid chalk and black board of the public teacher; but common paper is only wood-fibre ground down, and made up again into a solid, and differs from the board only in thickness; and, with a board, a crayon is more convenient than liquid ink would be, especially as it must often be used alternately as drawing pencil and writing pen. In all cases, however, an ink ultimately resolves itself into a dried-up colour: and if we compare inks dry, we can justly affirm that chalk and charcoal have been the two great graphic instructors of the world. The briefer daily lessons have been written in chalk; the germinal sketches of great works in art—paintings, sculptures, palaces—have been drawn with it. The abiding records, again, of all that concerns the teaching of the nations have been embodied in charcoal. The most famous ancient books and many modern ones have been written with charcoal and water; and, when they are re-written a million times by the printer's type, it is with charcoal and oil. The artists of all ages have designed with charcoal; and the engraver, the lithographer, and even the photographer, fall back upon it when they would multiply and perpetuate special designs.

Any coloured liquid, however, will suffice for ink; any flower-juice, any dye-stuff, the blood from any vein, a multitude of chemical compounds. They are not equally good, but any one is sufficiently so for an emergency; and if the paper and pen are secured, the ink is certain to be forthcoming. But whatever its material quality be, how little this strikes us when our hearts are stirred, and the words we have written stand before us, no longer thoughts which we can recall, but each a spirit-child with an independent life of its own, proclaiming "*Litera scripta manet.*" The functions of the paper and pen in producing this result are forgotten. We feel as if we directly thought out the words we see. The ink in which they stand is not charcoal, or galls and iron, but the very anger, or sorrow, or gladness we felt, fixed on the paper for ever.

Think of a queen's first signature of a death-warrant, where tears tried to blanch the fatal blackness of the dooming ink! Of a traitor's adhesion to a deed of rebellion, written in gall: of a forger's trembling imitation of another's writing, where each letter took the shape of the gallows: of a lover's passionate proposal written in fire: of a proud girl's refusal written in ice: of a mother's dying expostulation with a wayward son written in her heart's blood: of an indignant father's disinheriting curse on his first-born, black with the lost colour of the grey hairs which shall go down in sorrow to the grave:—think of these, and of all the other impassioned writings to which every hour gives birth, and what a strangely potent, Protean thing, a drop of ink grows to be! All over the world it is distilling

at the behest of men. Here a despairing prisoner is writing with a rusty nail his dying confession of faith on his damp dungeon-wall. There an anxious lover is deceiving all but his bride, with an ink which only she knows how to render visible. Beleaguered soldiers in Indian forts are confiding to the perilous secrecy of rice water or innocent milk their own lives and the fortunes of their country. Shipwrecked sailors, about to be engulfed in mid ocean, are consigning to a floating bottle the faint pencil-memorandum of the spot where they will swiftly go down into the jaws of Death. Everywhere happy pairs, dear husbands and wives, affectionate brothers and sisters, and all the busy world, are writing to each other on endless topics, with whatever paper comes to hand, whatever pen, whatever ink! The varied stream thus for ever flowing is the intellectual and emotional blood of the world, and no one need visit Egypt, or summon an Eastern magician, to show him all the acts, all the joys and woes of men reflected from the mirror of a drop of Ink.

When Paper, Pen, and Ink have made the tour of the world, and have carried everywhere the acknowledgment of brotherhood between people and people, and man and man, and, the song of Bethlehem fulfilled to the full, has enlightened every intellect, and softened every heart, their great mission will be ended. And let us not complain that our writing materials are one and all so frail and perishable, for God himself has been content to write His will on the frailest things. Even His choicest graphic media are temporal and perishable. The stars of heaven are in our eyes the emblems of eternity, and they are the letters in God's alphabet of the universe, and we have counted them everlasting. Great astronomers of old have told us that the sidereal system could not stop, but must for ever go on printing in light its cyclical record of the firmament. But in our own day and amongst ourselves has arisen a philosopher* to show us, as a result simply of physical forces working as we observe them do, that the lettered firmament of heaven will one day see all its scattered stars fall like the ruined type-setting of a printer into one mingled mass. Already the most distant stars, like the outermost sentinels of a flock of birds, have heard the signal of sunset and return, and have begun to gather closer together and turn their faces homewards. Millions of years must elapse before that home is reached and the end comes, but that end is sure. God alone is eternal, and they who through His gift are partakers of his immortality.

It is wonderful to find a patient mechanical philosopher, looking only to what his mathematics can educe from the phenomena of physical science, using words which without exaggeration are exactly equivalent to these: "Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of thy hands: they shall perish, but thou remainest, and they all shall wax old as doth a garment; and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but thou art the same and thy years shall not fail."

If God's Paper, Pen, and Ink are thus perishable, shall we complain that ours do not endure? It is the writer that shall be immortal, not the writing.

* Professor William Thomson, of Glasgow. His researches and speculations on this and kindred points will be found in a series of papers communicated within the last ten years to the Transactions of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh. General readers will find the subject treated in a very interesting way in a lecture by the learned German, Helmholtz, published in English by Professor Tyndall, in the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*, for 1856, p. 496.

COBBETT; OR, A RURAL RIDE.

BY GEORGE STOVIN VENABLES, AND THE LATE HENRY LUSHINGTON.

THIS poem was composed about the year 1838, and printed, but not published, in 1848, soon after Mr. Lushington had left England for Malta, where he had accepted the office of chief secretary to the Government.* The following advertisement, prefixed to the little volume of Joint Compositions, contains an accurate account of the manner in which the poems were composed:—

"The Poems which form this little volume are entitled, in the strictest sense of the words, to be called Joint Compositions. They were produced in conversation; a line suggested by one of the writers in his turn was often completed by the other; and there is scarcely a passage in any of them which either could recognise as exclusively his own. The poems are now printed for the amusement of some of those who may be acquainted with either or both of the writers. A vague intention of adding to their number long existed; but a continuation of the plan has finally become impracticable:

ἐπειὴ μάλα πολλὰ μεταξὺ
οὔρεά τε σκιόεντα, θάλασσά τε ἠχήεσσα.

The title of the poem is taken from the "Rural Rides" of Cobbett, and most of the allusions are borrowed from his writings. The scenery will be recognised by those who happen to be familiar with the London road which crosses the chalk hills of Kent into the vale beyond Farningham and Wrotham. It is not improbable that Cobbett may have followed the same direction in some of his political or agricultural tours, but his local observations, though in a high degree graphic and characteristic, are seldom interrupted by descriptions of landscape. The character which is ascribed in the poem to Cobbett is perhaps not the less just because it corresponds rather with his language than with his life. From his youth upwards an adventurer and a political agitator, he was by no means exempt from the hardness and indirectness which ordinarily belong to his calling. Of his higher qualities—his courage, his wit, and his mastery of popular style—he was amusingly and ostentatiously conscious, and he sometimes traded as a writer on his intimate knowledge of homely English life, and on his hearty sympathy with all its prejudices and associations. With the true instinct of egotistical genius, he idealized all his own tendencies and qualities, and the character which he affected was, on one side, that of an honest English yeoman, while at the same time he relieved his occasional obliquities and his numerous antipathies, by humorous exaggeration, and by extraordinary fertility of familiar illustration.

It is not perhaps surprising that as a politician Cobbett should almost be forgotten. The controversies of his time are obsolete, and he contributed little or nothing to the political and economical doctrines which have since been generally adopted. His attacks were, at the time, rendered more effective by their unfailing personality, and from the one-sided view which he deliberately took of every public question. Even when his opponents were wholly in the wrong, Cobbett took care never to be absolutely in the right. It was his business to point out fallacies, to make his enemies ridiculous, and, above all, to represent, for the time, the prejudices and opinions of some particular section of the community. In his long life of pugnacity he had the satisfaction of making himself troublesome to Pitt, odious to the Whigs, and vexatious to Peel, whom,

* A Memoir of Mr. Lushington, by Mr. Venables, is prefixed to a recent volume, entitled "The Italian War, 1848–9, and the Last Italian Poet: Three Essays, by the late Henry Lushington, Chief Secretary to the Government of Malta." Macmillan & Co.

with his habitual faculty for nicknames, he denounced as "Peel's-Bill Peel." It was a proof of the originality and fundamental independence of his character, that he courted unnecessary odium by his special hatred to many of the classes in which he might have expected to find support and popularity. He libelled in turn, with all the vigour of personal animosity, the Jews, the Methodists, the Quakers, the Philhellenists, and the new school of agriculturists, whom he called "bull-frog farmers." After his residence in America, he never failed to abuse Yankees and slaveholders; he had a genuine dislike of political economists, and of *feel*-anthropists, as he called them; and at one period of his life he professed to dislike walking through the streets on Saturdays, because he was annoyed by "the Jews blaspheming in their Synagogues." As a demagogue, or a speculator, he never attained the prosperity which would perhaps have been ill-suited to his genius and his peculiar humour. He had been a gardener's boy, a private soldier, a farmer, a bookseller, and a voluminous author; and he died a Member of the House of Commons. No man could have enjoyed greater notoriety while he lived, and he probably troubled himself little with thoughts of posthumous fame.

It would be well worth the while of some competent editor to form a selection from Cobbett's multifarious writings. Since Swift, from whom he derived his style, there has been no more remarkable writer of terse, idiomatic English, and especially of the language of vituperation. When he was seeking work in Kew Gardens, at ten years old, he slept under a haystack, reading the "Tale of a Tub" as long as daylight lasted. His mind was not reserved or thoughtful enough to appropriate the irony of his great master; but in the "Political Register" there are lampoons as bitter, and almost as forcible and witty, as those of Swift himself. In his miscellaneous writings, such as his "English Grammar," Cobbett always digresses, from time to time, into gratuitous attacks on the multitudinous objects of his indignation. "You may use," he tells his pupil, "either a singular or plural verb with a noun of multitude, but you must not use both numbers in the same sentence. It is wrong to say, Parliament *is* shamefully extravagant, and *they are* returned by a gang of rascally boroughmongers." In the "Rural Rides," which are perhaps the most peaceable and pleasant of his works, he interrupts a receipt for curing bacon, by an exhortation to the farmer's wife, not to let the Methodist preacher wheedle her out of a rasher when her husband is from home. In his writings, with all their faults, there is unfailing vigour, and a total absence of the maudlin sentimentality which disgraces, in the present day, the degenerate literature of agitation and discontent.

A RURAL RIDE.

I.

The morning fog on Fleet-street lay,
And hid the arches of Blackfriars:
But far up in the early sun
The cross that crowns the city shone
Above the crowded spires.

Where cool from sea across the bridge
The tide-borne river-breezes swept,
Southward a horseman took his way,
To meet the freshness of the day
While yet the millions slept.

From his broad weather-beaten face
A manly look of gladness spoke;
He snuffed from far the country air,
That blew from fields unvexed by care,
Unpoisoned by the smoke.

In the hot town, with bitter pen,
And wrathful warnings heard by few,
He had been battling many a week
With Boroughmonger, Bank, and Greek,
And Methodist, and Jew.

And though the unseasonable hour
Kept him unwilling from repose,
His nightly voice of discontent
Had sounded in the Parliament,
To vex his courtly foes.

A labourer's son, 'mid squires and lords
Strong on his own stout legs he stood,
Well-armed in bold and trenchant wit;
And well they learned that tempted it,
That his was English blood.

And every wound his victim felt
Had in his eyes a separate charm;
Yet, better than successful strife
He loved the memory of his life,
In boyhood, on the farm.

Not for the song of nightingales,
Or murmur of poetic streams;
But whistling boys, and lowing cows,
And earthy sound of cleaving ploughs,
He heard them in his dreams.

II.

The suburb's weary length of streets,
And lingering rows was left behind;
On either side green hedge-rows lay,
And waving meadows deep with hay,
That bent before the wind.

From right to left the mower swept,
Stooping beneath the elm-tree boughs;
The thin sharp blade cut cleanly through:
The full swath wet with morning dew
Fell down in heavy rows.

With understanding critic eye
The rider watched each motion lithe;
The length of stroke; the steady swing;
And stopped to hear the whet-stone ring
Against the upright scythe.

But if he saw them droop and flag,
He said: "They want their fathers' beer;
"And much I dread, that tea and slops,
"Supplanting honest malt and hops,
"Have done the mischief here.

"Ere scheming placemen taxed his drink,
"No fear the labourer's arm should tire:
"All through the healthy summer morn
"His wife was weeding in the corn,
"Who now must tend the fire.

"Pitt swelled the debt with loans and wars,
"And gave us lying rags for gold,
"And cut the workman's wages short,
"That farmers might be fat on port,
"And cotton prints be sold."

His horse was feeding in the hedge—
He jerked him up with angry rein;
But well-kept farms, and fences neat,
And new washed sheep with clamorous bleat,
Soon smoothed his thoughts again.

A little inn was by the brook,
Where in the eddy deep and cool
The shepherd stood: his red-faced boys
Dragged up the sheep with needless noise,
And splashed them in the pool.

He lighted down and laughed, as he
Had laughed a hundred times before,
To see each simple face come out,
And with a philosophic doubt
Conjecture of the shore.

"Even such a lad as those," he said,
"Was I some forty years ago,
"With little skill of pen or book;
"But I could handle spade and hook,
"And drive a team and mow.

"Will one of these, I wonder, lash
"The base Republicans with slaves,
"Who cheat and cozen day and night;
"And then, like me returning, fight
"With English fools and knaves?

"Well, they will die where they were born—
"And mine had been a happier part,
"If I had never sought to rove,
"Or made a name, for still I love
"The country in my heart.

"What need for me of state affairs?
"I'd rather talk of parish news
"With smock-frocked men of hardy sense,
"Who never sought intelligence
"From books and Scotch reviews.

"But no! How many liars and rogues
"Would sleep in peace, if I were dumb;
"Still let me live to grind and shake
"Their craven souls, and bid them quake
"For vengeance yet to come."

III.

The hostess at the open door
Met him with pensive look forlorn:
Down at his ease the traveller sat,
And asked her of her neighbour's state,
And price of meat and corn;

And she with pious eyes upturned,
Poured forth the troubles of her mind:—
She might complain, but was content—
Although the agent raised the rent,
And took the tithes in kind.

"For highway work our horses go,
"Just when we want to stack the hay;
"And then the poor-rates come—I'm sure
"That we who find the rates are poor;
"And yet they make us pay!

"What matter? we and all we know
"Shall pass, like flowers cut down at noon,
"Which wither ere the evening come!
"Ah! why should any prize a home,
"That all must leave so soon?

"But Heaven is kind, by woe and wrong
"To wean our thoughts from worldly strife.
"No wealth or power avails the dead;
"And fools are they who toil for bread,
"And lack the bread of life.

"The poor are rich beyond the grave;
"The weary in repose are blest—"
"Ay," he replied in accents stern,
"And yet methinks 'twere well to *earn*,
"Before they *take* their rest.

"Is Earth full stocked by hand of man,
"That not a rood remains to sow?
"Has tillage drained the last morass?
"And up the dreariest mountain-pass
"Climbed, till it met the snow?

"When the world's work is wholly done—
"Whatever head or hand can find;
"Its wood all hewn, its water drawn;
"Then let a great millennial yawn
"In sleep absorb mankind.

"Meanwhile the lazy Methodists
"Poison the cottage and the farm.
"That barn with stucco plastered o'er,
"And *Ebenezer* on the door—
"I knew it boded harm.

"A sluggard's life—a coward's death!
"Go, read those ancient books divine!
"God blesses there in worthier ways,
"With flocks and herds and length of days,
"And oil and corn and wine.

"In daily toil, in deadly fight,
"God's chosen found their time to pray;
"And still He loves the brave and strong,
"Who scorn to starve, and strive with wrong,
"To mend it, if they may.

"If poverty is crouching want,
"Windows unglazed, a rain-soaked floor,
"Children that laugh not, cheerless wives,
"I loathe and hate the man who lives
"Contented to be poor."

IV.

Thick planted trees and hedges rank
From the small village closes threw
A steady shade across the road:
The old church tower with outline broad
Stood framed in deepest blue.

The way wound up beyond the bridge,
With easy curve ascending still;
The scattered clumps grew far between,
And corn-fields with their brighter green
Spread larger toward the hill.

A summer stillness held the land;
The windmill drooped its idle sail;
Trembling with heat, the crystal air
Quivered and glistened, as it were
A silver-woven veil.

Only upon the topmost ridge,
Where barley spikes had burst the sheath,
A whitening roughness swept the ground;
Long waves that broke without a sound,
While all was still beneath.

The light oats trembled on the slope,
The rich wheat clothed the loamy plain;
Red poppies blushed, and charlock bright
With sunny streaks of yellow light
Gleamed through the taller grain.

The rider passed between the crops
Through swelling uplands many a mile—
In thought resolving all he saw
To sacks of corn and loads of straw:
And with a cheerful smile

He faced the sun—"Tis hot," he said;
"But Heaven forbid that rain should come!
"Six weeks of summer like to-day—
"And though corn-dealing Quakers pray,
"We'll bring the harvest home.

"They say the land is over-full—
"With wealth like this to crown the soil!
"The bloated city sucks it in;
"And they who neither plough nor spin
"Take all the fruits of toil.

"Too many men! then let the worst,
"Let parasites and placemen go,
"Where close-stemmed forests shut the skies
"From pining light-accustomed eyes,
"Amid Canadian snow.

"Let pensioned lords on Southern plains
"Roam where the Caffre's cattle graze;
"Or dig amid the fever damps,
"That steam from low mosquito swamps,
"To meet the Tropic blaze.

"Why should the idle eat? 'Tis well
"That English tempers suffer long,
"And yet it makes a plain man wroth,
"When evil laws, that pamper sloth,
"Insult the poor they wrong.

"But stay—the road slopes down; the vale
"Opens beneath on either hand,
"On to the far horizon blue;
"And I must pause awhile to view
"The garden of the land."

The bosom of the curving hill
Was rich with growth of sheltered wood;
Tall ash, and beech with polished bark
And soft film-covered leaves, were dark
Around him as he stood.

Old yew trees fringed the sudden height,
And blackened on the sloping downs;
The plain beneath lay green and fair,
And white haze floated here and there
O'er quiet country towns.

Northward, to meet the widening Thames,
The chalky barrier Medway broke:
Far off, with narrowing hills between,
The meeting river lines were seen,
Traced out by steam-boat smoke.

The woods, the fields, the homes of men,
The dazzling waters where they shone—
He gazed on all with grave delight:—
"If none made wrong what God makes right,
"What land were like our own?"

Dwelling on each familiar spot,
He lingered down the long hill-side.
That pleasant country well he knew;
For he had roamed it through and through
In many a lonely ride—

By bridle paths from town to town,
Green lanes where gypsies camp at will,
And byways deep in sand, that led,
With hazels meeting overhead,
To hamlet, farm, or mill.

Oft had he talked with cottage wives
Of children playing round the door;
And stirred to thought the sluggish blood
Of threshers resting round their food
At noon upon the floor.

Each market hall had heard by turns
His loud debate with booted squire,
Denouncing all with angry gibe—
The tithes, the game, the tax-fed tribe,
That robbed the poor man's hire.

While system-hating farmers left
Bargains half-made, and pressed to hear;
And labourers stood with open eyes,
In wonder that a man so wise
Could make his words so clear.

V.

So through the silent afternoon,
Slow loitering to his journey's end,
Each homestead in its sheltered nook
He scanned with recognising look,
As one who meets a friend.

He saw the apple-boughs that brushed
The martin's nest beneath the eaves;
The new-set fruit of plum and pear;
The sun-lit cherry gleaming fair
Through points of drooping leaves.

The fresh green hop with vigorous shoot,
And healthy tendril climbed amain:
Its bristling ranges seen afar
Stood like battalions ranged for war
In squares along the plain.

Their full-grown beauty yet shall pass
The sunny terraces of vine
Through which the German river rolls;
When autumn wreathes the nodding poles
With heavy clustering bine.

Now lawns and gardens frequent spread;
Far bells came faintly from the town;
Before him rose the well-known mark,
Where from the fir-toll in the park
The wall of elms ran down,

Relieving with their depth of shade
The light grey walls of tinted stone.
Gay creepers decked with lavish growth
The goodly front that toward the South
Bowed out to catch the sun.

Dim openings in the laurel screen,
Winding through light acacia bowers,
Led to the pleasant walks behind;
To smooth plots safe from every wind,
And rich with tended flowers.

Far down the slope a grove of limes
With fragrant blooms enriched the breeze:
And tones of gentle chiding, blent
With bursts of youthful merriment,
Rang from the dome of trees.

For wilful dogs of many a tribe,
Newfoundland large, and terrier small,
In earnest glee intent to rouse
The anger of the lazy cows,
Defied the laughing call.

Nor ceased they till the graver mind
Of the slow herd was moved to wrath.
With tramp of dull indignant scorn,
And twisted tail and vicious horn,
They crowded on the path.

A labourer's child was running by,
Big with his errands from the farm.
Fixed with their stare at once he stopped:
Down by his side his basket dropped;
Down sank each helpless arm.

But those fair sketchers in the shade
Started to hear his piteous cry;
And one ran out and took his hand,
And checked the herd with cool command
Of steady voice and eye.

She placed him safe beyond the gate;
And proudly dried he every tear,
When the kind lady talked and smiled,
And told him that an English child
Must never cry for fear.

Just then she met the stranger's look
Close to the palings leaning o'er.
He raised his hat and bowed his praise:
There was no man who all his days
Had honoured woman more.

His vigorous pen had often told
The wisdom of a loving wife;
The gentle courage suffering long,
The self-forgetting spirit, strong
To bear the load of life.

With courteous mien he turned away;
And on he rode in cheerful mood.
"A trifle—yet I like," he said,
"Those bright looks, and that ready aid—
"It did my spirit good.

"So is it. Books and dancing schools
"May do their worst—I never knew
"In labourer's hut, or hall of Earl,
"But that a genuine country girl
"Was kind, and brave, and true.

"So pleasantly my journey ends.
"Here come the straggling suburbs grown
"To hide the prettiest town I know:
"I wish the next good wind would blow
"That huge gas-chimney down.

"'Tis sad to see green river fields
"Changing to rows of bricks so fast—
"But how is this? the town seems stirred!
"What? have the foolish farmers heard
"My voice, and moved at last?"

The County Hall was buzzing loud,
And talkers thronged the jostling street:
Red letters flaring half a yard
From many a white and blue placard,
Called all the world to meet,

And shake the seats of men in power;
And like their happier sires complain
Of taxes all too tamely borne,
And prices low, and Polish corn,
And threatened fruit from Spain.

At once they knew his portly form;
And shouts of welcome told his name.
"He comes—the public plunderer's foe!
"How true he told us long ago
"All placemen were the same!"

Around his horse, with waving hats
And shakes from many a sturdy hand,
On rolled the noise and gathering din
Beneath the windows of the inn
Where stood the men of land.

The baronet with look composed
And gentlemanly sneer began:
"See whom the thinking people's choice
"Delights to honour with its voice!
"They love a charlatan."

His colleague answered: "Little care
"Have I for clamourings of the crowd,
"Who judge off-hand of men and laws;
"Yet would I that their quick applause
"Were never worse bestowed.

"They see in him the strength they share,
"Which, nurtured in no other clime,
"And mixed with evil and with good,
"Has made our sullen island blood
"Lead on the march of Time.

"I know him well—on every side
"Walled round with wilful prejudice;
"A self-taught peasant, rough of speech,
"Self-taught, and confident to teach,
"In blame not over-nice.

"What matter, if an honest thought
"Sometimes a homely phrase require?
"Let those who fear the bracing air
"Look for a milder sky elsewhere:
"Or stay beside the fire.

"There are worse things in this bad world
"Than bitter jests and bearing free.
"I hail thee, genuine English born;
"Not yet the lineage is outworn
"That owns a man like thee."

CHEAP ART.

BY FREDERIC G. STEPHENS.

Before quoting examples of Cheap Art existing amongst us, and insisting upon its importance, it will be well to consider what art itself should be. It must have its fountain in nature, and be loyal to her alone, not only in thought but in execution; for the faithless execution ever betrays the unfaithful design, and shows the artist not to be penetrated with that humbly dutiful and conscientious feeling which alone indicates the true painter.

Art is grave and thoughtful work for grave and thoughtful men; and to be worthy of this it must have meaning and object, or, what is the same, in the modern phrase critics have borrowed from the French,—motive. Everything that is merely put for itself in a picture, merely to fill in, or as a petty and irrelative accessory, is meaningless, purposeless, and not art. If this is the case in mere detail, how much more so is it when a whole picture has no meaning and no purpose? To be good art, then, a picture must have a motive; no sick, puling one that weakens a feeble fancy, but a wholesome salted thought, or the suggestion of a thought. Therefore a picture, to take an instance, which shall represent two doll-like young females seated in an unfurnished apartment, the hall of a mansion we may say, where one of them fondles the other in the most foolish manner, is not art all, although a man of reputation does it. The thing is sickly, emasculated, and foolish. To make the subject vital to us, it should have soul and passion. The girls sh uld not have posed themselves so elegantly. The one might have been weeping and the other at her knees; but neither sympathy nor consolation is given or received in any such manner in this

working-day world of ours. Instead of the silly simpers or vacant expressionless eyes, we would have red lids and quivering lips; instead of the unrumpled lace and well-smoothed hair, bruised garments and dishevelled locks. To a grief which finds no more ardent expression, healthy hearts have no sympathy to give. The dolls will get over their doll-like sorrows, and we pass them with a sneer.

This is one kind of bad art, but there is another which is still worse, because it refers to something graver than the sick sentiment we have just condemned. A man shall take a household grief, the death of some one deeply loved—say a daughter dying of consumption—and make out of this holy sorrow popular and vulgar capital; take the human heart to the shambles and sell it, you may so say. Let us conceive the picture. This is my daughter dying of slow disease. She lies before me, idle and vacant, not seeking my eyes with hers that soon shall glisten with tears no more, not affirming her love or her hope of hereafter by mutely eloquent looks. Far from it: she has posed herself with a due regard to the falling folds of her dress, has not forgotten the fair contrast that little neck ribbon of purple tint has to her pale face; smoothed her hair to the neatest, yea, not forgotten to show the glittering tip of her boot. As if I, her father, cared for ribbon, or robe, or hair, that the death-damps shall sleek soon enough. This is my fading child, but what am I? If I could experience surprise in such a case, it would be to find myself a stolid, bald-headed, aquiline-nosed old gentleman, seated steadfastly in a chair, wearing my best black coat, and the cleanest of collars. My boots are undeniably Day and Martin's, and I am "reading the Scriptures" out of a bran-new family Bible. Yes, but reading them in such a way, that (merciful patience!) you would think I had a daughter died every day, and that I expounded some foolish historical fact, instead of pouring forth the words of life, and death, and Christ, and hope everlasting. I am in deepest black, not only because my painter thinks that the most respectable wear, but because I have just lost my wife, whose grave (poor dear!) lies full in view in the churchyard, which gives incident to the prospect from my window. And in order that I should not forget what churchyards are for, there goes a walking funeral in at the gates. I'm a highly respectable man myself, and there's no fear of either wife or daughter being buried with less than three mourning coaches; that *is* a comfort. Behind my dying daughter stands a hired nurse and my other darling,—if that be she, indeed, who looks as if she conceived herself already heiress of her sister's clothing, and schemed to make them suit her own figure. Such horrid thoughts come upon one before a heartless sham picture!

Now I remember a picture of this subject that did my heart more justice.

My daughter was dying indeed—it was her last day, and I forget even what was the colour of her dress, all her face looked so holy and happy. Did I sit respectably at a distance in my best black coat? No, I think not; indeed, I had been up all night, and perhaps my eyes were a little weak with tears; I can hardly tell. The thin, thin face of my dear was all I saw, pale and yellow-sick, like old ivory, for the hot red spot had gone from her cheek; so that when I passed my hand over the great hollows that had been erst so fair and full, her skin was moist and chill. Her eyes were clear and not burning bright, and so like her mother's that the sight of my own lean, large-veined hand which trembled on her face startled me with the remembrance of how long ago she had been dead. Here was my other darling dying too. I knelt beside her, and her hand was on my neck (truly, I forget the collar). I *had* been reading the Bible, and the book lay under my elbow by her pillow; but we were now talking in the last hour, and she told me that which I can never tell, —no, not even think of without tears. There was no hired nurse in the room,

stirring gruel and jarring me with her alien tread; no cold-eyed sister, but instead a girl whose noiseless sobs shook the couch. There was no churchyard out of the window; indeed the curtains were drawn nigh together, most of the light coming softly on the face of my child. I dare say you might have seen that I was bald, and stooped with age a little; but if you had seen *her* face this would not have taken your eye.

We shall select an instance in another art, where the mis-reading of nature has been even more palpable.

There was erected, two or three years ago, a statue to Sir Charles Napier, the "Hero of Scinde," in Trafalgar Square: —probably there never was an occasion so peculiarly demanding the exercise of the highest faculty of art as this. The mere figure of a great man—to convey to the spectators an apt idea of the subject—should be a true representation of himself. We have long ago repudiated the preposterous fashion of dressing our statues in the Roman costume; and, with equal force, the silly idea of nude statues has been exploded. It was a great step when this point was achieved, and the sculptors compelled to show the man in the costume of his age. But to do this so that a work of art should impress the beholder, it is imperative that some characteristic, or eminently expressive action and attitude, should be given to the statue; otherwise the whole thing is stultified by its own tameness; and the result is, that no more idea of the subject is conveyed than would be given by taking an ordinary man from the pavement and putting him on a pedestal.

The novelty and attractiveness of a strange costume, or no costume, being lost, the design must rest entirely on its own merits, *per se*, for effect. This statue of Napier shows a shortish man, wrapped in a large cloak, and holding a sabre against his breast. He is looking nowhere and doing nothing;—in short, a mere figure of bronze upon a pedestal. Nothing could be more fatal to the purpose of the statue. Of all men and generals we have never had one less conventional in look than the greatest of the Napiers. Every reader who has seen him will remember how markedly characteristic his appearance was:—lean to emaciation; a little stooping, not so much from weakness or age as from the wear of the eager fire with which the whole soul of the man was permeated. He looked swift to think and to do; keen as a sword, and penetrating as light. The sunken cheeks and glittering eye gained effect from those overhanging penthouse-brows and the clear-cut decisive mouth. An old comrade of the general's described him to us in a manner that may give the apt idea of the man, and show what might have been made out of his looks for purposes of art. We give it in his own words:—

"Ah, you should have seen him before a fight! He was more like an old eagle than anything else! He'd draw himself forward and thrust out his head and look *out*, just as a great bird does; putting his feet to the ground firmly, ruffling his plumage, and ready to strike with wing or beak. His eyes glittered with a steadfast light, and looked keenly round, ready to attack at right or left."

Now we contend that our friend's image of the aged eagle was far fitter, and more impressive, than this conventional old gentleman in the cloak, holding the sword so tamely. If we must have statues of old gentlemanly generals, this would be the right way to show them; but Napier was the very antithesis of an old gentlemanly general, and therefore we had better have had the "old eagle," with the ruffled wings.

Having thus enlarged upon the essentials of good art, and given examples of weak or bad results, we may proceed to point out some instances of fine and noble art, with a special reference to our object of indicating the existence of works where these qualities are to be found in combination with extreme cheapness. We will begin at a point approachable by all; the more willingly as the example is patent to all, and will illustrate our intention to demonstrate that the essentials of good art may be produced at a very minute cost.

For many years an artist—who, whatever the faults of his work may be, cannot be charged with tameness or conventionality of design—has been employed to illustrate tales in very cheap periodicals; and has done this in a way which not unfrequently wins the praise of the best judges, and never fails to attract the readers of the enormously circulating journals in question. We allude to John Gilbert, and his designs for the long-winded tales published in penny periodicals. We need hardly call attention to the spirit and vigour of Mr. Gilbert's designs, or point them out as an instance of the power of life-like art to attract an immense audience, to remunerate the publishers, and extend the artist's fame.

The French have an artist of similar, or, indeed, superior excellence in Gustave Doré, whose woodcut designs to Rabelais, Balzac, &c. are marvels for artistic faculty,—not so much for executive merit as for imagination and splendour of conception. The books we refer to are produced in France at a price which, considering their excellence, is trifling (in sterling cost much less than any such in this country). Some of his designs which appeared at the time of the siege of Sebastopol are well known in England, having been reproduced here, and obtained the admiration they merited. There was a book illustrated by him, also reproduced here, which will bear comparison with the finest works of art extant for spirit and high imagination. This was a folio, of a moderate price, called "Jaufray the Knight and the Fair Brunisende,"—an ancient legendary theme, with the subject of which we have nothing to do; but it will be well to select one of the designs for example of the artist's merits. Two knights are fighting a deadly fight in a deep glen by moonlight; the sloping sides of the hills approach each other to a ravine at bottom; the crests of the mountains are guarded by solemn rows of pines and deep foliaged trees,—their still gloom gives a profound horror to the landscape: one side of the valley lies in shade, while, on the other, the steadfast cold moon-glare sleeps awfully in supernatural brightness, and on the broken sward casts portentous shadows which, with the trees, look breathlessly on the fight: half-way down, and struggling on the slippery grass, are the knights,—a-foot, armed *cap-à-pié*, at lance-thrust with each other, lunging forward all their mightiness, and while the long plumes of the helmets trail backwards with each effort, the dulled lustre of their armour, paled by the cold light, seems to flicker moodily and dim, hardly more bright than are their giant shadows that bicker and struggle on the sward as fiercely as they do. There is a terrible look of reality about the whole thing, catching the imagination so forcibly, that we conceive the deep, fierce breathing of the men,—could almost see the chilled steam of their respiration come through the helmet-bars, hear the grinding of lance on steel, the dull stamp of feet, or the breathless whirl of the huge swords that lie beside them—soon to be used with such effect that one or other man shall go rolling a helpless mass down the hill-side into the stream below, whose persistent babble has been broken by the clash of arms on armour; soon again to still by its murmurs those unwonted echoes that shake amongst the trees and offend the silent place. Now the excellence of this design consists in the artist's imaginative power of dealing with the elements of his subject—the intense contrast between the stillness of the moonlight and violence of the deadly fight. Both these qualities derive aid from an extreme fidelity to nature observed throughout, and to the artist's knowledge of the importance of duplication in design; for the shadows of the fighters seem to fight also upon the earth. He deserves for this the same admiration which is given to Leonardo da Vinci for making the horses, as well as the men, fight each other in the famous "Battle for the Standard."

It was the full feeling of the importance of fidelity to nature that gave so much power to Turner in all his works, and which has made his victory over the

popular favourites amongst what are called the Old Masters, so palpable. Take, for instance, the perfect success which has followed his own bold challenge to Claude, given when he bequeathed two pictures to the National Gallery on condition that they should be placed side by side with that master's most esteemed works. This has been done; and there they now hang, to the glory and honour of the marvellous Englishman, our countryman, whom the future generations will class with Shakespeare and with Hogarth as priests of nature.

On the subject of pictures in the National Gallery, the head-quarters of art, we must not omit to express our conviction that Sir Charles Eastlake has done good service to the popular feeling for genuine art, in placing before the people so many and such excellent examples of the productions of the Early Italian schools, which, despite their technical imperfections, are really loyal and true to nature; and wherein we may discover, through the crabbed and unlearned vehicle, the greatest depths of feeling, the most urgent earnestness, and an utter love and veneration for a noble ideal, not of men nor of earth.

It is not for want of collections and galleries of fine art that it is so little appreciated in England, but for the simple need of a standard by which men may judge for themselves. Once this set up, we have no doubt that those noble gatherings which so many of our public collections exhibit will be considered at their true value. We shall then see the finest collection of sculpture in the world—as the Crystal Palace undoubtedly contains—no more neglected for the less valuable portions of that place. The fine collections of drawings in the British Museum will obtain their share of attention, together with those which are displayed at Brompton. The production of photographs from these works will undoubtedly popularize their merits.

It would be a thing worth the consideration of our English publishers, to discover how it happens that the French so far transcend us in the production of fine wood-engravings after ancient pictures. This they undoubtedly do, as has been recently shown in the publication of a series of engravings, selected very much at random, however, from such works. These an enterprising publisher brought out at a price which was so absurdly small that we really wonder at its success and remunerative power. We refer to the series of pamphlets issued by Messrs. Cassell, each containing three or more admirable wood-cuts, at the cost of a penny. The result, we understand, has been such as the effort merited. Most of these engravings were by French draughtsmen, and were reproductions of blocks used in France. Now if this could be done in France, we really do not see why the same might not originate with ourselves. The secret cause of our backwardness in these matters appears to ourselves to lie in the fact, not that we want skilful draughtsmen on wood,—this being far from the case, but in the extreme ignorance and want of artistic training appertaining to our wood-cutters, upon whom the execution of the block depends. With few exceptions these persons are totally incompetent to do the work demanded of them. Instructed at first in a routine system of rendering the expression, so to speak, of an artist's drawing, they *will* only give it in their own way, rendering the individuality of the result not that of the draughtsman but of themselves. Every artist who has had to trust his work to the hands of English wood-cutters has been made to feel bitterly the want of education in this respect they suffer under, and can corroborate our statements. But for this state of the case we might have to choose our illustration of what has been done in the way of cheap reproduction of noble works of art from amongst the labours of our best English painters: such men's names as Holman Hunt, Millais, Maclise, and Leslie, might receive honour on every cottage wall, if they felt their talents would be fairly displayed by the reproductions of English wood engravers. As the matter

stands this is not to be expected, and we must therefore turn to Germany for examples of high motived art—religious and moral art, that is.

Messrs. Williams and Norgate have published here Julius Schnorr's "Bible Pictures," a series, in three volumes, of large woodcuts, by that admirable artist, which seem to us precisely to supply the want of the mass of English people. The price of these separately is such that no cottager need deny himself their possession, while their artistic merits render them fully worthy of the highest appreciation of the best judges. These works are by no means unknown in England; but we consider ourselves doing a service to the cause of true public love of art by calling attention to them; and, as it will in some degree mark our idea of what is required to lay a good foundation for wide popular appreciation of genuine art, we shall devote a space to describing one or two of them.

The series commences after the Fall, with an illustration of the declaration, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken." Thence through "The Expulsion," "Murder of Abel," "Punishment of Cain," "The Deluge," "Departure from the Ark," "Building of Babel," unto the eighth design, "Abraham beholdeth the Promised Land," which is the one we shall dilate upon, because it more fully exemplifies our idea of what is required for the case, and is on the whole the best work of the series. Each riding on a mule, and proceeding along a ridged hill, looking over the plains of the promised land, advances towards us: Abram and Lot, his brother's son, and Sarai his wife. The angel of the Lord, typifying the Lord himself, flies above the head of the patriarch, and with wide-spread wings and pointed hands indicates the land of promise. Abram's action is truly fine as he rides, abandoning the guidance of the mule as his arms go wide from him, and with their prone palms and parted fingers depressed, express at once gratitude, hope, and joy. His head, thrown back in amaze, sends forward the long grey beard from his chest, and his eyes, half abashed with the glory of the Lord, level themselves to look below where the wide prospect of blessings lies spread out. His mouth is compressed and firm, and the nostrils raised, with a fine look of eagerness and delight, in admirable keeping with the action of the hands, that seem as if they would soon join themselves in prayerful gratitude; over his shoulders a grand mass of drapery gives a sweeping dignity to the figure, and falls in a loose mass of folds upon the neck of the mule. It is seldom that we have seen a figure so well composed as this, for the action of the figure and the expression of the face are consentaneous with each other, a rare merit indeed, so that we comprehend the absorbing nature of his emotions at a glance. On the one side rides his male companion, awed and astonished, shading the sun from his eyes with one hand, and (here is a good point that makes the fine design) not so lost in the spectacle as to abandon the reins of his mule. He is less affected therefore, and, as is right, does not see so far into the future as the patriarch's prophetic vision goes, to whom it has been said, "Unto thy seed will I give this land." On the right side of Abram rides Sarai, her hand upon the shoulder of her husband, calling his attention to the splendour of the sight they share. There is a fine discrimination of character between the two last, for she seems as if she could not enter fully on the glory of the promise until he had viewed the same, and seeks its interpretation, so to speak from him. Behind them follow the keepers of the flock, and the camel-drivers, each with their charge. But the finest point of all in this design remains to be told; we call it the finest point, because it is supererogatory, and not immediately suggested by the text—therefore marks the ability of the artist, and how fully he enters into the spirit of the subject; for that is what we require if we are to receive a fine interpretation thereof. Before the heads of

the mules, who advance slowly, goes a little band of young children chanting with joy, and, hand in hand, pacing their first steps upon the land which is to be the heritage of themselves, their children, and their children's children. Now this is a highly poetical and most apt idea, and gives beautifully the feeling required by the subject—the gift of a land of inheritance. They wreathe their arms upon each other's shoulders, and advance hand to hand as one. Far off the land spreads out in rock, forest, mountain, and river. The palms near by suggest fertility, and the whole design is expressive of wonder, gratitude, and delight.

For supplying the want of England in the direction of art-illustration of the Scriptures, we do not know any better example than these works by Schnorr. We should, however, rejoice if some artist, our countryman, were chosen to produce a similar series more suited to our own requirements. That is to say, the works should contain those illustrations of Eastern customs upon a knowledge of which so much of the pictorial interest, and, indeed, the mere comprehension of most of the subjects depends. Half the spirit and beauty of many Biblical illustrations is lost upon our people, because they are ignorant of Eastern customs. Many an allusion, resplendent with poetry and pathos, appears dull to us without this knowledge. Now those works of Schnorr, with all their excellences, fail to supply this want, and lose much nobly picturesque element thereby. Whether it arise from the peculiar turn of the German mind, that delights in the conventional in art, or from a feeling that it was unwise to disturb popular ideas on the subject of Scripture, even on such matters as costume and the like, an adherence to traditional art-errors is palpable throughout the series, and is a defect we cannot but lament. Now, it would be a grand thing for a grand artist to do, to go to the East, and there, where the manners and customs of the people have slept unchanged for so many ages, study those most interesting and, indeed, for comprehension of the Scriptures, vital points. Let such an artist produce a series of Biblical illustrations, the result of such a journey, and of the conscientious study a fit man would be sure to give; let them be properly rendered in wood engraving, and, if art has any purpose beyond that of a toy, this will be the way to develop it. But most will depend on the choice of a fit artist. That we have such it is needless to assert. Surely, if it is worth while to excavate the ruins of a seventh-rate city in Asia, like Xanthus, to dig at Budrûm for the remains of Halicarnassus, or at Nimrûd for Nineveh, it will be worth while to illustrate the Scriptures with the results of the knowledge and the unexpected and marvellous light gained by these researches; the practical use of which seems to us to lie chiefly in this very employment of them for the ends of art. Raise up the buried city of Babylon before our people, resuscitate the glories of Jerusalem upon the paper before the multitude; let us have patriarch and prophet, hero and king, in the habit in which they lived, and then we may hope to have the benefit of these researches no longer confined to the knowledge of learned men, but lending an interest and a value to many an ill-understood passage, giving life, and substance, and persuasiveness to all, from the realism they would possess. This would be a triumph of art, and might be cheap art; for if a costly book upon Nineveh could reward publishers and travellers, how much more would such grand Bible pictures do.

In speaking of works adapted to the ends of art, and such as from their small price are accessible to all, it would be unpardonable for us to omit mention of two most admirable designs by Alfred Rethel—"Death the Friend," and "Death the Enemy"—works which combine the noblest merits of high art with the utmost simplicity, most moving pathos, and grave purpose. These are, indeed, examples of noble art nobly applied, and we are persuaded that it is only needful to spread a knowledge of them that they may be appreciated as they deserve. They are large wood-cuts, executed in a

broad, bold, and effective style of semi-outline, toned with masses of shadow, finely, expressively, and suggestively drawn, and conceived with that variety of incidental matter that is ever needful to command popular interest.

The first shows the interior of the lofty watch-tower of a church, that rises over a thickly-peopled city and a wide champaign country, watered by a winding river, and bounded far off by cliffs and hills. The pinnacles of the church below stand before the window of the place of watching, and bear their cusps and crockets like crowns upon a spear. It is the loftiest house of all, and looks down upon the horizon now radiant with the glories of the sun-rising; the growing light fast fills the room, discovering to us the watcher himself seated at rest in his chair, his old veined hands upon his lap just as they parted with the last prayer of life. He is a watcher of whom it has been often asked, "Watchman, what of the night?" and through many a year true and holy response has been given to the challenge; he has rung out the warning bells of time, danger, and rejoicing through a lengthened life, until the grey beard grew white upon his chin, his joints grew knotted and weak, and the feet trembled as he mounted the lofty look-out-place above all where the bells themselves were hung, and where he blew the warder's mighty horn, here hanging by, that called the people together whenever the false sun-rising of conflagration rose above the city. But now he rests dead in the chair, his head sunk between his shoulders, the large lean hands parted with the last prayer, and the ever-wakeful eyes glazed with the filming glooms of death. He died at his post like a true watchman and good soldier, but he will ring no more the bells announcing the dawn that now breaks upon the land—a truer dawning has risen for him. Instead thereof, Death tolls the bell, and as the long rope runs through his bony hands, lends to time the grievous, mournful sound that is given forth above. No ghastly form of death is that which has taken the place of the watcher and stands before us, ringing his requiem and doing his duty as Death the Friend; all his bony terrors are shrouded in the pilgrim's gown of the watcher; the cockle-shell upon his breast, and the water-vessel girt to his side, tell his errand is peaceful, and his duty here benign. The hood of the gown drawn to shadow the skull-like head softens the grisly outlines, and makes half-gentle the terrible apparition. It is Death the Friend come to him who expected long, laboured long, and prayed long, and who now lapsed gently from the world, the clear-voiced bird's carol in his ear,—for one has settled singing upon the parapet without, and mingles his sweet notes with the solemn sounds Death the Friend calls from the bells above. The pilgrim's staff, broad shell-bound hat, and palm-branch lying in a chair, tell the warder's peaceful life; the broken bread, the cup, and the open Bible, tell of his late occupation, while the apparition of the Friend, the clear carol of the bird, the rising dawn, and the shadows fleeting away, give promise of the future to him who shall keep watch and ward no more.

"The first appearance of the cholera was at a masquerade in Paris, in 1831," is the motto which accompanies the companion design to the above—"Death the Enemy." The fierce high revel has been going on in the tawdry room; the musicians rang out their loudest notes from the orchestra; the lamps glittered upon the dresses of the maskers, and their fevered, haggard faces looked luridly fair in the light; the room was filled with hot breath, and hot scents of patchouli, musk, savour of dying flowers, and fiery wine; the dancers went round in giddy whirling rings, and the floor trembled beneath their feet. Obscene talk and ribald song prevailed; hoarse and throat-rattling laughter from miserable women mixed with the coarser, jarring voices of the men; and through the blank, black windows, you saw it was darkest night without. The orgy waxed rampant, hotter and hotter, with every sensual sin; but there was among the dancers one whom they knew not—a

figure in Eastern garb of white full robes, marked with tongues of flame, who held in his hand a short staff, to which were attached the thongs of a scourge, loaded at the ends with star-shaped points. This was a scourge indeed, but unknown as such till then. Meanwhile, he moved among the revellers with a stilly mien, his hands hidden in the heavy folds of the great mantle, and his face mysteriously shrouded from the light by the head-dress massed about it. Bayadere, and Pantaloon, and Scaramouch moved around him as he followed the quick dance with a slower foot, for his time was not yet come. At length, a still stranger figure entered the hall. A tall masker this, wrapped also in a robe from head to foot, hooded over the face, and masked above the teeth. Those who looked saw, with a strange thrill, glittering teeth and a bony jaw beneath; and, as he moved, the foldings of the robe showed there was a form within strangely gaunt. Louder and louder the music went, and faster and fiercer the dance. Each seemed intoxicated with the sensual feast, and to their reeling senses all the room was in a burning haze of sin, until he, the first comer, with the scourge and flame-embroidered dress, moved to the highest place, where erst lascivious woman and drunken man had rested, and, sitting there, put slowly from off his face the heavy robe and the falling folds of the turban, drew forth the scourge, and, with one sinewy hand, held it upon his knee, laid the other with a mighty clutch upon its wrist, and sat there steadfast and fearfully still among all the uproar. His face (thus he sits in the picture) was swarthy and livid of hue, as if a thousand years of sun had tanned it, looking rigid and dry. And rigid and dry was the mouth also, with cracked lips drawn apart; and rigid, fixed, and glaring, and dry were the eyes that protruded with an awful glitter. Brown-ashy parchment were his cheeks, going into gaunt hollows, which the white and gold-banded head-dress made more ghastly. As the mantle fell apart, you saw the hollow column of his gullet, and the bony staff beyond that held his head;—three fleshless ribs and a hollow chest appeared beneath, open, cavernous, and horrid.

Not amongst the servants of Alexander was there more dismay, when one seated himself upon the throne at Babylon, and to them entering said, God Serapis bade him sit there and prophesy death, than seized the maddened men and women of the revel when this stern Eastern figure sat amongst them. The music faded into quivering and broken notes, and where there had erst been a storm of sound, piling harmony upon harmony of quickest measures, only a jarring wail came now and then as the flute-player drew breath through the instrument fixed at his lips, and the sinking arm of the violist let the bow tremble over the strings, vainly vibrating low shrieks. A horrid fetor filled the room, overpowered the essences, the wine, and flowers (that should have been dew-bathed in the cool night without); the dance was stopped, and none moved but one—the last comer. HE slipped the mask from off his face, threw back the hood, and went on to a quicker tune, making a mockery of the merriment with two bones for bow and viol in his hands. HE capered among them—Death the Enemy—the antic Death!

Thus, then, they are before us:—Cavern-chested Death, fiddling upon two bones; the musicians flying fast, in haste stumbling on each other, some without their instruments, and some holding their breath because of the horrid stench; Death dancing, and his robes swaying to and fro to his own measure; the maskers prostrate, dead upon the floor, rigid from neck to heel, with clenched hand and foot; the bare-bosomed woman, half unmasked, shows her jaw dropped horridly; Scaramouch and Clown writhe upon the floor, the grinning mask of one most fearful mocking of his face; the bells upon the Fool's cap jingle as he twists. In the high place the grim Eastern figure sits, scourge-armed, silent, and still. This is the work of Alfred Rethel.

THE CRISIS OF ITALIAN FREEDOM.

BY FRANKLIN LUSHINGTON.

"FRANCE"—said lately the official mouthpiece of the Emperor—"is the only power in Europe which makes war for an idea." The particular application of this mystic sentence might be difficult, if in any sense the assertion were generally true. As, however, it is not true in general, and as every day shows more clearly that in the special case of the Italian war it is no more true than usual, in the sense in which it is intended to be understood by Europe, it is perhaps unnecessary to trouble ourselves with interpreting into ordinary language the proposition stated by the *Moniteur*. But it may be germane to the matter, to show by a trivial illustration which irresistibly suggests itself, in what sense (certainly not the one meant for European appreciation) the phrase in question may be justly said to contain a truth and a meaning. It has been somewhere asked, when a set of English gentlemen, clothed in red coats, top boots, and buckskin breeches, or some other carefully selected variety of appropriate costume, mounted upon the noblest living engines of locomotion that high breeding and high feeding can produce, are following the cry of twenty couples of hounds over brook and fence, after a little brown animal with a bushy tail, of no material value whatever, what is the object that so much expense, so much trouble, so much energy, not to say so much risk, is devoted to pursuing? And it has been answered, that, in contrast to all drivers of deer or boars into a fatal circle, all winders of the technical note of *la mort* upon the baronial *cor de chasse*, all slaughterers of game on a large scale whatever, the English foxhunter pursues — an idea. Not the useless little brown animal for his own sake, though his tail be valued as the decoration of an order of merit;—not the peace of neighbouring hen-roosts, the owners of which might in that case be bound to bless the simple and inexpensive charity of a scheme for the gratuitous destruction of vermin, which farmers' traps and guns could not compass with certainty;—not the gratification of the limited senses of horse and hound, mere links in the chain of thought put into action, mere means adapted to an end;—not even the maintenance and glorification of the race of tailors, huntsmen and horsedealers, but an idea, a purely subjective affection of the mind of each individual who follows the fox.

In some similar sense it may really be said, that the policy of France in the Italian war has been the pursuit of an idea. The trophies of Magenta and Solferino have been bravely won, and will be proudly worn; the hounds have been well exercised, handsomely blooded, duly drawn off, and the experienced huntsman has quietly trotted them home. If the hounds thought at any moment that they were out for the useful purpose of exterminating the breed of foxes, or if the simple spectator assumed such to be the idea of the sport, he and they alike have by this time been disabused. They were only out for the limited purpose of exterminating that particular fox; the idea remains the property of the foxhunting mind that guided them and set them on. An idea cannot bear too unconditional and comprehensible development, or it ceases to be worth pursuing and sympathising with; it must not be run down with the unreasoning ferocity of those who see a tangible object close before them. Whatever may become of the visible sign, the idea itself may be needed for turning out another day; it must be preserved, not destroyed, even at the expense of acquiring a reputation for flagrant inconsistency. It may even be necessary actually to breed and to import the manifestations of ideas, like foxes, for the purpose of maintaining the sport they afford; else upon the

next day when the hounds meet (wherever that may be), where would be the "idea" for the sportsman to pursue?

France made war according to her usual custom, and in her usual style, "for an idea" on the shores of the Crimean peninsula: and England joined her in so doing. The great Nimrod of ideas on the French side of the Channel was ready enough to leave off their pursuit in that instance, as soon as the chase could be relinquished with a decent parade of political success, and military glory: and the inconvenient obligations of an alliance, drawn too close for the sake of a special object, carried the English Government with him. The Imperial Vicegerent of Providence in France, whether or no he chastens those whom he loves, certainly loves those whom he chastises. Every occasion which has presented itself since the termination of the Russian war, for enforcing in detail the execution, or else nullifying the intentions, of the Treaty of Paris, has shown the indifference of French policy towards the realising of the idea which it professed to yearn for so strongly, and in the nominal defence of which the French nation bled so bravely. The occupation of the Isle of Serpents; the union of the Danubian Principalities; every question which has arisen to test the durability of the arrangement for the maintenance of the Turkish Empire, has found France upon the side of Russia, and opposed to England. The mission of making war for the Turkish idea, which France had proposed to herself, was in her eyes definitively accomplished by the evacuation of Sebastopol upon the fortunate and brilliant capture of the Malakoff. And her warlike mission in behalf of the Italian idea is authoritatively stated to have been as absolutely satisfied by the sudden striking of a balance with her antagonist, which followed the happy counter-surprise of the field of Solferino. Her

> — half-supt sword, which frankly would have fed,
> Pleased with this dainty bit, goes home to bed.

It must be confessed that the national attitude assumed by ourselves before and during the late campaign in Lombardy was such as, though not to justify, at any rate to point with a plausible satire, the expression of the *Moniteur*, that France is the only power that does go to war for an idea. A praiseworthy but exaggerated alarm, lest any mere diplomatic blunder should drift us unawares into the necessity of taking an active part on the one side or the other of a quarrel in which we could not, under its first aspect, unreservedly sympathise with either party, led our statesmen and public prints into the most needlessly clamorous and needlessly reiterated assertion of our intentions of absolute neutrality under all possible eventualities. By elevating the evanescent and occasional theory of the expediency of neutrality into a permanent and supreme doctrine, we not only succeeded in neutralising our own well-meant but simple efforts to keep the peace of the world, but incidentally rendered plausible the self-glorification of France in the phrase above quoted. Foolish gratification of vanity, as it may seem to assert an exceptional readiness to back up an opinion at the sword's point, there is, at least, an equally unwise and undignified abnegation of the power of national self-assertion involved in pledging ourselves to an obstinate unreadiness to intervene in earnest, and with our whole strength, in the solution of a European difficulty until we are forced by actual attack to take part in the fray. We have been so often burnt in that kind of fire that it is very natural we should be careful of meddling; but it is none the less the part of a mere child to dread and repudiate the use of combustibles altogether.

This phase, however, of the Italian question is now passed over. France has enjoyed her satisfaction of making war for an idea, as we have ours of steering clear of the war while it lasted. She has won, by the sharpness of her sword, the *élan* of her Zouaves, and the good fortune of her generals, glory enough in a six weeks' campaign to last till the

next time when a fresh supply of glory is required. She has accomplished her military mission so adequately as to be able to lay by her arms with a profession of supreme moderation towards her adversary, and of hyperbolical deference to the attitude of distrustful misconstruction and possible interference assumed by other European powers, at the exact moment when it best suited her own convenience, or rather her own necessities. Few historical instances could be found more singularly illustrative of personal character than is this year's episode of the Lombard war in regard of its principal manager and most prominent actor, — the single and self-contained personage, who, for the present, is France.

The main personal success which he has achieved in the campaign, and the conference that closed it, lies in the proof he has given the world that, as a strategical manœuvrer, he is at least upon a par with any of his own generals, and that, as a military diplomatist, he is undeniably superior to the immature and obstinate-tempered young Emperor of Austria. The knowledge where his adversary's shoe pinched, and the art of concealing the battered condition of his own equipment—the consequent power or affectation of opposing his own *forte* (to borrow a phrase from the fencing school) to his enemy's *foible*—the acuteness which, by localising the struggle on the field of battle most convenient to himself, imposed his own rules of the game upon his opponent, while allowing him at the same time to threaten with feints of vague and mysterious dangers in other quarters—such have been the simple but effective weapons of policy of which the French emperor has made so markedly successful a use in the present year. Looking at the late conflict merely as a trial of strength and science between the powers of France and Austria, it is impossible not to feel such respect for the talents of its designer, and the strong clear head and will which carried his programme through without betraying its poverty or flinching in its execution, as is compatible with a thorough conviction of the selfish meanness of the design itself. There is nothing of what has transpired, either before or since the peace of Villafranca, which tends to prove that the imperial scheme was in the outset more comprehensively liberal, or more sincerely disinterested in scope, than the bases of that arrangement are *primâ facie* evidence of its being. It is unprofitable to speculate whether or no the plan of inducing the inhabitants of central Italy to accept the monarchy of a Bonapartist prince is even yet among the projects in reserve of the reticent Emperor, for the maintenance of French influence in the Peninsula. Had Jerome Napoleon succeeded, during his special campaign of enlistment and inquiry, in arousing among the Tuscan people a personal enthusiasm (or even any feeling but that of contemptuous indifference) for the cousin of their imperial liberator and the son-in-law of the chivalrous "Sword of Italy," it is at least probable that, in the Villafranca arrangements, the bitter hostility of Francis Joseph towards Victor Emmanuel might have been satisfied consistently with the leaving open a wider path of compromise than the stipulated restoration of the several ducal families. But that the French emperor had no original intention of destroying the boundaries, or displacing the dynasties, of the central Italian states except for this private object, is sufficiently indicated by the language used by his own ministers in the diplomatic contest which preceded the war, and the authoritative rumours prevalent at Paris, from the beginning of the actual campaign, as to the probable shortness of its duration, are strongly corroborative of the idea that he intended from the first not to go further, either in a military or diplomatic sense, than in fact he did. It was no doubt impossible for the profoundest calculation to foresee in actual detail the character which might have to be given to the war. Had the Austrian tacticians displayed the energy, skill, and stubbornness of resistance on their outer lines of defence which might reasonably have been ex-

pected, it must have been necessary to besiege or isolate their outlying fortresses of Pavia and Piacenza, or to execute a successful diversion on the side of Venice, before they could have been reduced to an acceptance of the same terms. But in any case, even if his military preponderance had been more substantially proved than it was, the general level of his policy would, we believe, have been the same. We should still have seen, under one shape or other, a scheme for balancing Austrian influence in Italy by French influence—not a plan traced out for rendering her independent of either. The cry of setting Italy free "from the Alps to the Adriatic," was used, as most cries of the same character are used, as a catchword for exciting an enthusiasm which might be advantageous as a lever. We trust that it has ended (as some few cries of the same character do end) in rendering the satisfaction of that enthusiasm more probable, if not more necessary, than it was intended to be. Whether Louis Napoleon so far mistook the individual character of those heads of the Italian movement with whom he had more particularly to deal, the Piedmontese king and premier, as to believe that their ambition or their patriotism would be satisfied by the annexation of Lombardy, and the restoration (in all but the new nominal federative element) of the *status quo* through the rest of Italy—it is immaterial to inquire too closely. If he did not mistake them, he absolutely disregarded them: and the pointed personal reproof, administered in the instantaneous resignation of Cavour upon the publication of the terms of the treaty-surprise of Villafranca, was but as water running off the skin of proof which clothes imperial impassibility, whatever effect it may have produced in the eyes of Italy and Europe.

But whether he mistook Victor Emmanuel and Cavour or no, it is certain that he mistook the depth and firmness of the national feeling entertained by the Italians of Central Italy. It is certain that he must have expected a gradual settling down of any enthusiasm for union, and an acquiescence in whatever interpretation of the new conditions of so-called Italian independence he himself might ultimately succeed in settling on as definitive, in harmonious concert with their joint framer, the Sovereign of Austria. Large as is Louis Napoleon's acquaintance with the weaknesses of masses of men, it is probable that the strength and resolute dignity of the national attitude assumed by the Italians, is a new phenomenon to him. It is one upon which, for his own sake, he may do well to meditate closely; but it is still more one which, if he really possesses the quality so often attributed to him of "comprehending his epoch," he will do wisely to respect, and to profit by. If the Italy of 1860 is free (and her union is the only condition which will allow of her being really free), history will not be too curious to point out how far she has outrun the designs of the most prominent and powerful agent in her enfranchisement, in 1859. Even Italians, of all colours of politics, however justly they may then quote the high-spirited vaunt of Charles Albert,—"*L'Italia farà da se*," as the one maxim the strict observance of which will have saved the consequences of their victory upon the present occasion,—will be obliged to admit that the active aid and countenance of the French were the indispensable preliminaries to their entering upon a struggle for national existence, upon equal terms.

The use to which a victory is put is what determines its immortality. In fifty, or twenty years, the name of Solferino will either be forgotten or disregarded as a *brutum fulmen*, shunned and hated as the memory of a snare and a pitfall, or cherished as the starting point of a North Italian kingdom. Whichever event takes place, with the memory of Solferino is bound up the reputation of the Italian policy of Louis Napoleon. Even were he insensible to the present scandal of a compulsory restoration of the old state of things in Central Italy, or to the ignominy of an admitted failure, we do not believe him to be insensible to the gain of satisfaction and security

involved in his appearing to head the national movement of Italy, at its end, as at its beginning. Beyond the mere giving up of the idea, that the conditions of Villafranca in regard of the re-arrangement of Central Italy are to have any valid meaning whatever, little is required (thanks, as we said before, to the Italians themselves) to gratify the French Cæsar's ambition of being venerated in Italy as a most honourable man.

It is even yet maintained by fanatical partisanship, or perverse scepticism, that the desire for fusion is by no means universal in Tuscany and the Duchies; that a fair appeal to the feelings of the population has not yet been made, and that, if made, it would probably result in the recall of the deposed dynasties.

The most credulous faith in the loyalty inspired by paternal government hardly ventures to insinuate a similar assertion as to the secret wishes of the inhabitants of the Romagna. It is, indeed, impossible to foretell with accuracy what might be the result of a clever manipulation of the gambling implement of universal suffrage among the populations of Central Italy. Unthinking jealousy of the peasants against the cities might, perhaps, justify the expectation of the reactionary party in Tuscany. If the phrase of "respecting the desires of the population," should perchance be intended by its imperial utterer (the elect of ten millions) to bear this interpretation; and if the experiment suggested should result in a somehow obtained numerical majority of most sweet voices for the restoration of the Grand Dukes, the test would only convince us of its own fallaciousness. It is impossible to retrace the course of events from the commencement of the struggles, without being strongly impressed with the certainty that the real sense and judgment of the country have already, most plainly, solemnly, and definitively declared themselves. Had Austria been able or willing, before the war was imminent, to apply the test of universal suffrage in Lombardy, it is by no means impossible that even there the experiment would have shown, if not an actual majority, at least a large minority, opposed to the change from Austrian to Sardinian rule. Yet we should not have believed, in that case, that, as far as regards the views of the real and free-thinking power, educated patriotism, and common sense, among the Lombards, such a result would prove anything whatever; nor should we attach any greater value to it, if an analogous phenomenon be brought about in Central Italy. The strong community of interest felt by the Tuscans in the national cause, of which they considered Sardinia as the champion, was early and irrefragably proved by the flocking of volunteers, at the rate of one thousand a day, from the port of Leghorn, to join the standard of Victor Emmanuel. Such a pronunciation of the national sentiment made it from the first obvious that, sooner or later, the dilemma must arise, which did, in fact, present itself before long, when the Grand Duke of Tuscany would be called upon by his people to declare himself as an active ally of Sardinia in the cause of Italian independence, while every tie of private feeling and gratitude, as well as his own personal tendencies and system as a governor, bound him to Austria. If the Tuscan people were not able to range themselves openly by the side of the Piedmontese while the Grand Duke's authority was in the way, they were ready and resolved to pronounce for the removal of the obstacle.

Out of no personal animosity for the individual whom they could not but distrust; out of no wish for any vindictive retaliation against the chief visible, and most responsible exponent of an intolerable system; but out of a simple and well-justified conviction, founded, it might be said, on the confession involved in the circumstances of the grand ducal flight, that the continuance of his dynasty was incompatible with any active assertion of the principle dearest to the hearts of the Tuscans, sprang the declaration of the *déchéance* of that dynasty, and the offer

of dictatorship in the first place, and sovereignty in the next, to Victor Emmanuel. We do not believe that there is the slightest pretext for asserting, that the constituency of the Tuscan National Assembly was intimidated or tampered with on the occasion of the late elections; or that their delegates outstripped the popular judgment in the interpretation and performance of the mandate intrusted to them. It should not be forgotten, that in Tuscany a genuine basis of municipal liberty and local self-government had been firmly established ever since the reign of the Great Duke, Leopold the First; and that even up to the year 1848 the old constitutional forms and habits of election were in full legal force, and in no wise destitute of a practical vitality. The intelligent and respectable inhabitants of the cities and country of Tuscany were already competently educated, by actual experience, in the bearings of the responsibility which the choice of their representatives was on this last occasion to throw on them. In the entire absence of Sardinian *employés*, who had been scrupulously withdrawn from their temporary posts before the elections began, the only influence which could possibly have been exerted upon individual volition, was that of the overbearing popular feeling. It is probable that the deposed Grand Duke has still partisans in Tuscany, who did not feel inclined to record an unprofitable and solitary vote in the face of the general expression of the opinions of the country; but that the moral pressure exerted by so large a majority was, in any single instance, unfairly or illiberally used, not a shadow of proof has come to light up to the present moment. The statement of what actually happened could not be given with greater force, or with more literal truth, than is done in the memorandum recently addressed by the Sardinian Government to its ministers at the courts of the great European powers:—

"In considering what has taken place at Florence, Modena, and Parma, we are struck by the accord and spontaneity which marked all the deliberations of the constituted bodies, and the order which has constantly prevailed during the unforeseen crisis which had to be traversed. This order and regularity are easily explained, when we consider that it was not the advanced parties, nor men excited or soured by old grievances and unjust personal sufferings, who placed themselves at the head of the movement. All who are most illustrious among the nobility, most notable in commerce, most enlightened in influence, and most influential among the large landowners, co-operated in the accomplishment of an act which was destined to assure to those countries a state of things more in conformity with their welfare, and with the general interests of Italy. These resolutions were not the effect of unreflecting excitement; they were maturely weighed, and were adopted on considerations of a superior and permanent order."

The commendation for the most singular and laudable spirit of order shown under the most trying circumstances, is justly extended, in the above words, from Tuscany to the smaller duchies. Notwithstanding the single and most deplorable exception which has just occurred at Parma, in the murder of the wretched Count Anviti through the vindictive and sudden outburst of an infuriated multitude to whom his person had become unhappily familiar under the most hateful circumstances (the single exception, we trust, that will occur), the attitude of calm and dispassionate earnestness maintained throughout the crisis by the great mass of the populations of those States, has been a spectacle for surprise and admiration to the politicians of Europe, who have been accustomed to connect the ideas of unbridled licence, Red Republicanism, Carbonarism, societies of assassination and brigandage, with the very name of a popular movement in Italy. At the same time that it is impossible to withhold our strong sympathy from the personally undeserved misfortunes of the blameless, high-spirited and judicious Regent-Duchess of Parma, it is impos-

sible not to feel as strongly that the spontaneous and universal sentiment of respect and regret for her ought not to weigh against considerations of the highest national expediency. Cursed with the burden of an incompetent, profligate, and tyrannical fool in her ducal husband until the silent Nemesis of destiny trampled him out in a chance pot-house medley or preconcerted brawl, she succeeded during his lifetime in keeping her name unstained by the reflection of his follies and excesses, and in gaining the love and reverence of the same discriminating subjects who abhorred his aimless tyranny. Placed by his sudden death in a difficult and critical position, she accepted that position with a creditable firmness and dignity, and maintained it—until the irresistible force of inevitable circumstances rendered it untenable—with an even-handed justice, a moderate and liberal policy, which would (if anything could have done so) have reconciled the contradictions of the situation of Parma in the present struggle. Deep as was and is the respect felt for her by the most uncompromising advocates of the fusion among those over whom she had ruled,—the twice-proved fact of the incompatibility of her further tenure of her sovereign office with the accomplishment of the national will, furnishes, on the very ground of that respect, a more conclusive argument that the position itself had become an irremediably false one. No such phrase as that which appropriately saluted the provinces of Modena on their liberation from the "giogo Estense," disfigured the proclamation which followed the departure of Louisa Maria from Parma. The Dukedom of Parma fell because it was impossible for Parma to remain neutral in the general conflict, and because the idea of an Italian confederation (broached and argued through Central Italy as a possible compromise before the actual war began, as is shown by the *mémoire* of her minister, the Marquis Pallavicino, of the 12th May, 1859) was recognised as an unsatisfactory and insecure solution or half-solution of the problem. And if the Modenese had a readier excuse for a more lightly-considered movement in the presence of local grievances, the deficiency of any personal reason for strong attachment to their sovereign, and his notorious leaning to the Austrian side, and reliance upon Austrian protection,—though their spontaneous and unanimous action cannot therefore be quoted as so strong a proof of the depth of feeling by which they were animated, yet the grave moderation and tranquil energy of their conduct and demeanour have been fully equal to that generally displayed in Parma and Tuscany.

But—say those who anxiously seek to find a plausible *mezzo termine* which will patch up matters without irretrievable offence to one side or the other—if you once admit the principle of fusion, and grant the wishes of Tuscany and the Duchies, what is to be done with the Legations? To turn adrift upon the world those more destitute dukes is something: but to rob a Holy Father!

"Bardolph hath stole a pix, and hanged must 'a be;" and although in the case of the church property of the Legations the pyx is not only desirous, but determined to be stolen, the sacrilegious royal receiver runs the greatest risk of being, if not hanged, provided with as bad a name as the most omnipotent of excommunications can give him. But (logically speaking) where *can* you draw the line? If the Romagna has been, as it notoriously has been for many years, the worst governed province in Italy north of the kingdom of Naples, have its inhabitants less right or less call to protest, because they are the special children of the Holy See? If their conterminous neighbours to the west of the Apennines have succeeded in freeing themselves quietly from the gag which stifled the expression of their sentiments, so have the *Romagnuoli*. The actual change from patent discontent, oppression, and disorder, to a happy and patient striving after well-ordered prosperity and peaceful freedom, has been even a more extraordinary phenomenon in degree among them than

elsewhere. Is it possible (alas! all things are possible) that they are to be thrust back within the tender mercies, the unimproved and unimproveable incapacity for reform, which mark the domestic policy of the College of Cardinals?

It is true that the dilemma (not the logical, but the political one) is great. French diplomacy is only bound to Austria by the questionably strong packthread of Villafranca, in the matter of restoring the ducal dynasties. French interests, or rather the Imperial interests in France, are curiously interwoven with those of the Holy Church, in and outside of the Legations. It may be questioned how far the Liberator of Italy would be willing to risk "for an idea" that popularity among the French clergy which has hitherto been so useful to him. It is possible for him literally to fulfil his pledge to Central Italy, as far as the Romagna is concerned, by preventing all foreign interference, and yet to allow the Pope to reduce to order his rebellious subjects, since the Pope is not a foreigner, whatever his soldiers are. The scandal would be great, but the absolution it would gain would be perfect, and the indulgence would be deservedly plenary; for whatever force the Pope might command in Romagna would be only disposable in virtue of the French acting as the police of Rome.

The allocution addressed by the Emperor upon this topic to the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, for reproduction in the European journals, is as dark as it was undoubtedly intended to be. Whether it is meant to reconcile the Pope to the acceptance of the loss of the Romagna as an accomplished fact, as the condition precedent of a continuance of that armed support which France has given him, and which Europe has tolerated her giving with the most absolute equanimity, for the last ten years, or whether it is meant to reconcile the *Romagnuoli* to the restoration of the Papal rule, in consideration of such reforms in that rule as may be extorted by a serious threat of withdrawing that support altogether,—is probably known to the Emperor alone. It is capable of either interpretation: and all of which we can be sure is, that it was not spoken without a meaning. The event alone will show unmistakeably to which party is turned the sharp edge of the oracular warning, which gleams in the dusk as one that may cut either way.

Such, in brief, are the general aspects for the moment of the actual crisis of Italian regeneration: North and Central Italy unanimous in their wishes, and, we trust, in their resolution; Europe, puzzled, anxious, afraid of committing itself, even in looking on. Of Venetia and the kingdom of Naples it is at once useless and melancholy to speak now. The first has, by no fault of her own, lost through the terms of Villafranca the ray of hope that was beginning to brighten and broaden over her: the second has been equally, though perhaps more unreasonably, disappointed, in the early discovery that King Bomba's Jesuit-bred heir is not much more wise, more liberal, more courageous, or more sincere, than King Bomba. For the one reason or the other, both are equally foreign to the hopes and fears of the present phase of history, which embrace the rest of Italy. It would have been as absurd an outburst of sentimentality in the Central Italians to parade the unprofitable self-sacrifice of resigning their own wishes and position for the sake of wheedling Austria into a more liberal administration of Venetia, as it is monstrous in foreign pedants to pretend, that if North and Central Italy are united in one kingdom, they will be so unjustifiably strong as to form a permanent danger and a legitimate grievance to Naples. The future of both Naples and Venetia will have to take care of itself: and it will do so none the worse, but rather much the better, if the rest of Italy justifies, by the happiness and strength gained in a permanent union, the ardent desires and the calm judgment of all Italians who have free room given them to exercise judgment or to realise desire. We trust that the anticipations of those ill-pro-

phets who predict that a mutual hatred among the several great cities of a united Italian kingdom would inevitably produce an early and violent rupture, are doomed to a total disappointment. There may be occasional rivalries between Milan and Turin, as there have been between Turin and Genoa. But the larger the bundle of sticks is, and the closer they are bound together, the more will their individual angularities counteract each other. If England were now re-distributed into a heptarchy, what a perpetual angry simmering would soon become audible between the two great neighbouring cities of South Lancashire! We must invert the old fable where the bundle was weakened by being untied, and the sticks broken one by one,—and carry the metaphor even further. The confederation of Italian states or cities is at best the bundle of sticks tied up with a cord that may be loosed, cut, or broken. Plant the sticks together while the life is strong in them; let them twine together at the roots and interlace in the branches, and you may yet see them grow into a single tree.

MORAL ASPECTS OF MR. TENNYSON'S "IDYLLS OF THE KING."

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

Amidst all the din and strife of present politics, the Poet Laureate of England sends a volume of "Idylls" into the world. He has chosen for his subject one which seems most remote from all sympathies of the present. A king whose very existence is scarcely more than probable, and who has long since shaded off into a mere legendary hero, surrounded by personages still more shadowy than himself,—a sphere of manners, pursuits, aspirations, never more than half real, and which have long faded away from the very memories of the many,—these are what he comes to tell us of. Have we leisure to listen to him? Does he tell us anything worth the hearing? Has he been merely twanging his harp, with the world all ablaze around him?

Yet in sooth, ere this, most men capable of any thought at all must have learnt that, in dealing with Mr. Tennyson, they were dealing with a many-sided mind, each one of whose works, even if not seen to be framed with any definite purpose, bore a certain organic relation to the others,—tended to develop a new portion of the life's labour of a deep-thinking, deep-feeling man. The "Poems," so various in subject and treatment, served as boundary stakes for the poet's future domain,—as marks and buoys to signal out some main channels of his future thought,—as nets of cunning fancies, and hooks baited with sweet words, to catch the minds and ears of his countrymen. The "Princess,"—unique as a literary production in its gradual development of interest, from the purely fictitious to the deeply real,—showed him at earnest and triumphant grapple with one of the great puzzles of our age, that of the relation of the sexes, and the province of woman's activity. "In Memoriam" exhibited, in the most perfect form which it has probably ever put on in poetry, the victorious struggle of a human spirit with sorrow and the shadow of death. "Maud"—seizing hold of a passing historic opportunity—showed how morbid despair and self-torture are to be shaken off by devotion to a noble cause. Having been taught so much, we are entitled to expect that the "Idylls of the King" will have something also to teach us; we shall probably do wisely if we let them teach us after their own fashion, in their own time.

Love, its diseases and its counterfeits, such may be said to be the theme of the new volume. In "Enid," the tender, faithful, love of a wife, overcoming all suspicion by constancy of self-devotion.

In "Vivien," the false or harlot love, selling its caresses for selfish ends. In "Elaine," the wild, overpowering might of youthful love, self-absorbing rather than self-sacrificing, seeming-strong for death, because too weak for life far from its object. In "Guinevere," the final fate of adulterous love, when the eye opens at last to its guilt, and the mouth tastes the ashes of its apple of false delight.

Clearly marked as are these four subjects,—self-contained as are the pictures which they present,—yet "Guinevere" is, in fact, *the* "Idyll of the King." If you be wayward, you may read the others almost at haphazard, so that you always reserve this for the last. To this, in truth, all the others with subtle art are leading you up. Always in the background of each successive picture, yet growing at every touch more distinct and prominent, is the guilty love of the Queen for Lancelot. If Geraint bears Enid away from the Court, it is because

"A rumour rose about the Queen,
Touching her guilty love for Lancelot."

In "Vivien" we begin by hearing of Arthur,

"Vext at a rumour rife about the Queen."

In "Elaine," though the "lily-maid of Astolat" be the central figure, yet her whole fate hangs on that other love, whereby Lancelot's "honour rooted in dishonour stood." We see it already before us, with all its fatal train of anguish and evil; Lancelot, "vext at having lied in vain," his face marred and marked ere his time by that inward consciousness of sin through which

"His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes
For agony——"

his "holy vows" and "pure resolves" of sickness, soon broken; his rejection of the spotless girlish love which

"Might have made this, and another world
Another world for the sick man;"

the sorrow of Elaine's death, the Queen's causeless jealousy, the sting of Arthur's friendship, and of his generous hintings of all that he *will* not believe,

"For now the people say wild things of thee,"—

and finally, Lancelot's own sense of the unbearable weight of his guilty bonds, which makes him pray that, if he should not dare to break them, God should

"Send a sudden angel down,
To seize me by the hair and bear me far,
And fling me deep in that forgotten mere." . . .

So that we feel it to be no transition from subject to subject, but merely the full development of that which has been standing out more and more as *the* subject of the work, when the fourth Idyll opens before us.

But the view of the subject which "Guinevere" presents, is one wholly different from any that has yet been offered to us in the volume. Hitherto, Lancelot has claimed the greater share by far of whatever sympathy the guilty pair might command. We heard in "Enid" of Guinevere's beauty and stateliness, and queenly friendliness for Enid, and forgiving courtesy towards Edyrn. Merlin, in "Vivien," excused, indeed, the origin of her love:—

"Sir Lancelot went ambassador at first,
To fetch her, and she took him for the King,
So put her fancy on him."

But "Elaine" brought out the more painful sides of her character—the self-deceptions by which she seeks to palliate her own guilt by throwing it on Arthur,—

"The faultless king,
That passionate perfection, my good lord, ...
He cares not for me; . . .
Rapt in this fancy of his Table Round,
And swearing men to vows impossible" . . .

—her sharp reproaches to Lancelot when she deems the maid of Astolat to

have won his love, and that jealousy which wrings out from her, for very spite to Lancelot, the too-late confession :—

"I for you
This many a year have done despite and wrong
To one *whom ever, in my heart of hearts, I did acknowledge nobler.*"

It is this character, of which we have seen hitherto but the purely brilliant or the harsher aspects, on which Mr. Tennyson now concentrates our attention ; and, though the last Idyll be the shortest of the four, none can help feeling how much the fullest it is of meaning and of purpose.

The self-reproach which has wakened up earlier in Lancelot's heart, has scathed her also ; for,—

"The powers that tend the soul,
To help it from the death that cannot die,
And save it even in extremes, began
To vex and plague her. . . .
And all this trouble did not pass but grew."

She has herself prayed Lancelot to break their bands of guilt ; but amidst the very "madness of farewells" they have been surprised. She has fled to sanctuary at Almesbury ; she lives there unknown among the nuns, tended by a little novice, racked by the babble of the child with sharp stabs of meaning, of which the speaker is all unaware. A convent song of "Too late" seems to ring in her ears her own doom ; she feels as if the child's indignation against the "wicked queen" would kill her ; she is driven to suspect the abbess and her nuns of unkind purpose, and breaks out at last in angry reproach against the child,—

"Set on to plague
And play upon and harry me, petty spy
And traitress,"—

only to acknowledge, an instant after, that—

"The simple, fearful child
Meant nothing, but my own too fearful guilt,
Simpler than any child, betrays itself."

Had Mr. Tennyson stopped at this picture of the Queen's self-reproach, he would already have produced a noble work ; more fruitful of good, perhaps, to many, than a hundred routine sermons on the seventh commandment. For he has made us feel already, as only true genius can, the self-punishing power of guilty love. A vulgar moralist might have made Lancelot unlovable, Guinevere unfaithful to her lover. It is with admirable subtlety of truth that Mr. Tennyson has painted Lancelot's character up to the very ideal of knightliness, that he has shown him full of kindly courtesy, full of frank admiration for the very king whom he is betraying, humble in his might so far as to acknowledge that—

"In me there dwells
No greatness, save it be *some far-off touch*
Of greatness, to know well I am not great."

It is with equal truth and subtlety that he has painted Guinevere, though of a less noble nature in herself, yet wrapped up entirely in her guilty love, and only unlovable through its own passionate unreason. We are thus led necessarily to sever the sin from the individuality of the sinner, in our sense of its righteous and inevitable doom. We see how all Lancelot's precious gifts of strength, and courage, and faithfulness, and manliness, and humility ; all Guinevere's precious gifts of beauty, and womanly fascination, and passionate affection, are clouded and flawed by the evil nature of the link which unites them, and serve only to make it gall them the more. But this is not enough for Mr. Tennyson. He has a higher lesson to teach than that of the adulterer's anguish of self-reproach. He knows that beyond the black terrors of the violated law lies a day-streak of forgiveness and hope. He is a Christian poet, and

he feels that even in these seeming arabesques of wild fancy there must be a Gospel to be found.

It is only with Arthur's appearance to Guinevere that the title of the book is fully indicated. The "faultless king" has hitherto earned more of our pity than sympathy. We have rather felt, with Guinevere, that he was

> "A moral child, without the craft to rule,
> Else had he not lost me."

His very introduction in the last Idyll does not predispose us in his favour. The Queen, immersed in her dreams, has just recalled her first glance of him, when she thought him

> "Cold,
> High, self-contained, and passionless."

We are inclined to think the same, when he begins with—

> "Voice
> Monotonous and hollow, like a ghost's
> Denouncing judgment."

And yet, even whilst he is seemingly wandering almost prosily away into the story of his wrecked and shattered ideal of the Table Round—mixing his lament with words of shame to Guinevere,—we feel that he is not only rising higher and higher before us, but lifting her with him. For he is dealing with her, not as one fallen so low as to be unable to comprehend him, but as one who can enter yet into his feelings, who is alive to his reproaches. Deep already, we feel, is the tenderness concealed in those two lines which precede the story :—

> "Bear with me for the last time while I show,
> *Ev'n for thy sake*, the sin which thou hast sinned."

Deep, again, is the tremulous pathos of those other lines :—

> "And in thy bowers of Camelot or of Usk,
> Thy shadow still would glide from room to room ;"—

even though preceding the stern announcement,—

> "Yet must I leave thee, woman, to thy shame."

And then comes at last that passage, as noble of its kind, I believe, as any ever penned by poet or dramatist since the world was—more touching, I think, than any in our language, except King Lear's lament over Cordelia, beginning (p. 253) with—

> "But how to take last leave of all I loved,"—

and concluding with Arthur's farewell and blessing. We see there, risen to its fullest height, the true, noble purpose of the writer. We see that which Christianity alone has made possible or intelligible—a representation of the absolutely unselfish love, the love of the worthy for the unworthy,—the saving love, which overcomes sin by excess of loving :—

> "Let no man dream but that I love thee still. . . . . .
> Hereafter, in that world where all are pure,
> We two may meet before high God, and thou
> Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know
> I am thine husband." . . .

We feel already, as the King speaks, that the victory is won, that the Queen's eyes have surely been opened, even as our own have been, to the reality of the deep well-spring of passionate life which that seemingly passionless figure has been bearing within it. The rest follows almost as of course. The woman to whom he could speak thus was sure to understand him. Yet we rejoice none the less to see her take hold of the consolation he has held out to her :—

> "And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
> My wickedness to him, and left me hope
> That in mine own heart I can live down sin,

And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
Before high God."

We understand clearly her cry—

"Is there none
Will tell the King I love him, though so late?"

And we feel no shock at being told, in conclusion, that the Queen, once repentant of her sin,

"For her good deeds, and her pure life,
And for the power of ministration in her,"

was eventually held worthy to become the head of the holy sisterhood.

The last word then,—the key-note, the crowning lesson of the whole of the book,—is Reformation through Love; Love abounding beyond all sin; in other words, the very Gospel of Christ's Redemption.

Nor let it be said, indeed, that this high Christian purpose is but an accident of the catastrophe. In the first place, unless I am greatly mistaken, its connexion with that catastrophe is Mr. Tennyson's own. Whilst, as will be shown in part hereafter, he has followed closely the writers of the middle ages in the conduct of his three earlier Idylls, and in the leading events of the last, the distinctive moral features of it,—Arthur's seeking an interview with Guinevere after her flight, his forgiveness of her, and her too late discovery of her folly in not having loved him rather than Lancelot,—belong entirely to Mr. Tennyson; nor have I found a trace of them in any early romance. But the Christian spirit which inspired this beautiful modification of the legend breathes throughout the book; witness the noble passage in Enid about Edyrn's reformation:—

"Have you looked
At Edyrn? have you seen how nobly changed?"

This Christian spirit, pervading the whole work, is, I take it, the best answer to one class of objectors to Mr. Tennyson's poem. Parts of the book, they may admit, are very beautiful, especially the last; yet one cannot but regret that time and genius should be spent upon so "revolting" a subject. Well, the subject *is* revolting; we admit it. Yet surely not so much so as many which are recorded for our instruction in Holy Writ, which we durst not even wish to excise from it. If it is not recorded for our instruction here also,—if it be merely, like the Cenci of Shelley, a study of the revolting,—the blame may be deserved. But, unfortunately, the "revolting" is all around us. Year-long betrayals of the husband by the wife, of the friend by the friend, are not the monopoly of the mythical or semi-mythical personages of the Arthurian legends. When such events occur, is it sufficient to turn the face away in silence? Do they bear with them no lesson which deserves to be recorded for the benefit of others? If they bear any, is it one which the poet has no right to frame into a fictitious picture, to present unto us in the persons of imaginary heroes? If he brings it out aright, will the time and genius spent on the task be thrown away? I take it, that, fairly looked at, the "Idylls of the King" are in themselves the reply to these questions.

Let no one say that the poet's teaching in such matters is useless or ineffective. Certainly, one does not expect that the story of Lancelot and Guinevere will recall man or woman from actual sin, committed or about to be committed, like the preaching of a Samuel Wilberforce, a Baptist Noel, a Lacordaire. But there is an age at which it would be folly to underrate the vast influence of poetry on the human spirit—first-rate poetry especially; that age when it is just trembling on the verge of maturity, when all the senses have blossomed into fullest life, when fancies are just ready to kindle into passions. Poetry then speaks with a charm which nothing else can rival: if it be true and noble, lifting the soul, moulding it to high and generous purpose, inspiring it with instinctive horror for that which is foul

and base; if it be hollow and false itself, lowering and corroding imperceptibly the soul that feeds on it. I take it that no one can measure the blessing for our present generation of readers, of having grown up under the shadow of Wordsworth and Tennyson, rather than under that of Byron. I take it that no one can exaggerate the service rendered to morality by Tennysonian pictures of Lancelots and Guineveres, whose one sin mars all their worth and loveliness, and turns all their qualities and virtues into means of self-torturing retribution.

I have coupled Mr. Tennyson's name with that of Wordsworth, as one of the powers for good of the present age. I believe, however, that Mr. Tennyson's influence grasps those who become subject to it with far more living might than that of Wordsworth. Not that there is the least need for going into those accusations of Pantheism which it has of late years been the fashion to launch against the elder poet. Nothing can be more alien to the Pantheistic spirit—to the vague indifferentism, the inextricable confusion of right and wrong which it begets—than the strong, almost hard, sense of duty and righteousness which runs through the whole of Wordsworth's life and poetry. Still, there is no doubt that the human element is too much subdued, or rather viewed too coldly, in his poems, to render him of much help to those who are struggling and fainting in the battle of life. You must have toiled some way up to his own mountain peaks before he will stretch out to you a hand of succour and fellowship. Man, in his poetry, is always more or less in the background; he is studied rather as a part of the landscape than in himself. What distinguishes Mr. Tennyson is an intense feeling of personality, coupled with an appreciation of nature no less keen and full than that of his predecessor. We feel in dealing with him that he has fought with the same foes, wrestled with the same doubts, as ourselves, and won his blessing from the conflict; and one grows thus to perceive that,—although dogma in his verse is rather hinted at than set forth,—although he has humbly spoken of himself as

> "But an earthly muse,
> And owning but a little art
> To lull with song an aching heart,
> And render human love his dues"—

yet he is essentially a great Christian poet.

It is of course necessary that a poet's work—especially when so carefully and thoughtfully wrought out as that of Mr. Tennyson — should justify itself, without reference to the performances of other men. Still, the "Idylls of the King" cannot be fully appreciated without a comparison with the sources from which they are, or appear to be, derived, —such as the "Mabinogion" for "Enid," the "Prince Arthur" of Mallory for a large portion of "Elaine" and "Guinevere."[1] How different is the tone of the whole volume from that of those originals! The "stainless king" of the Idylls is by no means stainless in "Prince Arthur;" on the contrary, his overthrow by the means of his nephew Modred is in the elder writer the doom of a fearful sin, since Modred is at once his son and his nephew (Part I. c. xvii.). The Jovian deception (c. ii.) to which his birth is owing, according to the legend of Uther Pendragon, is by Mr. Tennyson skilfully kept out of sight. The story of Elaine in Mallory, touching as it remains after all, is clouded by suspicious analogies with the earlier and much less pleasant tale of *an* Elaine who became, by a deception certainly far less offensive than that of Uther Pendragon, since it involved only the sacrifice of her own honour, the mother of Galahad (Pt. III. c. ii.). The later story in itself is rendered offensive at one of its most pathetic moments by the abrupt proposal of the lady that

[1] I say "appear to be derived," as Mr. Tennyson has no doubt handled the original romances from which Sir Thomas Mallory compiled his work; but the "Prince Arthur," being so far better known, supplies the most obvious standard of comparison.

Lancelot shall take her for his mistress (c. cxxiii.), if he will not for his wife. Compare with this the delicacy of the passage in the Idyll :—

"'No, no,' she cried, 'I care not to be wife,
But to be with you still, to see your face,
To serve you, and to follow you through the world.'
And Lancelot answer'd, 'Nay; the world, the world,
All ear and eye, with such a stupid heart
To interpret ear and eye, and such a tongue
To blare its own interpretation'"—

in which all the possible consequences of the girlish folly of her proposal are so tenderly pointed out as mere hypothetical calumnies. Or see in the "Prince Arthur" (Pt. III. c. cxliv.), how the final surprise which irrevocably compromises Lancelot and the Queen, and so forces on the catastrophe, seizes the pair, if not in the actual flagrancy of sin, yet at least under no extenuating circumstances, and not, as the modern poet has beautifully indicated, to soften the tones of the picture, amidst their last farewells. It is thus only that we learn to feel what a pure heart and fancy have been at work amidst the gross elements of the older legends; how, if Mr. Tennyson has deemed it right to treat a subject painful in itself, he has carefully divested it of all details which were not indispensably necessary to the bringing out of its lessons.

It is indeed a study, curious and interesting in itself, to collate, step by step, Mr. Tennyson's work with those older ones on which it is founded. Take, for instance, the "Geraint ap Erbin" of the Mabinogion, as contrasted with "Enid." This is a beautiful tale in itself, and—whether weeded already by Lady Charlotte Guest's hand or not—free from immoral details. At a cursory glance, the poem seems little more than the prose story versified, with additional developments, so closely does it follow the latter in almost all its details. Arthur's court, held at Whitsuntide, at Caerleon, on the Usk, the forester of Dean with his tale of the tall white stag, the hunting party ordered for the morrow, Guinevere's petition for leave to attend it, her oversleeping herself, her starting with a single attendant, her being overtaken by Geraint with his golden-hilted sword, and purple scarf with the golden apples at the ends, their staying to hear the hounds, the passing of the dwarf, the lady, and the knight, the sending of Guinevere's maiden to the dwarf to ask the name of his master, the very words almost of their conversation, the cut of the dwarf's whip when she turns towards his master, Geraint's own approach, the receipt by him of the like insult, his abstaining from instant revenge, and determination to follow the knight till he find arms to fight him with, all—to confine the study to a few pages only—are in the prose story. "Mere copying! rank plagiarism!" common minds would exclaim, according as they are contemptuous or virulent. Not so, good sirs. No more copying than when an artist paints any ideal subject from actual realities; no more plagiarism than when he takes a living woman's likeness and refines it into a Madonna. Compare the two more closely and deeply, and you will find that all the *soul* of the story is the poet's own; that by a thousand subtly tender touches he has raised the wild Welsh tale into a noble poem. For instance, the Mabinogion tells us that Geraint, when insulted by the dwarf, "put his hand upon the hilt of his sword; but he took counsel with himself, and considered that it would be no vengeance for him to stay the dwarf, *and to be attacked unarmed by the armed knight;* so he returned to where Givenhwyvar was;" thus assigning to his act of self-restraint a purely selfish, and, to say the least, prudential motive. Hear now Mr. Tennyson :—

"His quick instinctive hand
Caught at the hilt, as to abolish him:
But he, *from his exceeding manfulness*

And pure nobility of temperament,
Wroth to be wroth at such a worm,
refrained
From e'en a word, and so returning, said," &c.

So, in the description of the repast at Earl Yniol's, while the prose narrator is content to say that "Geraint sat between the hoary-headed man and his wife, and the maiden served them, and they eat and drank," the poet, after carefully embalming in his verse the quaint "costrel" and "manchet-bread" of the prose, adds that exquisite passage—

"And seeing her so sweet and serviceable,
Geraint had longing in him evermore
To stoop and kiss the tender little thumb
That crossed the trencher as she laid it down," &c.

So again, the passage in the Mabinogion, when Enid is being arrayed for the wedding: "'Let not the damsel array herself,' said he, 'except in her vest and her veil, until she come to the Court of Arthur, to be clad by Givenhwyvar in such garments as she may choose,'—so the maiden did not array herself,"—is the sole germ in the prose story of all that beautiful portion of the poem respecting the faded silk and the costly dress, so full of meaning, and which brings out so exquisitely the character of Enid, and connects so skilfully the two separate phases of her history. In the prose there is no hint whatever that, when suspected by her lord, Enid attires herself in her old bridal dress. It is only stated that, by his command, she "clothed herself in her meanest garments." And thus the poet proceeds, seeing at a glance what materials the story offers meet to be worked up into his cunning verse, but looking far deeper into it than the narrator could look himself, taking hold of it in order to bring out nobler meanings and a higher purpose than the Welshman ever conceived of, and so rejecting with unerring hand whatever details fit not with his purpose, adding, with equally unerring hand, such as serve to clear and point the new meanings which he has to bring out.

What has been said of "Enid," and the "Geraint ap Erbin," of the Mabinogion, applies with even greater force—as may have been inferred already—to so much of Mr. Tennyson's volume as is to be traced to Mallory's Prince Arthur. Enough has been said ere this to show that, in dealing with it, Mr. Tennyson has not only, as with the Mabinogion, wrought the polished metal out of the rough ungainly ore, but has too often had to evolve, as by the subtle chemistry of the living organism, nutriment from poison.

At the risk, however, of seeming hypercritical, I have one fault to find with the morality of the work. It surely is a serious mistake to have represented Arthur free from self-reproach at the last. It *was* partly his fault that Guinevere had sinned,—at least, that she had sinned so long. His forgiveness is too self-righteous (indeed, it is the only specimen of Byronism in the book, recalling, though in a much milder form of course, that insufferable piece of cant, "And my curse is—forgiveness"). He has no right to speak as if Guinevere had not been given into his keeping, and as if he had not failed to keep her safely, by neglecting to understand her feelings and her character. It *is* true that he has sacrificed his wife to his ideal Round Table, and the discovery ought well-nigh to overwhelm him. I do not mean to say that there is any artistic fault in the development of the character and situation as they are presented to us. It is quite consistent with all that is shown of Arthur elsewhere, that he should not feel this self-reproach. It is quite natural that Guinevere should not feel the absence of it. What she has missed seeing in Arthur hitherto is the man beneath the saint; that discovery is what transforms her into a new woman. But, for Mr. Tennyson's own sake, and that of his readers, he ought not to leave any with the impression that this lofty

self-righteous Arthur is *his* ideal of true manliness. The Idyll, as I have observed, is a short one; a page or two additional in some future edition will easily suffice to supply what I have pointed out as wanting for the complete perfection of the picture.

And thus we take leave of this, Mr. Tennyson's greatest work hitherto. His greatest; yet not the one which will exercise the most influence. The "Idylls of the King" can never become such a bosom-friend as the "In Memoriam,"—that golden book, perhaps (take it all in all) the most precious literary fruit of the nineteenth century hitherto, which so many have carped at at first, and learnt to value at last—which none could ever appreciate without prizing it ever more and more. The Idylls have too much wholeness and unity in themselves to admit of being read and re-read by a few pages at a time, culled almost at haphazard, as when we tell off the diamonds and rubies of which that other poem is strung together. Nor will they come home to the hearts of the many like some of Mr. Tennyson's smaller pieces, or even as the wild passion of "Maud," with its keen appreciation of existing social evils.

It is, indeed, doubted by many, whether Mr. Tennyson can ever become a poet of the people. Of course, after "Maud," in particular, no one can doubt his vivid sense of the present. After the "Golden Year," no one can doubt that —let him sing ever so sweetly about chivalry and its Round Tables—he is not one of those wry-necked idealists who are for ever looking backward at some past Eden, and so lose their way and their followers amidst the sloughs and quagmires of the day. But Mr. Tennyson's colouring, it is said by these critics, is too luscious for the dwellers amid grey smoke and fog; his thought is too subtle even for cultivated minds, let alone the rude; his style is too peculiar and refined for the unlettered. There is a measure of truth, no doubt, in the observation, although I have seen, some years back, an audience, mostly of poor women, convulsed with laughter by "Amphion," when read by the Rev. Archer Gurney in the schoolroom of St. Peter's Church, Crown Street, Soho; and have seen also working men of the superior ranks in their order derive real enjoyment from some of Mr. Tennyson's more serious poems, "Maud" more particularly. Yet there is no doubt that for such readers the "Idylls" will have but few attractions. We are no longer in the days when romances of chivalry formed the staple reading of youth; and the acquaintance, even of cultivated minds, with this branch of literature, is probably in general overrated by those persons who take delight in it. To the great mass of readers in the working, and what may be called the quasi-working classes (clerks, assistants, and such like), King Arthur and his Court are personages very far removed from all subjects of ordinary interest. The "fashionable vice," though, alas! far from unknown amongst them, exhibits generally for them few of those softer features which it may assume in tales of knighthood, which form, perhaps, its chief danger among the more leisurely classes. And so it will be only one here and there who will feel how *true* the poem is under its fictitious garb; what noble, practical, human purpose pervades all its airy fancies and quaint conceits. Strange to say, so far as my experience goes, of the four Idylls, it is "Vivien" which seems to take most hold, for the present, of minds of the classes to which I am referring. A prison schoolmaster,—surely no mean authority on such matters,—has remarked to me on the deep "knowledge of human nature" which it evinces.

There is yet room amongst us, surely, for a poet who, in plain but not too archaic Saxon, choosing some subject not too alien from ordinary sympathies, should know how to go straight home to the hearts of the great mass of his countrymen, by broad pictures of human pathos, and clear exhibitions of lofty purpose. Mr. Tennyson has been hitherto, except in a few flashes here and there, rather a teacher of teachers, a poet of poets, than such a writer as I

have described. That he cannot show himself such yet, no one would dare to pronounce, who measures the marvellous growth in power, in depth, in mastery of every sort, over feeling, thought, style, which is evinced by a comparison of the "Lady of Shalott" with the same subject in "Elaine." The relation of the two is, in point of art, like that of a pen-scratch to a furrow; in point of purpose, of the shell to the kernel.

COLLOQUY OF THE ROUND TABLE.

SCENE.—*The Room of the Round Table, lit up: a range of busts of the supreme Dead of various nations along one of the walls, with a mask of Shakespeare from the Stratford Bust in the middle, a little above the level of the rest, and let into the wall over the mantelpiece: on the other walls, engraved portraits of the select Living of our own land. In the middle of the Room is the* ROUND TABLE; *on which are several brown jugs, an array of glasses, and a bunch of long clay pipes, of Glasgow make, tipped delicately with green wax.*

Enter SERIOUS WILLIAM, *who walks up and down, soliloquizing.*

"ANOTHER society formed! How many such has London seen! Back to the days of Chaucer my mind carries me, vaguely perceiving here and there, even in the antique city, as he knew it, groups of men met in the old gabled houses to talk over affairs now uncouth to us! Thence to Queen Bess's golden reign, when Raleigh brought in the weed, and our action was dashed with the pale cast of thought! And so, through visions of successive clubs, more numerous as London widens its limits and its roar becomes more multitudinous—Raleigh's and Shakespeare's *Mermaid*, Ben Jonson's *Apollo*, Dryden's at Will's, Addison's and Pope's at Button's, the great Dr. Samuel's anywhere from Cornhill to Charing Cross—on to our own luxurious days, when clubs, so named, are palaces in Pall Mall, and the true clubs are fragments of these or less visible gatherings! What talk in these meetings of the past, what world after world of things to talk of! Vanished now equally the things and the talk—vanished like the smoke-puffs that were blown by the talkers! The bones of the old clubsmen are in the mould of London churchyards, within view of the windows whence they gazed while living. As little of the total visage and bearing of past humanity as has been saved for us in these few stony busts, so little of all that has been said or done survives in human memory. Still, in each age, as it comes, how fully the transmitted life beats! Still is each moment its own self-sufficient world of contemporary bustle; still in the midst sit the groups of talkers, probing it on all sides, and seeking to reduce it. Why not we, too, in this room, round this table, in our turn? Ye stony representatives of the past, and ye, too, our more familiar countrymen of the present, under your auspices we meet; may our meetings——

[*The clocks are heard striking nine.*

No longer Big Ben! How deep and soft was his tone! London wanted that addition. In the vast flat city how few objects hitherto, natural or artificial, dear to all the inhabitants in common, or telling at once magnetically on the collective nerve! St. Paul's, perhaps, and the Abbey;—but what objects have the Londoners loved so well as to single them out from the rest for the crowning honour of personification? Till now only Old Father Thames and the old Lady of Threadneedle Street! To these we thought we had added Big Ben. How over the miles of streets, out to the

fields and highways in which they end, he threw nocturnally his dome of sound!"

[*Vigorous knocking below: many footsteps on the stair; enter at once other Brethren of the Round Table. They salute* SERIOUS WILLIAM*; throw off hats and outer coats; and, after some minutes, are seated round the Table*—SERIOUS WILLIAM *in the chair under the mask of Shakespeare, the others as they choose, but with several chairs still unoccupied. The Brethren are talking together in twos and threes, when* SERIOUS WILLIAM *rises, and there is a hush to hear him.*

"Brethren of the Round Table—We have agreed to meet here once a month. During the times that intervene between our meetings, we shall all be out in the general world, each on his own responsibility, attending to his own particular business, or following his own particular whims. But from these excursions into the world we return punctually, every thirtieth or thirty-first day, to this our rendezvous. Therefore we call ourselves the ROUND TABLE. Each of us coming here will bring to the rest reports of what adventures worth relating he may have met with in the interval. For adventures there still are—not the same, perhaps, as when first, in the mingled wreck of Briton and Saxon, Heathenism and Christianity, which the withdrawing Roman left in these islands, Arthur drew all the knighthood-errant together. Not the same literally, for then besides the war of man with man, there were giants on our hills, and our woods teemed with enchantments, and there were neighing horrors on the watch at all our river-fords at even-fall, and dragons and demons plumped in our quagmires. All that brood of forms is dead; and in the same museum in which exhumed remains of them may be studied, are to be seen also, equally obsolete, the armour and weapons with which battle was done against them. *Our* Round Table is set up in a very different world. Different the monsters and different the weapons and ways of attack. Yet, in reality, how identical! Whether our excursions hence are to the west or to the east, to the north or to the south, the element will yield us adventures on which we may compare notes when we meet. "Whom have you rescued since our last meeting?" we may say to each other; "What have you been pitching into?" "How often and how vigorously have you pitched into yourself?" And so, from comparing notes, we may learn what mischief is most in season, and may even have hints for our next month's adventures. But our Brotherhood is not one of action only; nor will it be the business of our meetings solely to tell our adventures. The spirit of rectification or knighthood militant is that in which all things are seen as either black or white, or in which the sense is given over mainly to the quest of this vehement contrast. But the colours of things are not only black and white, but red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, with all the shades and combinations that these can give rise to. The spirit which appreciates to the full all this natural variety, and is not perpetually on the search for the black and the white, is the spirit of contemplation or of humour; and this is the spirit of knighthood meditative or of knighthood joyaunt. Our meetings here shall be for speculation as we will, for frolic as it may turn out. We shall talk of all things under the sun, and of as many above it as we can know or dream of. All moods shall be ours; we shall let the fancies flow. Whatever comes into our heads let us speak right out here among ourselves, not mincing it, nor caring which of the accepted confessions it squares with, nor whether it squares with any. And moreover as the knights had their friendly jousts, and unhorsed each other in sport and for exercise, let none of us spare another, and let none of us take amiss the knock, or the tumble from his hobby, which a brother gives. Laws we shall have none; but, where need arises, it will be for me, as your appointed president, to preserve limits. I have said that laws we shall have none; but, ere I sit down, this I must qualify in one particular. All brotherhoods like ours must have the material ministrants of their festivity; the very gods themselves

could not converse heartily except over ambrosia for food and nectar for tipple. Our provision in this respect is modest. Beer and tobacco—these and these only are permitted amongst us.

[Mr. Andrew McTaggart, *one of the brothers, seated nearly opposite the speaker, is visibly moved.*]

There may be abstinence from both or either, and weaker fluids will not be counted; but there is to be no movement upwards in the direction of wine. Ours is to be exclusively a Beer and Tobacco Parliament. Within the limits of the two articles named, however, all the varieties are to be eligible—under the head of Beer, either the black kind, subdivisible into porter and stout; or the amber kind, known as Ale, and subdivisible into the mild, the old, and the bitter; nay, the combination of the black and amber, known as Half-and-Half, will not be forbidden. And so, the Tobacco may be taken either as cigar or as pipe; and, under Pipe, either as meerschaum or as clay, and either as long clay or as cutty. The mind of the Club in these specialities for the present is indicated by the supplies now on the Table.—Gentlemen, I have done."

[*A general movement of satisfaction, amid which most begin to finger the pipes; interrupted at last by* Mr. Andrew McTaggart, *who addresses the chair.*

"I dinna object, Mr. Chairman, to onything you've said; but there's just ae point that, I think, micht be reconsidered in the arrangements you've laid down. What you said about proheebitin' wine, I perfectly agree with. I canna bear to hear folk aye speakin' aboot claret, as if they couldna be jolly under a guinea ilka time, and claret indicated a refined sowl. But I think it wouldna be inconsistent with the general principles which you, Sir, have sae loominously expounded, if we alloo'd, at our meetins, to them thet likit it, a little het water and speerits—say, whuskey-toddy.

All. Oh! oh! oh!

Mr. Mc Taggart. There are various grounds on which I micht argue the point; but I will stet only twa o' them. First, historically and cheemically I think there is a naatural mutual adaptation between Tobacca and Alcohol. On the cheemical pairt o' the adaptation I wunna insist; for that is a maitter o' personal taste and pheesiological experience. But the historical connexion o' the twa substances—in whilk also the cheemical congruity is involved to ony comprehensive mind—can be made verra clear. Folk are awfu' fond noo-a-days o' dividin' the past existence o' the warld into stages—three or four or five, but generally three—just as if the warld had been made on the principle o' a pocket-telescope, to be pulled oot into slides. Without committin' mysel' to this, I think it canna be denied that, for a lang lang time after wine and ale were baith weel kent, the feck o' the warld got on without tobacca. There was, in short, a Pre-Tobacca period in human history; and to that period wine and ale baith belang. A' the while, however, or a bit o' the while, the red deevils o' Aztecs in America were puffin' awa' comfortable ower the weed, sittin by themsels and saying naething to naebody. Weel, America was discovered; tobacca was brocht over; and it ran roon' our cheek o' the planet, as fast as pipes could be lichtit. Noo, was it not aboot this verra time—I wunna be preceese—that folk fand out the essence o' wine and ale and a' the auld drinks, and began to distil a' kinds o' stuff, no for perfumes (whilk they had been doin' for mony a day) but for strong waters for the mouth; whereof the best is Scotch whuskey? When Nature pops up twa things at ance to the surface, or the mind o' man casts up twa inventions on the same wave, depend upon it, there is a relation between them. Things contemporawneous are things consentawneous. Sae what can be clearer than that tobacca and whuskey were meant to gang thegither—the ane to correc' and qualify the ither?

Mr. Loftus Smart (raising his eye-glass and surveying McTaggart with disgust). There is an admirable largeness in your reasoning, Sir. What do you say, on your principle, to the claims of coffee?

Mr. McTaggart (*looking at Mr. Smart for a little, and then indulging in a low whistle as the result of his inspection*). I'm no speakin' about coffee, man.—And noo, gentlemen, for my second argument. I'm sure you dinna mean to negleck the Scottish element in your meetins, or to show ony disrespeck to it. It's that French chiel, Comte, I think, —about whom they're makin' sic a claver here, after he's dead, puir fallow, when they nicht hae kent a' about him twal' years ago, and gotten through him and been dune wi' him,—it's that French chiel, Comte, that has a speculation about a gran' Western Positive Committee of Representatives o' different nations, that are to sit in Paris, and superintend a' the common affairs o' Europe, and gee-up or check the different civilizations, sax or aucht at a time, as Ducrow did his horses. It was to be a Pentarchy, at first, that was to be represented, and the deputies were to be ane and twenty—sax frae France, as the best at everything; five frae Great Britain, for its practical sagacity; four frae Germany, on account o' its wunnerfu' power o' abstraction; three frae Italy, on account o' its admirable æsthetic spontaneity; and three frae Spain, as the nation maist remarkable for its sense o' personal dignity combined wi' its catholicity o' sentiment—

Mr. Loftus Smart (*uneasily*). What, on earth, is he driving at?

Mr. McTaggart. I'm drivin' at the whuskey-toddy.—Noo, wharever Great Britain acts or sits—whether in Positive Western Committees or onywhere else —I'm sure you wunna deny that scope ought to be given to the Scottish element in her composition. What ought to be the numerical value assigned to Scotland oot o' ony number representin' Great Britain in the aggregate, I wunna tak upon me to say. I may hae my ain opinions on that subject. But you'll surely alloo something. And so, as you are to hae the Scottish element represented personally in these meetins, it wad be but common respeck to the northern pairt o' the island to hae upon your table a little o' the beverage that comes maist kindly to its natives, and that has been identified for a hunner' years at the least wi' a' her social proceedins and a' her leeterature.

Mr. Bidder. Identified too much, I fear, Mr. McTaggart? Do you know the statistics of whiskey-drinking in Scotland? Would it not be better if the English taste for beer were to spread northward? Would not the mere difference of beverage be a national gain for you?

Mr. McTaggart. Haud there, haud there, Mr. Bidder. I ken a' that; I ken a' that. O, man, it's ae thing to bleeze awa' in words on a subjeck afore folk, and anither to think on it, and think on it, a' by yoursel'. Sometimes, sittin', wi' my pipe in my mouth, and my tumbler afore me, lookin' into the fire, I think wi' mysel' what a cleaner and clearer warld it wad be, if Alcohol and a' its kin, ay, and Tobacca too, were banished oot o't; and I wonder whether a time will ever come when Society will hae strength o' mind, considerin' the ill they hae dune, and the perfect possibility o' gettin' on without them, to vote their extinction a'thegether, and pile up somewhere, for future generations to gape at, a Ben Nevis o' broken bottles mixed wi' pipe-stalks. For Scotland, in parteecular, I am sometimes sae wae that, wi' a' the clashes about Leeberty, I'm no sure but, if the haill country could be putten under a Maine Law for therty years good by ony kind o' force whatever, I shud hae sma' pity for the dacent drinkers deprived o' their moderate allooance. What a veesion o' the country at the end o' the therty years—a' the artisans strollin' aboot in the evening wi' their families in clean blue coats wi' brass buttons, the verra taste o' whuskey oot o' their recollection, and the cravin' for't oot o' their mouths, and ilka ane o' them wi' siller in the savins' bank, and plenty o' books in his parlour! Maybe, they wad just gae back again; wha kens? But, Mr. Chairman, supposin' that I was to send in an anker o' whuskey to the club at my ain expense, wad there be ony

objection to a little o't appearin' regularly on the table at our meetins, for the purpose o' toddy to them that might prefer it?

Serious William. Mr. McTaggart, it cannot be. These pipes which we are smoking are of Glasgow make; let that suffice as recognition of the Scottish element.

Mr. McTaggart. Weel, weel; I'll say nae mair aboot it. Rax me ower the jug wi' the strongest ale, will you?

[*The* McTaggart *relapses into silence, and the conversation becomes more general. Some considerable time passes, during which the glasses form acquaintance with the jugs, puffs ascend here and there from the smokers of the party, and there is scattered talk on various private subjects.*]

Serious William. So the Peace of Villafranca is now ratified — converted into the Treaty of Zurich.

Mr. Loftus Smart. May we consider the Italian question as shelved?

Mr. Ernest Newlight (*a keen, eager-looking young man, with fair hair, and a delicate complexion, which flushes hectically as he speaks*). No; happen what may for the present, the Italian question will yet be a European one. I prophesy that Europe will yet have another great war of religion, arising out of the question of the Papacy and its relations. Its first form will probably be a determination of the Catholic powers to maintain the theory, so preposterously advanced in 1849, even by liberal French politicians like Thiers and De Tocqueville, that Central Italy must always remain an exceptional part of the earth, without rights of its own, in order to afford geographical root and financial nutriment to that great tree of the Spiritual Papacy, whose branches overshadow the nations.

Mr. McTaggart. Come! come! If we tak' to prophesyin', we had better send for Dr. Cummin' at ance, and get the raal article. I declare I'm tired o' hearin' o' naething but aboot Italy. I wish that our political illuminawtors, instead o' flashin' their lanterns through lenses up and down that lang peninsula o' the Mediterrawnean, wad just turn their lichts doon a bit on things nearer hame. There's the strikes, noo! That question is just like a great strong beast rushin' on: folk are grippin' at it, and tumblin' ower't wi' tryin' to grip it, and ruggin' oot nievefu's o' hair frae its hide, and cryin' oot, "I've catcht it, I've stoppit it;" but de'il a bit is the beast catcht or stoppit for a' that, and naebody has onything left in his haund fer his trouble but a sma' nievefu' o' hair.

Mr. Bidder. The fiercest onslaught yet on strikes and their abettors that I have seen is the article in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Serious William. What is its tenor?

Mr. Bidder. It is entitled "Secret Organization of Trades," and its main notion is that, just as some foreign countries are pervaded by secret political conspiracies, so is British society at this day mined and honeycombed underneath by a secret organization of the working classes against their employers and the public. There are, at present, says the writer, 2,000 Trades' Unions in Britain, counting 600,000 members, and therefore commanding the sympathies and the actions of at least 2½ millions of the population. Strikes, he says, are but the occasional and local outbursts of this huge subterranean conspiracy — "this Socialistic Despotism," as he calls it, "enthroned in Trades' Union public-houses;" and the recent strike of the seven London Building Trades will do good if it calls attention to the whole subject of Trades' Unions and their results.

Serious William. What immediate remedies are suggested?

Mr. Bidder. Changes in the law, to enable it more surely and swiftly to punish intimidation and persecution of Non-unionists and conspiracy against masters; and, in addition, a Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry.

Mr. Ernest Newlight. So far good perhaps; but I cannot think that an article, written with such an *animus*, and ending in nothing more, contains all the philosophy of the subject. In the

first place, if there are 600,000 men associated at this moment in Trades' Unions, I think we may make up our minds that Trades' Unions are a "great fact"—that they cannot be put down, but must go on and take us with them. But may there not be more in these associations and the tendency to them than that mere exploded doctrine of Protection, that confused-headedness on economic points, which is all that some see? The ideal state of industrial society with the opponents of Trades' Unions would seem to be one framed on a system of universal bargaining between individual and individual — a system of universal piece-work—every man for himself, to work as much and earn as much as he can, and the Devil to take the hindmost. This is an intelligible system; perhaps it may be economically the best.

Mr. McTaggart. O ay! The warld's a tract o' land containin' a leemited quantity o' hares. A lot o' dogs o' different capacities have been lat loose upon't; the strong dogs, the swift dogs, and the cunnin' dogs catch the hares and grow fat, and their breeds are perpetuated; the ithers dee out. That's the way that nature has for perpetually improvin' hersel'—savin' the best o' ilka ane o' her generations, to be the beginnin' o' a new ane. A' gaes on by the force o' a theo-diabolic evolution that has been makin' things and crunchin' them up aye since afore the stars; and happiness is but a human conception flung in at *our* bit o' the process and no likely to stick. Dinna glower at me, Mr. Newlicht; I'm no sure that I'm serious.

Mr. Ernest Newlight. Our workingmen, it seems, won't have that law. Trades' Unions mean that they won't have it. What are they but a repudiation of the principle of "each one for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost?" There *is* a danger that in such associations the terms should be calculated for the low level of the mass of inferior workmen, to the injury of the superior ones, and so to the dulling down of the general mettle and spirit of men. But this allowed for, is there not something humanly fine in the sentiment which leads to the association? Can it be mere fear and tyranny, mere public-house oratory and plotting, that maintains the Trades' Unions? May there not be more in them? May it not be their purification and development, and not their destruction, that we ought to desire?

Mr. Loftus Smart. Interrogation is a convenient figure of speech, when one is in a cloud, and wants to suggest light beyond.

Mr. McTaggart. It's a gran' mood, the mood interrogative, man. Dinna malign't. It's God's gift to the strugglin' speerit; and, besides, it doesna commit you ower muckle. But, what noise is that?

[*A noise on the stairs, up which come, first, a sort of tol-de-rol chorus, secondly a heavy body. Enter, to the wonder and joy of the company, a sun-burnt jolly-looking party, in a suit of heather mixture, shooting boots, and travelling cap.*]

Serious William. Well, this *is* luck! What wind blows *you* here, Sir John? When our proud young porter left the summons at your chambers, the answer was, "Shooting in Norfolk."

Sir John. So I am in spirit, and hope to be, in the flesh, to-morrow. I came up on business to-day, and found that precious summons of yours; so here I am for the nonce. What's it all about?

Serious William. You read the summons? Will you be a brother good and true of the Round Table?

Sir John. Hang your Round Table! I'll come here once a month, if that's it, and drink beer and talk nonsense with the roundest of you.

[*A pause, during which* Sir John *shakes hands and chats with his friends all round, and he and* McTaggart, *who meet now for the first time, are mutually introduced.*]

Sir John. Well, but, I say, about this Round Table of yours! Can't a set of fellows meet and chaff each other without all this humbugging borrowed machinery of brotherhood, the *Noctes Atticæ*, and such like stuff? Besides,

why 'Round Table' of all things in the world? You know the song telling what came of the Round Table which Sir Simon the King set up, in imitation of Arthur and Merlin, captivated with the form of the thing (as I fear our friend Serious William is), without considering, tippling old fool as he was, what sort of substitutes he had for Arthur's knights to place round the mahogany?

Several Brethren. Who was Sir Simon?

Sir John. Not know Simon, son of Cole, patron of fiddlers? Here he is.

Sir John sings.

Old Sir Simon the King
Was son to Old King Cole:
He kept his Court in merry Cockaigne,
At the sign of the Good Brown Bowl.

A great round table had Simon,
And it stood within his hall;
There fed knight and peer, and lout to jeer,
And churl to quarrel withal.

There was good Lord Chancellor Lovel,
And a comely man was he,
With a beard as broad as a shovel,
And a voice as loud as three.

There was stout Sir Wilibert Wagstaff,
Who could handle the sword and bow;
When he set to work he could cleave a Turk
In twain at a single blow.

There was choleric Bishop Brosier,
Of Barleymow Abbey the chief;
Who banged his monks with a crozier,
And pelted beggars with beef.

There was fat Sir Gorboduc Griskin,
Who would eat and call for more;
He swore with grief that a baron of beef
Was woundy short commons for four.

There was lean Sir Penury Pinchbeck,
Whose gold was his vital breath;
His steeds were choked with their litter-straw,
And his cooks were starved to death.

Sir Pen was devoured by his own house rats,
Who could find no food beside:
The Chancellor took a young wife and shaved,
And so caught cold and died.

Sir Wilibert went to the Holy Land,
But the Turks all took to flight;
So he smote his own head off in a rage
When he found no foe to fight.

Sir Gorboduc died of a peacock-pie,
Having eaten capons three;
And the good lord Bishop buried them all
With a *benedicite*.

When poor Sir Simon heard of the fate
Of the Knights of his Table Round,
He took to his bed and drank himself dead,
And there his body was found.

Gentlemen, here are six caps. Do they fit?

Mr. McTaggart (to himself). He's a dacent Englishman that; and a gey strauchtforward man to be a Baronet: I like him. I maun keep up the ba' wi' him noo and than. He'll be frae the Berkshire downs, I think.

[*There ensues another considerable pause, during which the smoking goes on and there is much miscellaneous talk—the Baronet and McTaggart visibly fraternising.*]

Mr. Loftus Smart. Anything new in the Book-World?

Mr. Bidder. The publishing season has hardly begun yet; and there is no use in going back to the books that everybody has been talking about during the autumn—some capital ones among them, besides the *Idylls*. The new publications in Great Britain for the fortnight ending October 14, are exactly 161 in number—mostly theological, scholastic, medical and technical books, with but few of poetry, history, or philosophy among them. The same rate holding over the whole year would give us 4,196 new publications every year. I believe the correct number is about 5,000 a year of all kinds—somewhat different from the rate two hundred years ago, when

the annual number registered was between 150 and 300, and a reader had some chance of keeping abreast of the tide.

Sir John. Science has had its turn with shooting in the vacation. This year's meeting of the British Association so near Balmoral, and with the Prince present, seems to have been a hit. Some of our intellectual folks have been as far north as Caithness and the Orkneys, tasting Magnus Troil's hospitality, and having interviews with Norna of the Fitful Head; and I hear Aberdeen had a week of extraordinary bustle. Do you know Aberdeen, Mr. McTaggart?

Mr. McTaggart. I dinna belang till't; but I've been in't twa or three times. It's a splendid town—a' biggit o' grey granite; and that's the hardest stane there is in the warld, except it may be basalt or diamond. If you saw Union Street in Aberdeen in a moonlicht nicht, stretchin' oot sae lang and clear—the houses on baith sides glimmerin' wi' a ghaistly kind o' frostit silver look, because o' the particles o' mica in the granite, and the double row o' gas lamps risin' and fa'in' in a gentle curve for three-quarters o' a mile—you wad say that there was na sic a gran' street in a' Great Britain. And the natives o' the town correspond. Man, you'll see't written down in a' the phrenological books that the Aberdeen folk have the biggest heads in a' the warld. The hatters have to mak' hats for Aberdeen on special purpose, three or four sizes beyond what is required for ony ither place in Britain. I wad just like to see a cargo o' auld hats frae Aberdeen brocht up to London and clappit on the heads o' the Cockneys. You wad see the craturs rinnin' aboot wud in Cheapside, drooned to their verra shouthers wi' black cylinders, lookin' mair like bits o' auld funnels o' steamers than ony mortal hats you ever saw. To be sure, I've been tauld by ae phrenologist that, though the Aberdeen heads were certainly verra big, they were unfortunately big the wrang way. But he wasna an Aberdeen man; and that, you ken, maks an unco difference. It was a great shame o' Walter Scott no to lay the scene o' ane o' his novels in Aberdeen. It's an awfu' thing, the jealousy o' the Edinburgh folk.

Serious William. Well, but about the Association. Mr. Bidder, tell us something of the proceedings.

Mr. Bidder. Besides the Presidential addresses, there were 78 papers or communications in the section of Mathematical and Physical Science, 49 in that of Chemistry, 52 in that of Geology, 53 in that of Zoology and Botany, 26 in the subsection of Physiology proper, 36 in the section of Geography and Ethnology, 23 in that of Economic Science and Statistics, and 35 in that of Practical Mechanics.

Mr. McTaggart. Thank ye, Mr. Bidder. I daursay some inference is to be drawn from the numbers and proportions you've gien us; but I canna say that I'm clear what it is. Oot o' sic a quantity o' first-rate cerebration there maun surely hae come a lot o' novelties increasin' man's insicht into nature and strengthenin' his sma grip o' her, the jaud!

Mr. Bidder. I must refer you for that to our friend, Mr. Ernest Newlight, here: he takes note of these things.

Mr. Loftus Smart. Yes; Newlight loves Aurora; Newlight worships the Dawn.

Mr. Ernest Newlight. I do, gentlemen. Nothing is to me more hateful than that Finality mood, that paltry Whiggism of our intellectual world, which clings screaming to the post of the present, refusing to be torn away from it, all the while recognising or pretending to recognise that the whole past progress of humanity has been achieved precisely by a series of reluctant advances from post to post. I see it in the world of politics. I see it in the world of physical science, too; but it is because, if not in all departments, at least in some, men of science *are* open-minded and alert, and because chiefly through the imagined development of the physical sciences I can have visions of a soul-astounding Finality-confounding future, that I take interest in scientific

proceedings and catch at all hints of new inventions, discoveries, and speculations. Man's grip of nature small! Nay, rather, has not man already so conquered what of Nature is nearest to him, so clamped the small earth round with iron and meshed her with telegraphs, that, if his physical dominion is to advance much farther, more than the Earth must be furnished him for the exercise of his art, and there must be some leap some day of Man and Earth together into a sense and a power of interplanetary relations? Yes, I do love Aurora! Yes, I do worship the Dawn!

Mr. Loftus Smart. Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle! the cow jumped over the moon.

Mr. McTaggart. Ay, and the little dog laucht, sir. Gie's your haund, Mr. Newlicht. I daursay you're generally wrang; but you're a trump.

[*Mr. Newlight, on being farther pressed, gives an account of some of the more memorable proceedings of the British Association meeting, glancing also at the recent meeting of the Social Science Congress. We have full notes of what he said; but, as the matter is very abstruse in parts, and also rather bulky, we suppress them.*

Sir John. I am sure, gentlemen, we are all much obliged to Mr. Newlight for his exposition of these matters; but I wonder that he has omitted one thing, of which I chanced to hear, and which interested me, as a plain unscientific fellow, more than all the rest. There was a paper read in the Chemical section of the Association, I am told, on the modes of rendering fibrous substances non-inflammable; and in the conversation that ensued, the Master of the Mint stated that the investigation of the subject had been at first set about at the wish of her Majesty, who, taking much to heart the frequent accidents to ladies caused by their light dresses taking fire, had some time ago sent her commands [I believe, to himself] that the best means of prevention should be considered and reported on.

Mr. McTaggart. That was raal thochtfu' o' the Queen, noo. It was a sma' act in itsel'; but it was a queenly ane. Some sovereigns that I ken o' are no sae carefu' about settin' fire to their subjects. Gentlemen, in connexion wi' this, and without prejudicin' our richt to fin' faut wi' her Majesty's government, past, present, or future, I propose three cheers for the Queen.

[*The three cheers are given by all in grand style; but McTaggart, not satisfied, calls for another, to be given by Sir John and himself, and challenges the Baronet to the trial which shall give it loudest. The Baronet executes a true English cheer, which would have made French or Russians quake; and McTaggart somewhat unfairly defeats him by accompanying* his *cheer with the wildest fantasies of gesticulation, and prolonging the latter part of it into a most unearthly yell.*

Mr. McTaggart (*looking into the jug and finding it empty*). It's gettin' late, lads; I think we maun go.

[*Coats and hats are resumed; the room is deserted; and the brethren, descending the stairs, stand under the lamp outside the street-door, as the clocks are striking twelve.*

Mr. McTaggart. Gude nicht to ye, gentlemen. [*He stalks off by himself in one direction, and the others walk more slowly in the other.*]

Mr. Bidder. I say, did you observe McTaggart's bow as he took leave of us? I never saw anything like it. There was a stiff flexion forwards of the tall bony body, accompanied with a flourish backwards of the right leg, the whole ending in a kind of pirouette on the left foot, which turned his back to us in a manner singularly expressive of contempt.

Mr. Loftus Smart. He certainly is a queer specimen. Where did you pick him up, William? Where does he hang out?

Serious William. No one has ever been able to find that out. He keeps himself close in that respect; but I meet him in various places about.

Mr. Loftus Smart. Ah! lives in a garret somewhere, I dare say, with copies of John Knox, Burns, and Sir William Hamilton beside him, and a barrel of oatmeal in the corner. Does his own cooking I should think?

Serious William. I don't know. Some say he is wealthy.

[*The footsteps die away in the distance.*

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1859.

THE RIFLE CORPS MOVEMENT AND NATIONAL DEFENCES.

BY P. E. DOVE.

WHATEVER may be the form and aspect of the approaching European turmoil, one imperative duty, paramount to all others, lies on the great free nation that holds its home of liberty in the presence of the world—the duty of rendering herself *impregnable*. It is not enough that we should be able to cope with this nation or with that; not enough that we should seek a modified security; not enough that we should trust to alliances, to interests of other men, to probabilities, cross purposes, diplomacy, to false hopes which, if the storm is really coming, would be shivered like reeds. If wise, we must do as our fathers did before us. We must look the danger plainly in the face, and, under God, resolve to meet it. Like our Channel fleet in the great storm which engulphed the *Royal Charter*, we must wear ship and face the hurricane. We have run before it long enough for all safe purposes. We have manœuvred our best to keep good friends, and to let all go fair and easy; but the pace begins to tell. This running with the storm might end in something exceedingly like the renunciation of our old character. Ourselves might lose ourselves for lack of heart; and, if once the heart of the nation were to begin to fail, farewell to England's glories! farewell to freedom! Let Britain then mete out her liberties by the yard, and hide her head under a bushel, and chaffer in the market-place for leave to go or stay. Let her learn to speak what may not offend, to write what may not be dangerous, to print what may not be inconvenient, to mince her words and curb her tongue, and put a bridle on her neck, and, like Mr. Rarey's pupils, have a drum beaten on her back without wincing,—an accomplishment which would be as good for us as for them, if we like them were made to be mastered. Has it come to that? Have these long centuries of hardy toil—of our mid-helmed course of holding into the teeth of the hurricane when it blew its hardest—of reaching its very eye, and then once more plunging through it—have they all ended in critical speculations and demure shakes of the head as to whether we are safe?

It is, we say, not the thing at all to discuss whether we are safe; for that question should rather come to us in the form of our wives and children, our fathers and our mothers, our sisters, and all whom we love. If we are not safe it matters little what we are. If not safe we are unworthy—unworthy our name, our lineage, our heritage, our home. If not safe with four or five millions of able-bodied men planted down in an ocean castle, with a salt-water ditch around us, deep enough to drown all the men who ever lived, and twenty miles broad at its narrowest; with a coast-line made as it were on

purpose for defence; with the strongest navy, and the best seamen in the world; with guns that can throw a shot five miles, and with innumerable hedge-rows, copses, woods, parks, and palings, dotted and spotted all over the country; with Birmingham and Enfield to turn out the best weapons that ever were placed in the hands of a soldier; with as many yachtsmen as would man a squadron, and as many fox-hunters as would ride down a whole brigade; with the soundest and the fastest horses anywhere to be seen in Europe; with telegraph and rail ramifying, like nerve and blood-vessel, to every extremity; and last, not least, with a free people, every one of whom already has to fight his own battle after his own fashion, and is not licked into submission by officialism—with free *men*—men who know what manhood is, and learn to do right because it is right;—if not safe, with these at our command, it would be difficult to understand what more could be added. Somebody to take care of us, perhaps!

Yet military men tell us we are not safe, and, of course, we are not going to impugn a professional judgment. The fact is, that the long period of peace and the development of other pursuits than those of war, had led this country into the hope—and with the hope into the belief—that war was about to withdraw to the frontier of civilization, and that the great European Powers would come to understand each other sufficiently to carry on their national business without falling foul of each other, and appealing to wager of battle. For a long period it was so. Navarino, the siege of Antwerp, a little revolutionary gunpowder burnt in Paris, a few scrambling fights in Spain, and here and there some isolated conflict of very minor note, were all that reminded us of war, until Louis-Philippe mismanaged the Parisians, and once more set the firebrand in motion. Had he remained on the throne, there seemed a reasonable prospect that the commercial spirit would have got the upper hand, and that France would have learnt the ways of peace and industry. Things were otherwise ordered, however. The French would try another throw, and at last they caught a Tartar. Not only France, however,—Europe has caught a Tartar. What the nature of this inscrutable Emperor may be we profess not to inquire—at least on this occasion. For aught we know, Louis Napoleon may be a first-rate emperor, and a fast and firm friend of Great Britain. For his own sake, and that of the French people, we should hope he is. But emperors that have very large armies are apparently compelled to use them. The Algerian war did well enough in Louis-Philippe's time, and drew off many of the bad humours of France—to the extent most likely of ten thousand men annually. But the Algerian war did not survive the capture of Abdel Kader. It lost its romance with the fall of the emir. France must have something new; and there can be no doubt of the fact, that whatever small modicum of good-will may have been generated towards Great Britain in Louis-Philippe's time, has long since evaporated. Indeed the animosity never has died away. A few traders who have gone to Paris or Lyons to purchase goods, or a few capitalists who have interest in the state of the French funds, or a few railway promoters who have diverted British capital into French enterprises, have been ready enough to assure the uninitiated—and perhaps themselves were convinced, coming in contact only with those whose object was to make things pleasant—that the commercial party in France had fairly come to the surface, and that there never could be another war, because the commercial interests stood in the way. So long as the Emperor can raise money to pay the army, he is not likely to trouble himself with considerations of that kind; and so long as he can ask a loan of twenty millions and receive the offer of eighty or a hundred millions, he is not likely to trouble himself as to how the army is to be paid. The commercial dilemma from which so much was augured, has failed. Another equally specious argument falls to pieces quite

as easily. It has been maintained that we have all grown so wise by experience, that war cannot again be tolerated between the pioneers of civilization. Very possibly; but unfortunately the men who had become wise by experience are nearly all dead, and the world is as new as ever to a new generation. The long period of peace raised a new generation, and consequently a race of inexperienced men, who have their name and fame to make, and strongly desire to make it. Even if it were made at our expense we apprehend that there would be no insuperable objection on the part of the French army. Besides, we have a large army in India—perhaps more than we can prudently spare; and China requires to be chastised; and our new Colony in the Pacific requires to put on a respectable show of force; and Spain is going to war with Morocco, which naturally brings visitors to look at our Rock of Gibraltar; and Italy is certain to catch fire sooner or later; and on the whole—Great Britain ought to be made impregnable.

Military men, however, tell us that we are not safe, and that we could not concentrate more than from 25,000 to 30,000 men on any given part of the coast or kingdom, if ever we should require to do so. These, they say, could not be expected to encounter 100,000 men suddenly marched across the Channel—steam having made a sort of pontoon across our salt-water ditch. That depends very much on the sort of weather they had for crossing. If it blew a breeze of wind, perhaps the numbers might not be so formidable; but in fine summer weather 100,000 men landed on the coast, anywhere, with odd detachments to divert attention, might give considerable trouble before they were properly provided for; and, granting that the military estimate is correct, the nation is reasonably called upon to supplement whatever may be wanting. Nor does it do to wait until the trump of war electrifies us all into patriotic fervour. What is wanted is not merely an army ready to cope, with tolerable chance of success, with an invading army, nor the possibility of pouring down an equal number of volunteer auxiliaries gathered out of the population, but such a general armament of the British people as should enable a skilful general to sweep a hostile invasion bodily into the sea. If, for instance, 100,000 men were to find their way once more to Pevensey, the men of England ought not to be content unless they can in twenty-four hours place 200,000 men before them, with as many more ready in reserve to take their place if such should be required. This is the rough theory of the matter—that the organization of armaments, now that it has been begun, should not stop until it has attained a point that would make the invasion of this country an utter and absolute folly, ending inevitably in the demolition of the invader.

Let any British-born man picture to himself what would be his feelings on every after day of his dishonoured life, *if*, by any mischance, a successful invasion should happen to be possible. If young, would he ever dare to ask a British maiden to plight her troth to him without fearing that, in scorn, she would brand him as recreant and craven; if wedded, would he not fear that the wife he had sworn to protect would trample under foot the golden circlet of their union; if father, would he ever dare to point to the field of battle, and to tell his sons that there he had seen the glories of centuries go out for ever,—without fearing that they would curse him to his face, and wish that he were in the grave? Would any British man ever look frankly on his neighbour again, or shake hands with his friend?—would he ever go abroad and converse with foreigners?—would not the nation have to tear from its colours the names of the old battles Talavera, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Toulouse, Waterloo? Should we not have to cover the tomb of Nelson with sackcloth, or bury it in the ashes of the profaned cathedral? Could the story ever be told that the great free nation was reigned over by our Lady Queen, and that four millions of grown men could not protect her realm?—could we survive as

beaten hounds, and sneak through the remaining days of our polluted life, in humble obedience and fear? God forbid! Far better that one and all of us, old and young, boy and man, sire and son, should take the example set us by our gallant admiral—"wear ship and face the hurricane." The subjugation of this country would be so fearful a calamity that few men born on British soil ought to survive it.

And such we presume to be the feeling of our countrymen. They do not intend to be successfully invaded. They have already commenced, and to a large and notable extent have carried out, a wise system of volunteer armament—a movement every day growing wider and wider, every day commending itself more to the judgment of the community, every day assuming a figure and proportion that assure the world that the men who have fought the battle of trade, of navigation, of engineering, of Arctic research, of distant colonization, and a hundred other things that make the Anglo-Saxon the notable worker of the world, are not the men to allow their soil to be invaded without rendering a good account of the sons of Belial who might dare to trouble their island home.

But even yet the volunteer movement has done little more than enrol the younger and more ardent portion of the community—those who most readily grasped at a novelty and a uniform. Wonderful progress, however, has been made in the few short months that have elapsed since the project was started, as the following list of places where corps have been established will abundantly testify. The list may possibly be extended ere these pages are before the reader. We do not present it as a complete list, but as exhibiting the universal acceptance with which the movement has been greeted from end to end of the Island. The proposal to establish rifle corps met a great national want, and it has been responded to with an alacrity that does infinite credit to the rifle yeomen, who represent the old archers of England armed with a new weapon. Corps, then, have been established at :—

Aberdeen ; Accrington ; Aylesham ; Auckland (New Zealand).
Bath ; Berwick ; Blackburn ; Bradford ; Bridport ; Burton ; Bungay ; Brierly Hill ; Bromfield ; Brentwood ; Bromley ; Birmingham ; Blackheath ; Burnham ; Bristol ; Brixton ; Bridgewater ; Bermondsey ; Bewdley ; Burslem.
Cambridge ; Clapham ; Chelmsford ; Coventry ; Colchester ; Cinque Ports ; Canterbury ; Charlestown ; Chorley ; Chippenham.
Deal ; Dover ; Devonport ; Dunbar ; Dunoon ; Devizes ; Dundee ; Doncaster ; Dunse.
Edinburgh ; Exeter ; East Lothian.
Faversham ; Falmouth ; Folkestone.
Gateshead ; Glasgow ; Gravesend ; Gloucester ; Greenwich ; Greenock.
Harrow ; Helstone ; Hull ; Henley ; Hornsey ; Halifax ; Huddersfield ; Handsworth ; Highgate ; Hythe ; Hamilton ; Hanley.
Ipswich ; Jedburgh.
Kensington ; King's Lynn ; Kidderminster.
London ; Lincoln ; Liverpool ; Leeds ; Lancaster ; Leicester ; Longton ; Louth ; Loughton ; Long Sutton ; Leith ; Loddon ; Launceston ; Lymington.
Marylebone ; Malvern ; Margate ; Mansfield ; Marlow ; Maidstone ; South Middlesex ; Manchester ; Macclesfield.
Norwich ; Newport ; Nottingham ; Newcastle-on-Tyne ; Newcastle-under-Lyme.
Oxford ; Oxford University.
Penzance ; Plymouth ; Portsmouth ; Preston ; Perth ; Paisley ; St. Pancras ; Poole ; Pimlico ; Padstow.
Ramsgate ; Redruth ; Rochester ; Retford ; Richmond ; Reading ; Ragley ; Rye.
Salisbury ; Sheffield ; Skipton ; Stourbridge ; Stowmarket ; Sherborne ; Sheerness ; Spalding ; Sydenham ; Sudbury ; Sandwich ; Swansea ; Stirling ; Stockton-on-Tees.
Tain ; Tenbury ; Taunton ; Towcester ;

Tynemouth ; Truro ; Tunbridge ; Tunbridge Wells.
Windsor; Winchester ; Wisbeach ; Wolverhampton ; Woolwich ; Whittlesea ; Weald of Kent ; Weston-super-Mare ; Witham ; Warrington ; Wellington ; Woodbridge ; Warwick ; Wolverley ; Wells-next-the-Sea ; Wrexham ; Westminster.
Yarmouth ; York.

To attempt anything like a correct estimate of the number of volunteers enrolled in the above places would be premature ; inasmuch as some have had the start of others, and moderately sized towns act more readily, and with more unanimity, than the larger cities. Thus Leith, with 35,000 inhabitants, has raised more men than Manchester with 350,000 ; but that is a mere question of time. Leith, we believe, has reached the highest proportion hitherto obtained in relation to the whole population ; namely, one per cent., or one volunteer out of every hundred of the inhabitants. That per-centage could be raised without the slightest inconvenience ; and, if it were general, it would give for England and Scotland 200,000 volunteers. Supposing, however, that one volunteer were obtained for every ten families, there might be on foot 400,000 armed men throughout the kingdom ; and if these men were properly trained *to shoot*, which is the essential part of the business, they would make short work of the largest army that could be conveyed in ships and landed upon the shore. Thorough military drill is, of course, of the highest importance in troops intended for attack,—in aggressive troops ; —but good shooting is the grand accomplishment for defensive troops ;—to be able to bring down any man that can be clearly seen within range. The cotton bags of New Orleans have left a tradition upon that score, which shows what good shooting can do, and how easily soldiers may be made to drop by undrilled riflemen who thoroughly understand the use of their weapon and can look steadily along the sights. No effort should be spared to teach the volunteers to shoot ; and for that purpose rifle-grounds and galleries are— next to the men and the arms—the items of most real importance. The drill, uniform, and amateur soldiering,— the "tricks and toggery,"—are excellent in their way ; but nothing can compensate for good shooting, which is the *sine quâ non*, and prime accomplishment, of the rifle volunteer. A wooden-legged man, who could shoot in first-rate style, would do more real damage to the enemy—as a defensive soldier— than half-a-dozen of the stoutest and most active of the volunteers if they neglect that essential part of their education. Masses of troops may be broken, and when once broken are apt to consider themselves defeated ; but the rifleman, whose main idea is to shoot well, is never defeated unless hit or taken prisoner. He may not be able to charge in line, or to storm a battery ; but, if he can only shoot as he ought to shoot, he may have a wonderful knack for putting out the flashes on the other side. For defence, good shooting is the first requirement.

But good shooting does not come to the young recruit as naturally as swimming to the young fish. He must learn it ; and education can do wonders. It is within our knowledge that a rifle club, which has now been established nearly twenty years, took nearly ten years to discover what good shooting was, and how it could be attained—and the new members who joined at the end of the ten years made more progress in three months than the original members had done in twice as many years. So much for the proper start. A young rifleman properly started, with a good weapon, in good order, should shoot tolerably well in a single summer ; but the chances are that, if left to himself, he would never transcend mediocrity, unless endowed with a passion for the weapon and the most resolute perseverance in overcoming all difficulties and defects. The great run of volunteers should be taught, and practised, and made to shoot matches against each other. They must be moved by emulation

to excel in shooting; otherwise their education is totally incomplete. Any man may put on a blue jacket; but, unless he can hand, reef, and steer, he is not a seaman; and any man can put on a uniform, but unless he can shoot he is no rifleman: and nothing but ball practice, and plenty of it,—and the measurement of every shot,—will make the rifleman what he ought to be. Try to make lads play cricket without the ball, and the attempt is absurd; but far more absurd is the attempt to make riflemen for the defence of the country, and to economize a few thousand pounds in the matter of ammunition. The success of the movement as a national system of defence, depends principally on the real amount of skill in shooting which the volunteers are found to attain. Two hundred thousand men who really could shoot would put out the flash of more foreigners than Great Britain is ever likely to see on this side of the water. And, what is probably of as much importance, they might so raise the military reputation of the country, that the preparations of continental Europe would be regarded with wholesome indifference. Panic would no longer be possible.

To show at how small an annual expense the necessary practice and the necessary impetus might be afforded to the volunteers, we have only to consider that rifle clubs will shoot their very best for an honorary prize of very moderate value. It is not sufficient that the volunteer should shoot well when alone; he must be brought up to the scratch, and made to shoot against others in the presence of a crowd. Many men can shoot splendidly when alone, who in a match go astray altogether. They become *unconsciously* nervous,—sometimes consciously, but that is the rude extreme of nervousness—and they flinch from the trigger; whereas, the thorough rifleman, the harder he is matched, lies still closer and closer to his work, and draws nearer and nearer to the centre. The close match in the presence of a crowd is the best preparation for the kind of shooting that would be needed in war. Hurry, nervousness, and shake must be overcome by education; and education can only be given where the trial is a real one. There ought to be great national matches like the Swiss matches, and these ought to be publicly authorized by the Government. The national recreation of the English people is horse-racing; but latterly it has fallen into such abuses, that its abolition or restriction to two or three great courses would be a blessing to the country. What, then, should hinder that something should be taken from the race and transferred to the rifle match? A very moderate sum judiciously bestowed, so as to bring out the enthusiasm of the shooters, would produce as keen a competition as ever was seen at Epsom, Doncaster, or Newmarket. One pound sterling per man, overhead, would abundantly furnish the appropriate prizes, which might be silver cups, gold, silver, and bronze medals, prize rifles, and revolvers; or such other articles as the general and local authorities might judge most appropriate. Queen's cups would be shot for—ay, with as ardent resolution as ever was embarked in the silk jacket with a pair of spurs on its heels. Woe betide the enemy who should come within range of the men who could win the Queen's Rifle Cups! He would see little more of Merry England.

Let us suppose, then, that each volunteer had 500 rounds of ammunition annually; and that is not one cartridge too much. The first season he should have 1,000; but we shall say 500. At full price these would cost 2*l*. Probably the half of the volunteers would find their own ammunition; but let us take the whole as national expenditure. One hundred thousand volunteers would then cost 200,000*l*. per annum for ammunition, and say 100,000*l*. for prizes and expenses connected with matches. For 300,000*l*. a year, 100,000 men might be trained to such accurate shooting, that nothing in the shape of man or horse could stand before them; and, seeing that our army, which no longer can defend us, costs twenty times as much, the expenditure would produce a really

efficient force at a rate hitherto absolutely unknown. When the men clothe and feed themselves, the poorest and most fallacious economy is to restrict them in the precise point that would render them invincible. Grounds and galleries, however, are imperatively required; and we regret to see that so little of the volunteer attention has been directed to that part of the business. The ground should be 2,000 yards long, where not needed for artillery, in which case it would require to be longer; the gallery—and every large town and city ought to establish these at once—should be 300 yards long, and so protected by a certain length of iron tubing to shoot through, that no shot could go astray. Seeing the difficulty that there is at present in procuring grounds of even 200 yards in length, some may imagine that we pitch too long a range in saying 2,000 yards, and that such grounds could not be got at all. That is a mistake. Grass land could be hired, or laid down on purpose. If we require to raise volunteers for national defence, we can surely afford ground for them to shoot on. If the grounds are not ready, let them be made. One of the most important parts of modern rifle shooting is ranging the distance; and, at least, twelve full and sufficient rifle grounds should be established: say three for London, and one each for Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Southampton, Exeter, and one or two other places. If the volunteer movement is worth anything, it is worth doing well; but it never can be done well without full-sized and sufficient grounds. There is no difficulty in the way but want of will. There is not a city in the kingdom that might not have a splendid ground if the local and government authorities took the matter seriously in hand. Grounds are as essential for riflemen as water is for ships. Our riflemen as yet are only on the stocks.

Looking at the movement, however, in a more general way, we see two great wants that have still to be supplied. The volunteers are divided into riflemen, or infantry, and garrison artillerymen. That is well. The infantry form the solid centre of the movement, and the garrison artillerymen might man coast-guns and take charge of forts under certain circumstances. But to complete the armament there is wanting a body of field artillerymen. Horse artillery, with light rifled guns, would not only be a favourite service, but a most useful one; while heavier field-guns, movable from point to point of the coast, with the gunners in light wagons, would, of all the arms, be the most likely to be required. Small vessels, in case of war, might naturally be expected to show themselves on the coast, and these, if touched at all from the shore, would most probably be reached by rifled guns carried to a point where there was no fort or battery established in permanency. We should thus have this organization:—

1. The rifle infantry.
2. Garrison artillery.
3. Field artillery, with men not mounted, but conveyed in suitable wagons.
4. Horse artillery, with light guns and mounted men. This would be the favourite service of country gentlemen and farmers. Not to enlist the horses of England in the volunteer movement is a grand mistake; and the flying artillery is precisely the service that would best suit the fox-hunters. The yeomanry are now of about as much use as Brown Bess;—they are the Brown Besses of the volunteer service.
5. Guides, who should know the locality and everything connected with means and modes of conveyance. Suppose, for instance, that a hostile ship were to ground at low water anywhere on the coast within gun range; she might be floated off in an hour or two if let alone. And it should be the duty of the volunteers to take good care that she was not let alone. She should be well peppered in the meantime; and the difference of an hour in the arrival of the guns might make all the difference of seeing her blow up

instead of float off and escape. The guides should know how to deliver the men and guns at any given spot in the shortest time; and, in case of actual war, the artillery might properly be exercised at this work. We have our volunteers, and one of the great points is to convert them into movable detachments. All the river ports should organize their forces with special regard to concentrating them on the probable point of attack. Fire is a bad neighbour for shipping, and it should be caught in time before it comes too near.

And next comes the question of conveyance. Britain not being a military country, little attention has been paid in it to the conveyance of troops. Anything less convenient than our present railway carriages could scarcely be put on a rail. The carriages should be higher, bigger, and more roomy, with rifle racks and knapsack shelves—for, although the volunteers have no knapsacks, they would require something of the kind if called out for service; and the railway carriages should be so constructed as to afford the greatest amount of convenience in the space. A thorough sailor would design and fit a far better railway carriage than any now in use; and would pack the muskets, haversacks, or knapsacks, infinitely better than a carriage builder or a soldier. Jack knows how to economize space, and he could embark and stow the men in the railway carriages with more judgment than any other man. This point is not without importance. Those who saw the troops on their way to Ireland in Smith O'Brien's time, would perhaps confess that improvement was quite possible in the art of moving troops and putting them on board railway carriages. If the crush should ever come, the railway service might show us another Crimea. A Prussian third-class carriage, with abundance of doors, is the sort of thing wanted. In fact, our luggage vans are really the best carriages we have for moving men quickly; and if they had cross racks for the men to lean on, and windows, of course, they would do famously for short distances. Proper carriages, however, ought to be constructed without delay.

We must close for the present, but before doing so, we call attention to two practical points. First. Every rifle-shooter knows that he can make incomparably better practice when he loads his gun as a sportsman, than he can make with the government ammunition. If the rifle is to be brought up to what it really can do, the hideous and false-principled bullet should be superseded. Secondly. If national defence is to be practically carried out, why not convert the old men-of-war into batteries for the rivers and ports, by hauling them ashore and banking them up with earth? They would be the cheapest and best batteries we could have, and the artillerymen could not only be trained in them, but could live in them for a week or two, if necessary. They would have everything in position, and would cost nothing but the expense of planting them. They would last, say, for twenty years; and, even if they had to fight at short range, they would stand as well as a ship at sea, with the advantage that they would have a back door. Let Liverpool, Hull, Newcastle, Glasgow, and the other ports, candidly inquire into this matter. These would be the batteries for training the coast volunteers.

Another point we may hint at—namely, the propriety of arming the artillery volunteers with *revolvers*. If a conflict, great or small, should ever take place on British soil, it must be short, sharp, and decisive. The revolver would vastly increase the power of defence, and skilful workmen who can handle tools could soon learn to handle revolvers. The revolver is the right weapon for artillerymen defending their position or their guns.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER IV.

THE ST. AMBROSE BOAT-CLUB: ITS MINISTRY AND THEIR BUDGET.

We left our hero, a short time back, busily engaged on his dinner commons, and resolved forthwith to make great friends with Hardy. It never occurred to him that there could be the slightest difficulty in carrying out this resolve. After such a passage as they two had had together that afternoon, he felt that the usual outworks of acquaintanceship had been cleared at a bound, and looked upon Hardy already as an old friend, to whom he could talk out his mind as freely as he had been used to do to his old tutor at school, or to Arthur. Moreover, as there were already several things in his head which he was anxious to ventilate, he was all the more pleased that chance had thrown him across a man of so much older standing than himself, and one to whom he instinctively felt that he could look up.

Accordingly, after grace had been said, and he saw that Hardy had not finished his dinner, but sat down again when the fellows had left the Hall, he strolled out, meaning to wait for his victim outside, and seize upon him then and there; so he stopped on the steps outside the hall-door, and, to pass the time, joined himself to one or two other men with whom he had a speaking acquaintance, who were also hanging about. While they were talking, Hardy came out of Hall, and Tom turned and stepped forward, meaning to speak to him; when, to his utter discomfiture, the other walked quickly away, looking straight before him, and without showing, by look or gesture, that he was conscious of our hero's existence, or had ever seen him before in his life.

Tom was so taken aback that he made no effort to follow. He just glanced at his companions to see whether they had noticed the occurrence, and was glad to see that they had not (being deep in the discussion of the merits of a new hunter of Simmons's, which one of them had been riding); so he walked away by himself to consider what it could mean. But the more he puzzled about it, the less could he understand it. Surely, he thought, Hardy must have seen me; and yet, if he had, why did he not recognise me? My cap and gown can't be such a disguise as all that. But common decency must have led him to ask whether I was any the worse for my ducking, if he knew me.

He scouted the notion, which suggested itself once or twice, that Hardy meant to cut him; and so, not being able to come to any reasonable conclusion, suddenly bethought him that he was asked to a wine-party; and, putting his speculations aside for the moment, with the full intention nevertheless of clearing up the mystery as soon as possible, he betook himself to the rooms of his entertainer.

They were fair-sized rooms in the second quadrangle, furnished plainly but well, so far as Tom could judge; but, as they were now laid out for the wine-party, they had lost all individual character for the time. Every one of us I suppose is fond of studying the rooms, chambers, dens in short, of whatever sort they may be, of our friends and acquaintance—at least, I know that I myself like to see what sort of a chair a man sits in, where he puts it, what books lie or stand on the shelves nearest his hand, what the objects are which he keeps most familiarly before him, in that particular nook of the earth's surface in which he is most at home, where he pulls off his coat, collar, and boots, and gets into an old easy shooting-jacket, and his broadest slippers. Fine

houses and fine rooms have no attraction whatever, I should think, for most men, and those who have the finest drawing-rooms are probably the most bored by them; but the den of a man you like, or are disposed to like, has the strongest and strangest attraction for you. However, as I was saying, an Oxford undergraduate's room, set out for a wine-party, can tell you nothing. All the characteristics are shoved away into the background, and there is nothing to be seen but a long mahogany set out with bottles, glasses, and dessert. In the present instance the preparations for festivity were pretty much what they ought to be: good sound port and sherry, biscuits, and a plate or two of nuts and dried fruits. The host, who sat at the head of the board, was one of the mainstays of the College boat-club. He was treasurer of the club, and also a sort of boating-nurse, who looked-up and trained the young oars, and in this capacity had been in command of the freshmen's four-oar, in which Tom had been learning his rudiments. He was a heavy, burly man, naturally awkward in his movements, but gifted with a sort of steady dogged enthusiasm, and by dint of hard and constant training had made himself into a most useful oar, fit for any place in the middle of the boat. In the two years of his residence he had pulled down to Sandford every day except Sundays, and much farther whenever he could get anybody to accompany him. He was the most good-natured man in the world, very badly dressed, very short-sighted, and called everybody "old fellow." His name was simple Smith, generally known as Diogenes Smith, from an eccentric habit which he had of making an easy chair of his hip-bath. Malicious acquaintance declared that when Smith first came up, and, having paid the valuation for the furniture in his rooms, came to inspect the same, the tub in question had been left by chance in the sitting-room, and that Smith, not having the faintest idea of its proper use, had by the exercise of his natural reason come to the conclusion that it could only be meant for a man to sit in, and so had kept it in his sitting-room, and taken to it as an arm-chair. This I have reason to believe was a libel. Certain it is, however, that in his first term he was discovered sitting solemnly in his tub, by his fire-side, with his spectacles on, playing the flute—the only other recreation besides boating in which he indulged; and no amount of quizzing could get him out of the habit. When alone, or with only one or two friends in his room, he still occupied the tub; and declared that it was the most perfect of seats hitherto invented, and, above all, adapted for the recreation of a boating-man, to whom cushioned seats should be an abomination. He was naturally a very hospitable man, and on this night was particularly anxious to make his rooms pleasant to all comers, as it was a sort of opening of the boating season. This wine of his was a business matter, in fact, to which Diogenes had invited officially, as treasurer of the boat-club, every man who had ever shown the least tendency to pulling,—many with whom he had scarcely a nodding acquaintance. For Miller, the coxswain, had come up at last. He had taken his B.A. degree in the Michaelmas term, and had been very near starting for a tour in the East. Upon turning the matter over in his mind, however, Miller had come to the conclusion that Palestine, and Egypt, and Greece could not run away, but that, unless he was there to keep matters going, the St. Ambrose boat would lose the best chance it was ever likely to have of getting to the head of the river; so he had patriotically resolved to reside till June, read divinity, and coach the racing crew; and had written to Diogenes to call together the whole boating interest of the College, that they might set to work at once in good earnest. Tom, and the three or four other freshmen present, were duly presented to Miller as they came in, who looked them over as the colonel of a crack regiment might look over horses at Horncastle-fair, with a single eye to their bone and muscle, and how much work might be got out of them. They then

gathered towards the lower end of the long table, and surveyed the celebrities at the upper end with much respect. Miller, the coxswain, sat on the host's right hand,—a slight, resolute, fiery little man, with curly black hair. He was peculiarly qualified by nature for the task which he had set himself; and it takes no mean qualities to keep a boat's crew well together and in order. Perhaps he erred a little on the side of over-strictness and severity; and he certainly would have been more popular had his manner been a thought more courteous; but the men who rebelled most against his tyranny grumblingly confessed that he was a first-rate coxswain.

A very different man was the captain of the boat, who sat opposite to Miller; altogether, a noble specimen of a very noble type of our countrymen. Tall and strong of body; courageous and even-tempered; tolerant of all men; sparing of speech, but ready in action; a thoroughly well-balanced, modest, quiet Englishman;—one of those who do a good stroke of the work of the country without getting much credit for it, or ever becoming aware of the fact; for the last thing such men understand is how to blow their own trumpets. He was perhaps too easy for the captain of St. Ambrose's boat-club; at any rate, Miller was always telling him so; but, if he was not strict enough with others, he never spared himself, and was as good as three men in the boat at a pinch.

But if I venture on more introductions, my readers will get bewildered; so I must close the list, much as I should like to make them known to "fortis Gyas fortisque Cloanthus," who sat round the chiefs, laughing and consulting, and speculating on the chances of the coming races. No; stay, there is one other man they must make room for. Here he comes, rather late, in a very glossy hat, the only man in the room not in cap and gown. He walks up and takes his place by the side of the host as a matter of course; a handsome, pale man with a dark, quick eye, conscious that he draws attention wherever he goes, and apparently of opinion that it is his right.

"Who is that who has just come in in beaver?" said Tom, touching the man next to him.

"Oh, don't you know? that's Blake; he's the most wonderful fellow in Oxford," answered his neighbour.

"How do you mean?" said Tom.

"Why, he can do everything better than almost anybody, and without any trouble at all. Miller was obliged to have him in the boat last year, though he never trained a bit. Then he's in the eleven, and is a wonderful rider, and tennis-player, and shot."

"Ay, and he's so awfully clever with it all," joined in the man on the other side. "He'll be a safe first, though I don't believe he reads more than you or I. He can write songs, too, as fast as you can talk nearly, and sings them wonderfully."

"Is he of our College, then?"

"Yes, of course, or he couldn't have been in our boat last year."

"But I don't think I ever saw him in chapel or hall."

"No, I daresay not. He hardly ever goes to either, and yet he manages never to get hauled up much, no one knows how. He never gets up now till the afternoon, and sits up nearly all night playing cards with the fastest fellows, or going round singing glees at three or four in the morning."

Tom sipped his port and looked with great interest at the admirable Crichton of St. Ambrose's; and, after watching him a few minutes, said in a low voice to his neighbour,—

"How wretched he looks; I never saw a sadder face."

Poor Blake! one can't help calling him "poor," although he himself would have winced at it more than at any other name you could have called him. You might have admired, feared, or wondered at him, and he would have been pleased; the object of his life was to raise such feelings in his neighbours; but pity was the last which he would have liked to excite.

He was indeed a wonderfully gifted fellow, full of all sorts of energy and talent, and power and tenderness; and yet, as his face told only too truly to any one who watched him when he was exerting himself in society, one of the most wretched men in the College. He had a passion for success,—for beating everybody else in whatever he took in hand, and that, too, without seeming to make any great effort himself. The doing a thing well and thoroughly gave him no satisfaction unless he could feel that he was doing it better and more easily than A, B, or C, and that they felt and acknowledged this. He had had his full swing of success for two years, and now the Nemesis was coming.

For, although not an extravagant man, many of the pursuits in which he had eclipsed all rivals were far beyond the means of any but a rich one, and Blake was not rich. He had a fair allowance, but by the end of his first year was considerably in debt, and, at the time we are speaking of, the whole pack of Oxford tradesmen into whose books he had got (having smelt out the leanness of his expectations), were upon him, besieging him for payment. This miserable and constant annoyance was wearing his soul out. This was the reason why his oak was sported, and he was never seen till the afternoons, and turned night into day. He was too proud to come to any understanding with his persecutors, even had it been possible; and now, at his sorest need, his whole scheme of life was failing him; his love of success was turning into ashes in his mouth; he felt much more disgust than pleasure at his triumphs over other men, and yet the habit of striving for such successes, notwithstanding its irksomeness, was too strong to be resisted.

Poor Blake! he was living on from hand to mouth, flashing out with all his old brilliancy and power, and forcing himself to take the lead in whatever company he might be; but utterly lonely and depressed when by himself—reading feverishly in secret, in a desperate effort to retrieve all by high honours and a fellowship. As Tom said to his neighbour, there was no sadder face than his to be seen in Oxford.

And yet at this very wine-party he was the life of everything, as he sat up there between Diogenes—whom he kept in a constant sort of mild epileptic fit, from laughter, and wine going the wrong way (for whenever Diogenes raised his glass Blake shot him with some joke)—and the Captain, who watched him with the most undisguised admiration. A singular contrast, the two men! Miller, though Blake was the torment of his life, relaxed after the first quarter of an hour; and our hero, by the same time, gave himself credit for being a much greater ass than he was, for having ever thought Blake's face a sad one.

When the room was quite full, and enough wine had been drunk to open the hearts of the guests, Diogenes rose on a signal from Miller, and opened the budget. The financial statement was a satisfactory one; the club was almost free of debt; and, comparing their positions with that of other colleges, Diogenes advised that they might fairly burden themselves a little more, and then, if they would stand a whip of five shillings a man, they might have a new boat, which he believed they all would agree had become necessary. Miller supported the new boat in a pungent little speech; and the Captain, when appealed to, nodded and said he thought they must have one. So the small supplies and the large addition to the club debt were voted unanimously, and the Captain, Miller, and Blake, who had many notions as to the flooring lines and keel of a racing boat, were appointed to order and superintend the building.

Soon afterwards, coffee came in and cigars were lighted; a large section of the party went off to play pool, others to stroll about the streets, others to whist; a few, let us hope, to their own rooms to read; but these latter were a sadly small minority even in the quietest of St. Ambrose parties.

Tom, who was fascinated by the heroes at the head of the table, sat steadily on, sidling up towards them as the intermediate places became vacant, and at last attained the next chair but one to the Captain, where for the time he sat in perfect bliss. Blake and Miller were telling boating stories of the Henley and Thames regattas, the latter of which had been lately started with great *éclat;* and from these great yearly events, and the deeds of prowess done thereat, the talk came gradually round to the next races.

"Now, Captain," said Miller suddenly, "have you thought yet whom we are to try in the crew this year?"

"No, 'pon my honour I haven't," said the Captain, "I'm reading, and have no time to spare. Besides, after all, there's lots of time to think about it. Here, we're only half through Lent term, and the races don't begin till the end of Easter term."

"It won't do," said Miller, "we *must* get the crew together this term."

"Well, you and Smith put your heads together and manage it," said the Captain. "I will go down any day, and as often as you like, at two o'clock."

"Let's see," said Miller to Smith, "how many of the old crew have we left?"

"Five, counting Blake," answered Diogenes.

"Counting me! well, that's cool," laughed Blake; "you old tub-haunting flute-player, why am I not to be counted?"

"You never will train, you see," said Diogenes.

"Smith is quite right," said Miller; "there's no counting on you, Blake. Now, be a good fellow, and promise to be regular this year."

"I'll promise to do my work in a race, which is more than some of your best-trained men will do," said Blake, rather piqued.

"Well, you know what I think on the subject," said Miller; "but whom have we got for the other three places?"

"There's Drysdale would do," said Diogenes; "I heard he was a capital oar at Eton; and so, though I don't know him, I managed to get him once down last term. He would do famously for No. 2, or No. 3 if he would pull."

"Do you think he will, Blake? You know him, I suppose," said Miller.

"Yes, I know him well enough," said Blake; and, shrugging his shoulders, added, "I don't think you will get him to train much."

"Well, we must try," said Miller. "Now, who else is there?"

Smith went through four or five names, at each of which Miller shook his head.

"Any promising freshmen?" said he at last.

"None better than Brown here," said Smith; "I think he'll do well, if he will only work, and stand being coached."

"Have you ever pulled much?" said Miller.

"No," said Tom, "never till this last month—since I've been up here."

"All the better," said Miller; "now, Captain, you hear; we may probably have to go in with three new hands; they must get into your stroke this term, or we shall be nowhere."

"Very well," said the Captain; "I'll give from two till five any days you like."

"And now let's go and have one pool," said Blake, getting up. "Come, Captain, just one little pool after all this business."

Diogenes insisted on staying to play his flute; Miller was engaged; but the Captain, with a little coaxing, was led away by Blake, and good-naturedly asked Tom to accompany them, when he saw that he was looking as if he would like it. So the three went off to the billiard-rooms; Tom in such spirits at the chance of his being tried in the crew, that he hardly noticed the exceedingly bad exchange which he had involuntarily made of his new cap and gown for a third-year cap with the board broken into several pieces, and a fusty old gown which had been about college probably for ten generations. I

wonder whether undergraduate morality has improved in this matter of stealing caps and gowns as much as I believe it has in other matters since my time.

They found the St. Ambrose pool-room full of the fast set; and Tom enjoyed his game much, though his three lives were soon disposed of. The Captain and Blake were the last lives on the board, and divided the pool at Blake's suggestion. He had scarcely nerve for playing out a single-handed match with such an iron-nerved, steady piece of humanity as the Captain, though he was the more brilliant player of the two. The party then broke up, and Tom returned to his rooms; and, when he was by himself again, his thoughts recurred to Hardy. How odd, he thought, that they never mentioned him for the boat! Could he have done anything to be ashamed of? How was it that nobody seemed to know him, and he to know nobody?

Most readers, I doubt not, will think our hero very green for being puzzled at so simple a matter; and, no doubt, the steps in the social scale in England are very clearly marked out, and we all come to the appreciation of the gradations sooner or later. But our hero's previous education must be taken into consideration. He had not been instructed at home to worship mere conventional distinctions of rank or wealth, and had gone to a school which was not frequented by persons of rank, and where no one knew whether a boy was heir to a principality or would have to fight his own way in the world. So he was rather taken by surprise at what he found to be the state of things at St. Ambrose's, and didn't easily realize it.

CHAPTER V.

HARDY, THE SERVITOR.

It was not long before Tom had effected his object in part. That is to say, he had caught Hardy several times in the Quadrangle coming out of Lecture, Hall, or Chapel, and had fastened himself upon him; often walking with him even up to the door of his rooms. But there matters ended. Hardy was very civil and gentlemanly; he even seemed pleased with the volunteered companionship; but there was undoubtedly a coolness about him which Tom could not make out. But, as he only liked Hardy more, the more he saw of him, he very soon made up his mind to break ground himself, and to make a dash at any rate for something more than a mere speaking acquaintance.

One evening he had as usual walked from Hall with Hardy up to his door, where they stopped a moment talking, and then Hardy, half-opening the door, said, "Well, good-night; perhaps we shall meet on the river to-morrow," and was going in, when Tom, looking him in the face, blurted out, "I say, Hardy, I wish you'd let me come in and sit with you a bit."

"I never ask a man of our college into my rooms," answered the other, "but come in by all means if you like;" and so they entered.

The room was the worst, both in situation and furniture, which Tom had yet seen. It was on the ground floor, with only one window, which looked out into a back yard, where were the offices of the college. All day, and up to nine o'clock at night, the yard and offices were filled with scouts; boys cleaning boots and knives; bed-makers emptying slops and tattling scandal; scullions peeling potatoes and listening; and the butchers' and green-grocers' men who supplied the college, and loitered about to gossip and get a taste of the college—all before going about their business. The room was large, but low and close, and the floor uneven. The furniture did not add to the cheerfulness of the apartment. It consisted of one large table in the middle, covered with an old chequered table-cloth, and an Oxford table near the window, on which lay half-a-dozen books with writing materials. A couple of plain Windsor chairs occupied the two sides of the fireplace, and half-a-dozen common wooden chairs stood against the opposite wall, three on each side of a pretty-well-filled book-case; while an old rickety sofa, covered with

soiled chintz, leaned against the wall which fronted the window, as if to rest its lame leg. The carpet and rug were dingy, and decidedly the worse for wear; and the college had evidently neglected to paper the room or whitewash the ceiling for several generations. On the mantelpiece reposed a few long clay pipes and a brown earthenware receptacle for tobacco, together with a japanned tin case, shaped like a figure of eight, the use of which puzzled Tom exceedingly. One modestly-framed drawing of a 10-gun brig hung above, and at the side of the fireplace a sword and belt. All this Tom had time to remark by the light of the fire, which was burning brightly, while his host produced a couple of brass candlesticks from his cupboard and lighted up, and drew the curtain before his window. Then Tom instinctively left off taking his notes, for fear of hurting the other's feelings (just as he would have gone on doing so, and making remarks on everything, had the rooms been models of taste and comfort), and throwing his cap and gown on the sofa, sat down on one of the Windsor chairs.

"What a jolly chair," said he; "where do you get them? I should like to buy one."

"Yes, they're comfortable enough," said Hardy, "but the reason I have them is that they're the cheapest arm-chairs one can get; I like an arm-chair, and can't afford to have any other than these."

Tom dropped the subject of the chairs at once, following his instinct again, which, sad to say, was already teaching him that poverty is a disgrace to a Briton, and that, until you know a man thoroughly, you must always seem to assume that he is the owner of unlimited ready money. Somehow or another he began to feel embarrassed, and couldn't think of anything to say, as his host took down the pipes and tobacco from the mantelpiece, and placed them on the table. However, anything was better than silence; so he began again.

"Very good-sized rooms yours seem," said he, taking up a pipe mechanically.

"Big enough, for the matter of that," answered the other, "but very dark and noisy in the day-time."

"So I should think," said Tom; "do you know, I'd sooner now have my freshman's rooms up in the garrets. I wonder you don't change."

"I get these for nothing," said his host, putting his long clay to the candle, and puffing out volumes of smoke. Tom was stumped again, and felt more and more unequal to the situation—so began filling his pipe in silence. The first whiff made him cough, as he wasn't used to the fragrant weed in this shape.

"I'm afraid you don't smoke tobacco," said his host from behind his own cloud; "shall I go out and fetch you a cigar? I don't smoke them myself; I can't afford it."

"No, thank you," said Tom, blushing for shame, as if he had come there only to insult his host, and wishing himself heartily out of it, "I've got my case here; and the fact is I will smoke a cigar if you'll allow me, for I'm not up to pipes yet. I wish you'd take some," he went on, emptying his cigars on to the table.

"Thank'ee," replied his host, "I prefer a pipe. And now what will you have to drink? I don't keep wine, but I can get a bottle of anything you like from the common room. That's one of *our* privileges,"—he gave a grim chuckle as he emphasised the word "our."

"Who on earth are *we?*" thought Tom; "servitors, I suppose," for he knew already that undergraduates in general could not get wine from the college cellars.

"I don't care a straw about wine," said he, feeling very hot about the ears; "a glass of beer, or anything you have here—or tea."

"Well, I can give you a pretty good glass of whiskey," said his host, going to the cupboard, and producing a black bottle, two tumblers of different sizes, some little wooden toddy ladles, and sugar in an old cracked glass.

Tom vowed that, if there was one thing in the world he liked more than another, it was whiskey; and began

measuring out the liquor carefully into his tumbler, and rolling it round between his eye and the candle, and smelling it, to show what a treat it was to him; while his host put the kettle on the fire, to ascertain that it was quite boiling, and then, as it spluttered and fizzed, filled up the two tumblers, and restored it to its place on the hob.

Tom swallowed some of the mixture, which nearly made him cough again — for, though it was very good, it was also very potent; however, by an effort he managed to swallow his cough; he would about as soon have lost a little finger as let it out. Then, to his great relief, his host took the pipe from his lips, and inquired, "How do you like Oxford?"

"I hardly know yet," said Tom; "the first few days I was delighted with going about and seeing the buildings, and finding out who had lived in each of the old colleges, and pottering about in the Bodleian, and fancying I should like to be a great scholar. Then I met several old school-fellows going about, who are up at other colleges, and went to their rooms and talked over old times. But none of my very intimate friends are up yet, and unless you care very much about a man already, you don't seem to be likely to get intimate with him up here, unless he is at your own college."

He paused, as if expecting an answer.

"I daresay not," said Hardy; "but I never was at a public school, unluckily, and so am no judge."

"Well, then, as to the college life," went on Tom, "it's all very well as far as it goes. There's plenty of liberty, and good food. And the men seem nice fellows—many of them at least, as far as I can judge. But I can't say that I like it as much as I liked our school life."

"I don't understand," said Hardy. "Why not?"

"Oh! I hardly know," said Tom, laughing; "I don't seem as if I had anything to do here; that's one reason, I think. And then, you see, at Rugby I was rather a great man. There one had a share in the ruling of 300 boys, and a good deal of responsibility. But here one has only just to take care of oneself, and keep out of scrapes; and that's what I never could do. What do you think a fellow ought to do now up here?"

"Oh, I don't see much difficulty in that," said his host, smiling; "get up your lectures well, to begin with."

"But my lectures are a farce," said Tom; "I've done all the books over and over again. They don't take me an hour a day to get up."

"Well, then, set to work reading something regularly—reading for your degree, for instance."

"Oh, hang it! I can't look so far forward as that; I sha'n't be going up for three years."

"You can't begin too early. You might go and talk to your college-tutor about it."

"So I did," said Tom; "at least I meant to do it. For he asked me and two other freshmen to breakfast the other morning, and I was going to open out to him. But when I got there I was quite shut up. He never looked one of us in the face, and talked in set sentences, and was cold, and formal, and condescending. The only bit of advice he gave us was to have nothing to do with boating—just the one thing which I feel a real interest in. I couldn't get out a word of what I wanted to say."

"It is unlucky, certainly, that our present tutors take so little interest in anything which the men care about. But it is more from shyness than anything else, that manner which you noticed. You may be sure that he was more wretched and embarrassed than any of you."

"Well, but now I should really like to know what you did yourself," said Tom; "you are the only man of much older standing than myself whom I know at all yet—I mean I don't know anybody else well enough to talk about this sort of thing to them. What did you do now, besides learning to pull, in your first year?"

"I had learnt to pull before I came up here," said Hardy. "I really hardly remember what I did besides read. You

see, I came up with a definite purpose of reading. My father was very anxious that I should be a good scholar. Then my position in the college and my poverty naturally kept me out of many things which other men do."

Tom flushed again at the ugly word, but not so much as at first. Hardy couldn't mind the subject, or he would never be forcing it up at every turn, he thought.

"You wouldn't think it," he began again, harping on the same string, "but I can hardly tell you how I miss the sort of responsibility I was talking to you about. I have no doubt I shall get the vacuum filled up before long, but for the life of me I can't see how yet."

"You will be a very lucky fellow if you don't find it quite as much as you can do to keep yourself in order up here. It is about the toughest part of a man's life, I do believe, the time he has to spend here. My university life has been so different altogether from what yours will be, that my experience isn't likely to benefit you."

"I wish you would try me, though," said Tom; "you don't know what a teachable sort of fellow I am, if any body will take me the right way. You taught me to scull, you know; or at least put me in the way to learn. But sculling, and rowing, and cricket, and all the rest of it, with such reading as I am likely to do, won't be enough. I feel sure of that already."

"I don't think it will," said Hardy. "No amount of physical or mental work will fill the vacuum you were talking of just now. It is the empty house swept and garnished, which the boy might have had glimpses of, but the man finds yawning within him, and which must be filled somehow. It's a pretty good three years' work to learn how to keep the devils out of it, more or less, by the time you take your degree. At least I have found it so."

Hardy rose and took a turn or two up and down his room. He was astonished at finding himself talking so unreservedly to one of whom he knew so little, and half-wished the words recalled. He lived much alone, and thought himself morbid and too self-conscious; why should he be filling a youngster's head with puzzles? How did he know that they were thinking of the same thing?

But the spoken word cannot be recalled; it must go on its way for good or evil; and this one set the hearer staring into the ashes, and putting many things together in his head.

It was some minutes before he broke silence, but at last he gathered up his thoughts, and said, "Well, I hope I sha'n't shirk when the time comes. You don't think a fellow need shut himself up though? I'm sure I shouldn't be any the better for that."

"No, I don't think you would," said Hardy.

"Because, you see," Tom went on, waxing bolder and more confidential, "if I were to take to moping by myself, I shouldn't read as you or any sensible fellow would do; I know that well enough. I should just begin, sitting with my legs up on the mantel-piece, and looking into my own inside. I see you are laughing, but you know what I mean, don't you now?"

"Yes; staring into the vacuum you were talking of just now; it all comes back to that," said Hardy.

"Well, perhaps it does," said Tom; "and I don't believe it does a fellow a bit of good to be thinking about himself and his own doings."

"Only he can't help himself," said Hardy. "Let him throw himself, as he will, into all that is going on up here, after all he must be alone for a great part of his time—all night at any rate—and when he gets his oak sported, it's all up with him. He must be looking more or less into his own inside, as you call it."

"Then I hope he won't find it as ugly a business as I do. If he does, I'm sure he can't be worse employed."

"I don't know that," said Hardy; "he can't learn anything worth learning in any other way."

"Oh, I like that!" said Tom; "it's worth learning how to play tennis, and how to speak the truth. You can't

learn either by thinking about yourself ever so much."

"You must know the truth before you can speak it," said Hardy.

"So you always do in plenty of time."

"How?" said Hardy.

"Oh, I don't know," said Tom; "by a sort of instinct, I suppose. I never in my life felt any doubt about what I *ought* to say or do; did you?"

"Well, yours is a good, comfortable, working belief, at any rate," said Hardy, smiling; "and I should advise you to hold on to it as long as you can."

"But you don't think I can for very long, eh?"

"No: but men are very different. There's no saying. If you were going to get out of the self-dissecting business altogether though, why should you have brought the subject up at all to-night? It looks awkward for you, doesn't it?"

Tom began to feel rather forlorn at this suggestion, and probably betrayed it in his face, for Hardy changed the subject suddenly.

"How do you get on in the boat? I saw you going down to-day, and thought the time much better."

Tom felt greatly relieved, as he was beginning to find himself in rather deep water: so he rushed into boating with great zest, and the two chatted on very pleasantly on that and other like matters, of little interest to the general reader.

The college clock struck during a pause in their talk, and Tom looked at his watch.

"Eight o'clock, I declare," he said; "why I must have been here more than two hours. I'm afraid, now, you have been wanting to work, and I have kept you from it with my talk."

"No, it's Saturday night. Besides, I don't get much society that I care about, and so I enjoy it all the more. Won't you stop and have some tea?"

Tom gladly consented, and his host produced a somewhat dilapidated set of crockery, and proceeded to brew the drink least appreciated at St. Ambrose's. Tom watched him in silence, much exercised in his mind as to what manner of man he had fallen upon; very much astonished at himself for having opened out so freely, and feeling a strange desire to know more of Hardy, not unmixed with a sort of nervousness as to how he was to accomplish it.

When Hardy sat down again and began pouring out the tea, curiosity overcame, and he opened with—

"So you read most nights after Hall?"

"Yes, for two or three hours; longer, when I am in a good humour."

"What, all by yourself?"

"Generally; but once or twice a week Grant comes in to compare notes. Do you know him?"

"No; at least he hasn't called on me. I have just spoken to him."

"He is a very quiet fellow, and I daresay doesn't call on any man unless he knew something of him before."

"Don't you?"

"Never," said Hardy, shortly; and added after a short pause, "very few men would thank me if I did; most would think it impertinent, and I'm too proud to risk that."

Tom was on the point of asking, why? but the uncomfortable feeling which he had nearly lost came back on him.

"I suppose one very soon gets tired of the wine and supper-party life, though I own I find it pleasant enough now."

"I have never been tried," said Hardy; "servitors are not troubled with that kind of thing. If they were, I wouldn't go unless I could return them, and that I can't afford."

"There he goes again," thought Tom; "why will he be throwing that old story in my face over and over again? he can't think I care about his poverty; I won't change the subject this time, at any rate." And so he said:

"You don't mean to say that it makes any real difference to a man in society up here, whether he is poor or rich; I mean, of course, if he is a gentleman and a good fellow?"

"Yes, it does—the very greatest possible. But don't take my word for

it. Keep your eyes open and judge for yourself; I daresay I'm prejudiced on the subject."

"Well, I sha'n't believe it if I can help it," said Tom; "you know you said just now that you never called on any one. Perhaps you don't give men a fair chance. They might be glad to know you if you would let them, and may think it's your fault that they don't."

"Very possibly," said Hardy; "I tell you not to take my word for it."

"It upsets all one's ideas so," went on Tom: "why, Oxford ought to be *the* place in England where money should count for nothing. Surely, now, such a man as Jervis, our captain, has more influence than all the rich men in the college put together, and is more looked up to?"

"He's one of a thousand," said Hardy; "handsome, strong, good-tempered, clever, and up to everything. Besides, he isn't a poor man; and mind, I don't say that, if he were, he wouldn't be where he is. I am speaking of the rule, and not of the exceptions."

Here Hardy's scout came in to say that the Dean wanted to speak to him. So he put on his cap and gown, and Tom rose also.

"Well, I'm sorry to turn you out," said Hardy, "and I'm afraid I've been very surly and made you very uncomfortable. You won't come back again in a hurry."

"Indeed I will though, if you will let me," said Tom; "I have enjoyed my evening immensely."

"Then come whenever you like," said Hardy.

"But I am afraid of interfering with your reading," said Tom.

"Oh you needn't mind that; I have plenty of time on my hands; besides, one can't read all night, and from eight to ten you'll find me generally idle."

"Then you'll see me often enough. But promise now to turn me out whenever I am in the way."

"Very well," said Hardy, laughing; and so they parted for the time.

Some twenty minutes afterwards Hardy returned to his room after his interview with the Dean, who merely wanted to speak to him about some matter of college business. He flung his cap and gown on to the sofa, and began to walk up and down his room, at first hurriedly, but soon with his usual regular tramp. However expressive a man's face may be, and however well you may know it, it is simply nonsense to say that you can tell what he is thinking about by looking at it, as many of us are apt to boast. Still more absurd would it be to expect readers to know what Hardy is thinking about, when they have never had the advantage of seeing his face even in a photograph. Wherefore, it would seem that the author is bound on such occasions to put his readers on equal vantage-ground with himself, and not only to tell them what a man does, but, so far as may be, what he is thinking about also.

His first thought then was one of pleasure at having been sought out by one who seemed to be just the sort of friend he would like to have. He contrasted our hero with the few men with whom he generally lived, and for some of whom he had a high esteem—whose only idea of exercise was a two hours' constitutional walk in the afternoons, and whose life was chiefly spent over books and behind sported oaks—and felt that this was more of a man after his own heart. Then came doubts whether his new friend would draw back when he had been up a little longer, and knew more of the place. At any rate he had said and done nothing to tempt him; "if he pushes the acquaintance—and I think he will—it will be because he likes me for myself. And I can do him good too, I feel sure," he went on, as he ran over rapidly his own life for the last three years. "Perhaps he won't flounder into all the sloughs that I have had to drag through; he will get too much of the healthy, active life up here for that, which I have never had; but some of them he must get into. All the companionship of boating and cricketing, and wine-parties and supper-parties, and all the reading in the world won't

keep him from many a long hour of mawkishness, and discontent, and emptiness of heart; he feels that already himself. Am I sure of that though? I may be only reading myself into him. At any rate why should I have helped to trouble him before the time? Was that a friend's part? Well, he *must* face it, and the sooner the better perhaps. At any rate it is done. But what a blessed thing if one can only help a youngster like this to fight his way through the cold clammy atmosphere which is always hanging over him, and ready to settle down on him—can help to keep some living faith in him, that the world, Oxford and all, isn't a respectable piece of machinery set going some centuries back! Ah! it's an awful business, that temptation to believe, or think you believe, in a dead God. It has nearly broken my back a score of times. What are all the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil to this? It includes them all. Well, I believe I can help him, and, please God, I will, if he will only let me; and the very sight of him does me good; so I won't believe we went down the lasher together for nothing."

And so at last Hardy finished his walk, took down a book from his shelves, which, to the best of my belief, was Don Quixote—at any rate I know that the great Spaniard was an especial favourite of his—and sat down for an hour's enjoyment before turning in.

The reader very likely by this time is beginning to wonder which is the odder or madder of the two—the author, or his St. Ambrose servitor. I can only say that I never have asserted the sanity or freedom from eccentricity of either. If the reader never had any such thoughts himself, he is a lucky fellow, and need not mind them; if he should have had any such, he will know how to sympathise with him who is exercised by them, and with him who attempts, however feebly, to bring them out into the light of day.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW DRYSDALE AND BLAKE WENT FISHING.

"Drysdale, what's a servitor?"

"How the deuce should I know?"

This short and pithy dialogue took place in Drysdale's rooms one evening soon after the conversation recorded in the last chapter. He and Tom were sitting alone there, for a wonder, and so the latter seized the occasion to propound this question, which he had had on his mind for some time. He was scarcely satisfied with the above rejoinder, but while he was thinking how to come at the subject by another road, Drysdale opened a morocco fly-book, and poured its contents on the table, which was already covered with flies of all sorts and patterns, hanks of gut, delicate made-up casts, reels, minnows, and tackle enough to kill all the fish in the four neighbouring counties. Tom began turning them over and scrutinizing the dressings of the flies.

"It has been so mild, the fish must be in season, don't you think? Besides, if they're not, it's a jolly drive to Fairford, at any rate. You've never been behind my team, Brown. You'd better come, now, to-morrow."

"I can't cut my two lectures."

"Bother your lectures! Put on an æger, then."

"No! that doesn't suit my book, you know."

"I can't see why you should be so cursedly particular. Well, if you won't, you won't; I know that well enough. But what cast should you fish with to-morrow?"

"How many flies do you use?"

"Sometimes two, sometimes three."

"Two's enough, I think; all depends on the weather: but, if it's at all like to-day, you can't do better, I should think, than the old March brown and a palmer to begin with. Then, for change, this hare's ear, and an alder fly, perhaps; or,—let me see," and he began searching the glittering heap to select a colour to go with the dull hare's ear.

"Isn't it early for the alder?" said Drysdale.

"Rather, perhaps; but they can't resist it."

"These bang-tailed little sinners any good?" said Drysdale, throwing some cock-a-bondies across the table.

"Yes; I never like to be without them, and a governor or two. Here, this is a well-tied lot," said Tom, picking out half-a-dozen. "You never know when you may not kill with either of them. But I don't know the Fairford water; so my opinion isn't worth much."

More talk of a like kind went on, not interesting to the general reader. And you, oh reader who are a fisherman, to whom my heart warms as I pen these lines, do you not know it all as well as I? The delight of sitting handling tackle and talking fishing-talk, though you mayn't get three days' fishing a year; the difficulty you have in advising any brother of the craft to leave a single well-tied taking-looking fly out of his book, though you know, from experience, that it would be probably better for him if he had only some four or five flies in the world. Well, after thirty, or thereabouts, we must all, I suppose, lay our account to enjoying such things mostly in talk. It is a real pleasure, though, to go on talking, and so enjoying by anticipation splendid days of salmon-fishing and hunting, though they never really arrive.

When the conversation flagged, Tom returned to the old topic.

"But now, Drysdale, you must know what a servitor is."

"Why should I? Do you mean one of our college servitors?"

"Yes."

"Oh, something in the upper-servant line. I should put him above the porter, and below the cook and butler. He does the dons' dirty work, and gets their broken victuals; and I believe he pays no college fees."

Tom rather drew into himself at this insolent and off-hand definition. He was astonished and hurt at the tone of his friend. However, presently, he resolved to go through with it, and began again.

"But servitors are gentlemen, I suppose?"

"A good deal of the cock-tail about them, I should think. But I have not the honour of any acquaintance amongst them."

"At any rate, they are undergraduates, are not they?"

"Yes."

"And may take degrees, just like you or me?"

"They may have all the degrees to themselves, for anything I care. I wish they would let one pay a servitor for passing little-go for one. It would be deuced comfortable. I wonder it don't strike the dons, now; they might get clever beggars for servitors, and farm them, and so make loads of tin."

"But, Drysdale, seriously, why should you talk like that? If they can take all the degrees we can, and are, in fact, just what we are, undergraduates, I can't see why they're not as likely to be gentlemen as we. It can surely make no difference, their being poor men?"

"It must make them devilish uncomfortable," said the incorrigible payer of double fees, getting up to light his cigar.

"The name ought to carry respect here, at any rate. The Black Prince was an Oxford man, and he thought the noblest motto he could take was 'Ich dien,' I serve."

"If he were here now, he would change it for 'Je paye.'"

"I often wish you would tell me what you really and truly think, Drysdale."

"My dear fellow, I'm telling you what I do really think. Whatever the Black Prince might be pleased to observe if he were here, I stick to my motto. I tell you the thing to be able to do here at Oxford is—to pay."

"I don't believe it."

"I knew you wouldn't."

"I don't believe you do, either."

"I do, though. But what makes you so curious about servitors?"

"Why, I've made friends with Hardy, one of our servitors. He is such a fine fellow!"

I am sorry to relate that it cost Tom an effort to say this to Drysdale; but he despised himself that it was so.

"You should have told me so before you began to pump me," said Drysdale. "However, I partly suspected something of the sort. You've a good bit of a Quixote in you. But really, Brown," he added, seeing Tom redden and look angry, "I'm sorry if what I said pained you. I dare say this friend of yours is a gentleman, and all you say."

"He is more of a gentleman by a long way than most of the—"

"'Gentlemen-commoners,' you were going to say. Don't crane at such a small fence on my account. I will put it in another way for you. He can't be a greater snob than many of them."

"Well, but why do you live with them so much, then?"

"Why? Because they happen to do the things I like doing, and live up here as I like to live. I like hunting and driving, and drawing badgers, and playing cards, and good wines and cigars. They hunt and drive, and keep dogs and good cellars, and will play unlimited loo or Van John as long as I please."

"But I know you get very sick of all that often, for I've heard you say as much half-a-dozen times in the little time I've been here."

"Why, you don't want to deny me the Briton's privilege of grumbling, do you?" said Drysdale, as he flung his legs up on the sofa, crossing one over the other as he lounged on his back—his favourite attitude; "but suppose I am getting tired of it all—which I'm not—what do you propose as a substitute?"

"Take to boating. I know you could be in the first boat if you liked; I heard them say so at Smith's wine the other night."

"But what's to prevent my getting just as tired of that? Besides, it's such a grind. And then there's the bore of changing all one's habits."

"Yes, but it's such splendid hard work," said Tom, who was bent on making a convert of his friend.

"Just so; and that's just what I don't want; the 'books, and work, and healthful play' line don't suit my complaint. No, as my old uncle says, 'a young fellow must sow his wild oats,' and Oxford seems a place specially set apart by Providence for that operation."

In all the wide range of accepted British maxims there is none, take it for all in all, more thoroughly abominable than this one as to the sowing of wild oats. Look at it on what side you will, and I will defy you to make anything but a devil's maxim of it. What a man—be he young, old, or middle-aged—sows, *that*, and nothing else, shall he reap. The one only thing to do with wild oats, is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them, no matter in what ground, up they will come, with long tough roots like couch-grass, and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven—a crop which it turns one's heart cold to think of. The devil, too, whose special crop they are, will see that they thrive, and you, and nobody else, will have to reap them; and no common reaping will get them out of the soil, which must be dug down deep again and again. Well for you if with all your care you can make the ground sweet again by your dying day. "Boys will be boys" is not much better, but that has a true side to it; but this encouragement to the sowing of wild oats is simply devilish, for it means that a young man is to give way to the temptations and follow the lusts of his age. What are we to do with the wild oats of manhood and old age—with ambition, over-reaching, the false weights, hardness, suspicion, avarice—if the wild oats of youth are to be sown, and not burnt? What possible distinction can we draw between them? If we may sow the one, why not the other? However (as I have been reminded—perhaps not without reason, certainly in the kindest manner—on several occasions) I am writing the story of a life, or rather of part of a life, and not sermons; and though I protest against the critical law,

that a writer of fiction ought to confine himself to trying to amuse, I would much rather produce such truth as there is in me, and such faith as I hold and desire to see spreading, by means of the characters in my story, than in the shape of comment in my own person. Only in trying to do so I am often met by another critical law, which seems to me to be a higher and sounder one than the other, viz. that an author has no right to get behind his characters and pour out of their mouths opinions and speculations on deeply-interesting questions in which he has just dabbled enough to feel their attraction, without having ever come on firm ground or made up his mind. I feel that the critic is right in bringing me to book, and saying, Come now, *do you* believe this or that?

What is a man to do, then, who has beliefs and writes to bring them out? You will say doubtless, dear reader, write essays, sermons, what you will, only not fiction. To which I would reply, Gladly, O dear reader, would I write essays or sermons, seeing that they take less out of one than fiction—but, would you read them? You know you wouldn't. And so, if I sometimes stray into the pulpit, I do hope you won't be so ungenerous as to skip my preachings. To drink all a fellow's sack up, and then make faces at his poor pennyworth of bread, is altogether unmanly and un-British; and, if you should take to indulging yourself in this manner, I shall begin to think that you are capable of running away or crying out for peace at any price when the French shall have landed at several points on our coast simultaneously.

But to get back to our story. Tom went away from Drysdale's rooms that night, after they had sorted all the tackle which was to accompany the fishing expedition to their satisfaction, in a disturbed state of mind. He was very much annoyed at Drysdale's way of talking, because he was getting to like the man. He was surprised and angry at being driven more and more to the conclusion that the worship of the golden calf was verily and indeed rampant in Oxford—side by side, no doubt, with much that was manly and noble, but tainting more or less the whole life of the place. In fact, what annoyed him most, was the consciousness that he himself was becoming an idolater; for he couldn't help admitting that he felt much more comfortable when standing in the quadrangles or strolling in the High Street with Drysdale in his velvet cap, and silk gown, and faultless get-up, than when doing the same things with Hardy in his faded old gown, shabby loose overcoat and well-worn trousers. He wouldn't have had Hardy suspect the fact for all he was worth, and hoped to get over the feeling soon; but there it was unmistakeably. He wondered whether Hardy had ever felt anything of the kind himself.

Nevertheless, these thoughts did not hinder him from sleeping soundly, or from getting up an hour earlier than usual to go and see Drysdale start on his expedition.

Accordingly, he was in Drysdale's rooms next morning betimes, and assisted at the early breakfast which was going on there. Blake was the only other man present. He was going with Drysdale, and entrusted Tom with a message to Miller and the Captain, that he could not pull in the boat that day, but would pay a waterman to take his place. As soon as the gate opened, the three, accompanied by the faithful Jack, and followed by Drysdale's scout, bearing over-coats, a splendid water-proof apron lined with fur, and the rods and creels, sallied out of college, and sought the livery-stables patronized by the men of St. Ambrose's. Here they found a dog-cart all ready in the yard, with a strong Roman-nosed, vicious-looking, rat-tailed horse in the shafts, called Satan by Drysdale; the leader had been sent on to the first turnpike. The things were packed, and Jack, the bull-dog, hoisted into the interior in a few minutes. Drysdale produced a long straight horn, which he called his yard of tin (probably because it was made of brass), and after refreshing himself with a blast or two,

handed it over to Blake, and then mounted the dog-cart, and took the reins. Blake seated himself by his side; the help who was to accompany them, got up behind; and Jack looked wisely out from his inside place over the back-board.

"Are we all right?" said Drysdale, catching his long tandem whip into a knowing double thong.

"All right, sir," said the head ostler, touching his cap.

"You'd better have come, my boy," said Drysdale to Tom, as they trotted off out of the yard; and Tom couldn't help envying them as he followed, and watched the dog-cart lessening rapidly down the empty street, and heard the notes of the yard of tin, which Blake managed to make really musical, borne back on the soft western breeze. It was such a stunning morning for fishing!

However, it was too late to repent, had he wished it; and so he got back to chapel, and destroyed the whole effect of the morning service on Miller's mind, by delivering Blake's message to that choleric coxswain as soon as chapel was over. Miller vowed for the twentieth time that Blake should be turned out of the boat, and went off to the Captain's rooms to torment him, and consult what was to be done.

The weather continued magnificent—a soft, dull, grey March day, with a steady wind; and the thought of the lucky fishermen, and visions of creels filled with huge three-pounders, haunted Tom at lecture, and throughout the day.

At two o'clock he was down at the river. The college eight was to go down for the first time in the season to the reaches below Nuneham, for a good training pull, and he had had notice, to his great joy, that he was to be tried in the boat. But, great, no doubt, as was the glory, the price was a heavy one. This was the first time he had been subjected to the tender mercies of Miller, the coxswain, or had pulled behind the Captain; and it did not take long to convince him that it was a very different style of thing from anything he had as yet been accustomed to in the freshmen's crew. The long, steady sweep of the so-called paddle tried him almost as much as the breathless strain of the spurt.

Miller, too, was in one of his most relentless moods. He was angry at Blake's desertion, and seemed to think that Tom had had something to do with it, though he had simply delivered the message which had been entrusted to him; and so, though he distributed rebuke and objurgation to every man in the boat except the Captain, he seemed to our hero to take particular delight in working him. There he stood in the stern, the fiery little coxswain, leaning forward with a tiller-rope in each hand, and bending to every stroke, shouting his warnings, and rebukes, and monitions to Tom, till he drove him to his wits' end. By the time the boat came back to Hall's, his arms were so numb that he could hardly tell whether his oar was in or out of his hand; his legs were stiff and aching, and every muscle in his body felt as if it had been pulled out an inch or two. As he walked up to College, he felt as if his shoulders and legs had nothing to do with one another; in short, he had had a very hard day's work, and, after going fast asleep at a wine-party, and trying in vain to rouse himself by a stroll in the streets, fairly gave in about ten o'clock, and went to bed without remembering to sport his oak.

For some hours he slept the sleep of the dead, but at last began to be conscious of voices, and the clinking of glasses, and laughter, and scraps of songs; and after turning himself once or twice in bed, to ascertain whether he was awake or no, rubbed his eyes, sat up, and became aware that something very entertaining to the parties concerned was going on in his sitting-room. After listening for a minute, he jumped up, threw on his shooting-coat, and appeared at the door of his own sitting-room, where he paused a moment to contemplate the scene which met his astonished vision. His fire, recently replenished, was burning brightly in the grate, and his candles on the table, on which stood

his whiskey bottle, and tumblers, and hot water. On his sofa, which had been wheeled round before the fire, reclined Drysdale, on his back, in his pet attitude, one leg crossed over the other, with a paper in his hand, from which he was singing, and in the arm-chair sat Blake, while Jack was coiled on the rug, turning himself every now and then in a sort of uneasy protest against his master's untimely hilarity. At first, Tom felt inclined to be angry, but the jolly shout of laughter with which Drysdale received him, as he stepped out into the light in night-shirt, shooting-coat, and dishevelled hair, took all the rile out of him at once.

"Why, Brown, you don't mean to say you have been in bed this last half-hour? We looked into the bedroom, and thought it was empty. Sit down, old fellow, and make yourself at home. Have a glass of grog; it's first-rate whiskey."

"Well, you're a couple of cool hands, I must say," said Tom. "How did you get in?"

"Through the door, like honest men," said Drysdale. "You're the only good fellow in college to-night. When we got back our fires were out, and we've been all round college, and found all the oaks sported but yours. Never sport your oak, old boy; it's a bad habit. You don't know at what time in the morning you may entertain angels unawares."

"You're a rum pair of angels, anyhow," said Tom, taking his seat on the sofa. "But what o'clock is it?"

"Oh, about half-past one," said Drysdale. "We've had a series of catastrophes. Never got into college till near one. I thought we should never have waked that besotted little porter. However, here we are at last, you see, all right."

"So it seems," said Tom; "but how about the fishing?"

"Fishing! we've never thrown a fly all day," said Drysdale.

"He is so cursedly conceited about his knowledge of the country," struck in Blake. "What with that, and his awful twist, and his incurable habit of gossiping, and his blackguard dog, and his team of a devil and a young female—"

"Hold your scandalous tongue," shouted Drysdale. "To hear *you* talking of my twist, indeed; you ate four chops and a whole chicken to-day, at dinner, to your own cheek, you know."

"That's quite another thing," said Blake. "I like to see a fellow an honest grubber at breakfast and dinner; but you've always got your nose in the manger. That's how we got all wrong to-day, Brown. You saw what a breakfast he ate before starting; well, nothing would satisfy him but another at Whitney. There we fell in with a bird in mahogany tops, and, as usual, Drysdale began chumming with him. He knew all about the fishing of the next three counties. I daresay he did. My private belief is, that he is one of the Hungerford town council, who let the fishing there; at any rate, he swore it was no use our going to Fairford; the only place where fish would be in season was Hungerford. Of course Drysdale swallowed it all, and nothing would serve him but that we should turn off for Hungerford at once. Now, I did go once to Hungerford races, and I ventured to suggest that we should never get near the place. Not a bit of use; he knew every foot of the country. It was then about nine; he would guarantee that we should be there by twelve, at latest."

"So we should have been, but for accidents," struck in Drysdale.

"Well, at any rate, what we did was to drive into Farringdon, instead of Hungerford, both horses dead done up, at twelve o'clock, after missing our way about twenty times."

"Because you would put in your oar," said Drysdale.

"Then grub again," went on Blake, "and an hour to bait the horses. I knew we were as likely to get to Jericho as to Hungerford. However, he would start; but, luckily, about two miles from Farringdon, old Satan bowled quietly into a bank, broke a shaft, and deposited us then and there. He wasn't such a fool as to be going to Hungerford at

that time of day; the first time in his wicked old life that I ever remember seeing him do anything that pleased me."

"Come now," said Drysdale, "do you mean to say you ever sat behind a better wheeler, when he's in a decent temper?"

"Can't say," said Blake; "never sat behind him in a good temper, that I can remember."

"I'll trot him five miles out and home in a dog-cart, on any road out of Oxford, against any horse you can bring, for a fiver."

"Done!" said Blake.

"But were you upset?" said Tom. "How did you get into the bank?"

"Why, you see," said Drysdale, "Jessy,—that's the little blood-mare, my leader,—is very young, and as shy and skittish as the rest of her sex. We turned a corner sharp, and came right upon a gipsy encampment. Up she went into the air in a moment, and then turned right round and came head on at the cart. I gave her the double thong across her face to send her back again, and Satan, seizing the opportunity, rushed against the bank, dragging her with him, and snapped the shaft."

"And so ended our day's fishing," said Blake. "And next moment out jumps that brute, Jack, and pitches into the gipsy's dog, who had come up very naturally to have a look at what was going on. Down jumps Drysdale, to see that his beast gets fair play, leaving me and the help to look after the wreck, and keep his precious wheeler from kicking the cart into little pieces."

"Come now," said Drysdale, "you must own we fell on our legs after all. Hadn't we a jolly afternoon? I'm thinking of turning tramp, Brown. We spent three or four hours in that camp, and Blake got spooney on a gipsy girl, and has written I don't know how many songs on them. Didn't you hear us singing them just now?"

"But how did you get the cart mended?" said Tom.

"Oh, the tinker patched up the shaft for us—a cunning old beggar, the *père de famille* of the encampment; up to every move on the board. He wanted to have a deal with me for Jessy. But, 'pon my honour, we had a good time of it. There was the old tinker, mending the shaft, in his fur cap, with a black pipe, one inch long, sticking out of his mouth: and the old brown parchment of a mother, with her head in a red handkerchief, smoking a ditto pipe to the tinker's, who told our fortunes, and talked like a printed book. Then there was his wife, and the slip of a girl who bowled over Blake there, and half a dozen ragged brats; and a fellow on tramp, not a gipsy—some runaway apprentice I take it, but a jolly dog—with no luggage but an old fiddle, on which he scraped away uncommonly well, and set Blake making rhymes as we sat in the tent. You never heard any of his songs. Here's one for each of us; we're going to get up the characters and sing them about the country; now for a rehearsal; I'll be the tinker."

"No; you must take the servant girl," said Blake.

"Well, we'll toss up for characters when the time comes. You begin then; here's the song;" and he handed one of the papers to Blake, who began singing—

"Squat on a green plot,
We scorn a bench or settle, oh,
Plying and trying,
A spice of every trade;
Razors we grind,
Ring a pig, or mend a kettle, oh:
Come, what d'ye lack?
Speak it out, my pretty maid.

"I'll set your scissors, while
My granny tells you plainly,
Who stole your barley meal,
Your butter or your heart;
Tell if your husband will
Be handsome or ungainly,
Ride in a coach and four, or
Rough it in a cart."

"Enter Silly Sally; that's I, for the present, you see," said Drysdale; and he began—

Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Oh, dear! what can the matter be!
All in a pucker be I;
I'm growing uneasy about Billy Martin,
For love is a casualty desper't' unsartin.
Law! yonder's the gipsys as tells folk's fortin;
I'm half in the mind for to try."

"Then you must be the old gipsy woman, Mother Patrico; here's your part, Brown."

"But what's the tune?" said Tom.

"Oh, you can't miss it; go ahead;" and so Tom, who was dropping into the humour of the thing, droned out from the MS. handed to him—

"Chairs to mend,
Old chairs to mend,
Rush bottom'd, cane bottom'd,
Chairs to mend.
Maid, approach,
If thou wouldst know
What the stars
May deign to show."

"Now, tinker," said Drysdale, nodding at Blake, who rattled on,—

"Chance feeds us, chance leads us
Round the land in jollity;
Rag-dealing, nag stealing,
Everywhere we roam;
Brass mending, ass vending,
Happier than the quality;
Swipes soaking, pipes smoking,
Ev'ry barn a home;
Tink tink, a tink a tink,
Our life is full of fun, boys;
Clink tink, a tink a tink,
Our busy hammers ring;
Clink tink, a tink a tink,
Our job will soon be done, boys;
Then tune we merrily
The bladder and the string."

DRYSDALE, *as Silly Sally.*

"Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
There's such a look in her eye.
Oh, lawk! I declare I be all of a tremble;
My mind it misgives me about Sukey Wimble,
A splatter-faced wench neither civil nor nimble!
She'll bring Billy to beggary."

TOM, *as Mother Patrico.*

"Show your hand;
Come, show your hand!
Would you know
What fate hath planned?
Heaven forefend,
Ay, heav'n forefend!
What may these
Cross lines portend?"

BLAKE, *as the Tinker.*

"Owl, pheasant, all's pleasant;
Nothing comes amiss to us;
Hare, rabbit, snare, nab it,
Cock, or hen, or kite;
Tom cat, with strong fat,
A dainty supper is to us;
Hedge-hog and sedge-frog
To stew is our delight;
Bow, wow, with angry bark
My lady's dog assails us;
We sack him up, and clap
A stopper on his din.
Now, pop him in the pot;
His store of meat avails us;
Wife cooks him nice and hot,
And granny tans his skin."

DRYSDALE, *as Silly Sally.*

"Oh, lawk! what a calamity!
Oh, my! what a calamity!
Oh, dear! what a calamity!
Lost and forsaken be I.
I'm out of my senses, and nought will content me,
But pois'ning Poll Ady who helped circumvent me;
Come tell me the means, for no power shall prevent me;
Oh, give me revenge, or I die."

TOM, *as Mother Patrico.*

"Pause awhile!
Anon, anon!
Give me time
The stars to con.
True love's course
Shall yet run smooth;
True shall prove
The favour'd youth."

BLAKE, *as the Tinker.*

"Tink tink, a tink a tink,
We'll work and then get tipsy, oh!
Clink tink, on each chink,
Our busy hammers ring.
Tink tink, a tink a tink,
How merry lives a gipsy, oh!
Chanting, and ranting;
As happy as a king."

DRYSDALE, *as Silly Sally.*

"Joy! joy! all will end happily!
Joy! joy! all will end happily!
Joy! joy! all will end happily!
Bill will be constant to I.
Oh, thankee, good dame, here's my purse and my thimble;
A fig for Poll Ady and fat Sukey Wimble;
I now could jump over the steeple so nimble;
With joy I be ready to cry."

TOM, *as Mother Patrico.*

"William shall
Be rich and great;
And shall prove
A constant mate.
Thank not me,
But thank your fate,
On whose high
Decrees I wait."

"Well, won't that do? won't it bring the house down? I'm going to send for dresses from London, and we'll start next week."

"What, on the tramp, singing these songs?"

"Yes; we'll begin in some out-of-the-way place till we get used to it."

"And end in the lock-up, I should say," said Tom; "it'll be a good lark, though. Now, you haven't told me how you got home."

"Oh, we left camp at about five—"

"The tinker having extracted a sovereign from Drysdale," interrupted Blake.

"What did you give to the little gipsy yourself?" retorted Drysdale; "I saw your adieus under the thorn bush. —Well, we got on all right to old Murdoch's, at Kingston Inn, by about seven, and there we had dinner; and after dinner the old boy came in; he and I are great chums, for I'm often there and always ask him in. But that beggar Blake, who never saw him before, cut me clean out in five minutes. Fancy his swearing he is Scotch, and that an ancestor of his in the sixteenth century married a Murdoch!"

"Well, when you come to think what a lot of ancestors one must have had at that time, it's probably true," said Blake.

"At any rate, it took," went on Drysdale. "I thought old Murdoch would have wept on his neck. As it was, he scattered snuff enough to fill a pint pot over him out of his mull, and began talking Gaelic. And Blake had the cheek to jabber a lot of gibberish back to him, as if he understood every word."

"Gibberish! it was the purest Gaelic," said Blake, laughing.

"I heard a lot of Greek words myself," said Drysdale; "but old Murdoch was too pleased at hearing his own clapper going, and too full of whiskey, to find him out."

"Let alone that I doubt whether he remembers more than about five words of his native tongue himself," said Blake.

"The old boy got so excited that he went upstairs for his plaid and dirk, and dressed himself up in them, apologising that he could not appear in the full garb of old Gaul, in honour of his new-found relative, as his daughter had cut up his old kilt for 'trews for the bairnies' during his absence from home. Then they took to more toddy and singing Scotch songs, till at eleven o'clock they were standing on their chairs, right

hands clasped, each with one foot on the table, glasses in the other hands, the toddy flying over the room as they swayed about roaring like maniacs, what was it?—oh, I have it:

'*Wug*-an-toorey all agree,
Wug-an-toorey, *wug*-an-toorey.'"

"He hasn't told you that he tried to join us, and tumbled over the back of his chair into the dirty-plate basket."

"A libel! a libel!" shouted Drysdale; "the leg of my chair broke, and I stepped down gracefully and safely, and when I looked up and saw what a tottery performance it was, I concluded to give them a wide berth. It would be no joke to have old Murdoch topple over on to you. I left them 'wug-an-tooreying,' and went out to look after the trap, which was ordered to be at the door at half-past ten. I found Murdoch's ostler very drunk, but sober compared with that rascally help whom we had been fools enough to take with us. They had got the trap out and the horses in, but that old rascal, Satan, was standing so quiet that I suspected something wrong. Sure enough, when I came to look, they had him up to the cheek on one side of his mouth, and third bar on the other, his belly-band buckled across his back, and no kicking strap. The old brute was chuckling to himself what he would do with us as soon as we had started in that trim. It took half an hour getting all right, as I was the only one able to do anything."

"Yes, you would have said so," said Blake, "if you had seen him trying to put Jack up behind. He made six shots with the old dog, and dropped him about on his head and the broad of his back as if he had been a bundle of eels."

"The fact is that that rascally ostler had made poor old Jack drunk too," explained Drysdale, "and he wouldn't be lifted straight. However, we got off at last, and hadn't gone a mile before the help, (who was maundering away some cursed sentimental ditty or other behind,) lurched more heavily than usual, and pitched off into the night, somewhere. Blake looked for him for half an hour, and couldn't find a hair of him."

"You don't mean to say the man tumbled off and you never found him?" said Tom in horror.

"Well, that's about the fact," said Drysdale; "but it ain't so bad as you think. We had no lamps, and it was an uncommon bad night for running by holloas."

"But a first-rate night for running by scent," broke in Blake; "the fellow leant against me until he made his exit, and I'd have backed myself to have hit the scent again half a mile off, if the wind had only been right."

"He may have broken his neck," said Tom.

"Can a fellow sing with a broken neck?" said Drysdale; "hanged if I know! But don't I tell you we heard him maundering on somewhere or other? and, when Blake shouted, he answered in endearing terms; and, when Blake swore, he rebuked him piously out of the pitch darkness, and told him to go home and repent. I nearly dropped off the box for laughing at them; and then he 'uplifted his testimony,' as he called it, against me, for driving a horse called Satan. I believe he's a ranting methodist spouter."

"I tried hard to find him," said Blake, "for I should dearly have liked to have kicked him safely into the ditch."

"At last Black Will himself couldn't have held Satan another minute. So Blake scrambled up, and away we came, and knocked into college at one for a finish: the rest you know."

"Well, you've had a pretty good day of it," said Tom, who had been hugely amused; "but I should feel nervous about the help, if I were you."

"Oh, he'll come to no grief, I'll be bound," said Drysdale; "but what o'clock is it?"

"Three," said Blake, looking at his watch and getting up; "time to turn in."

"The first time I ever heard you say that," said Drysdale.

"Yes; but you forget we were up

this morning before the world was aired. Good-night, Brown."

And off the two went, leaving Tom to sport his oak this time and retire in wonder to bed.

Drysdale was asleep with Jack curled up on the foot of the bed in ten minutes. Blake, by the help of wet towels and a knotted piece of whipcord round his forehead, read Pindar till the chapel bell began to ring.

To be continued.

BOOKS AND THEIR USES.

BY DOUBLEDAY.

Charles Lamb's friend who left off reading to the great increase of his originality, assuredly erred on the right side. The danger in this much written-for age is of reading too much. Placed amongst the countless shelves of modern libraries, we are like men with many acquaintances but few friends. We may be on comparatively intimate terms with the novelists; we may occasionally ask a new poet into the house; we are perhaps on bowing terms with the scientific writers; we may just know the historians to speak to; but where are the old, old books which our forefathers loved because they were true and tried, when there were not so many new comers that a reader felt himself called upon to give up his best friend, to step across and chat with the smartly dressed crowd of strangers at the door? Why do we not know *our* Shakspeare as good Sir Thomas Lee, in "Woodstock," knew *his*? Has the reader of these pages ever read the "Paradise Lost" through? Will he ever achieve it, unless he be one day cast upon a desert island, and save a Milton from the wreck, as well as the salt beef and biscuit? Did he ever read the "Faery Queene"? The only chance for most of us would be to be shut up with a Spenser, as we once were with the "Children of the Abbey," for three wet days in a Welsh inn, with no consolation in sight but a Bradshaw's Guide and a cruet-stand. "Young men now-a-days," says one, the late record of whose earnest and loving life has impressed the true stamp on all he has written, "read neither their Bible nor their Shakspeare enough."

Thus, there are books—and books. We read too much, and too little. The former of the two excesses is, I think, the more new and remarkable. In days such as our own, when the circulating libraries, with their million mouths, are speaking to the public, it would be strange to say that there is little thirst for information of some sort. But there still remains a question whether the craving for books may not be a disease, and whether we may not live too little in ourselves, and too much in others. The professor, whose young friend boasted that he read ten hours a day, inquired with amazement, "Indeed, then when do you think?" The old man was right. The master who sees a pupil with idle hands, and fears that, being without a book, he is losing his time, might not unreasonably hope that his other pupil, who is never without a book, is not losing his thoughts. "It is hard," Orlando says, "to see happiness through another man's eyes." It is also unprofitable always to see things reflected in another man's mind. There are other books besides those printed on paper, which are not without their value. Perhaps, even, it was intended that we should sometimes strive to see nature at first-hand.

How refreshing it is to meet now and then with those who never read at all. What a relief it is from that clever technical conversation which is acquired among readers. I envy those persons, unspotted from Mudie's, who listen to

the sentiments of books with as much astonishment as a savage in a state of primeval nature gazes on crinoline. They have advantages over us, proud as we feel ourselves. Their thoughts and feelings are their own. They can trace them home to their objects, and know that they are genuine, unplagued by the thought that the same things have often been thought before, and are as old as the first man who ever gazed on a sunset. Their aspirations and wants are more awful to them that they do not know a quotation to fit them with. This is high ground, perhaps, and the ingenuous reader at this point will exclaim, "Pooh, pooh!" I am content, if he demur, to take a lower ground. The non-reader, if he lose much by not reading at all, consider well from how much he is saved. Truly, the illiterate man has much to be thankful for.

This last sentiment has inconsiderately escaped me. Much as may be found to criticise, perhaps to contemn, in yonder last week's volume, on the whole we treat books worse than they treat us. They do not meet with the right welcome at our hands. Unrecognised for their just claims, we grumble because they do not present some others. Often are they read so quickly that their eccentricities strike the attention before their worth is discovered. The much-reader hastens from volume to volume, and learns the colour of each, but not its properties. Thus, that delight of moralists, the bee, might look into many more blossoms in a day, if it only did not care to carry away any of the honey. To make the right use of a book is not so easy a matter as it appears.

Various as are the kinds of books, so various are the uses to which we put them. There are those who read to kill time, as a refuge—oh, shame! shame!—from themselves. There are those who read because some work is in fashion, and it were bad taste not to be able to talk of it. There are those who read, in order to give the public the benefit of their judgment—those mysterious men, the critics. There are those who read indiscriminately with morbid wideness of taste, as the savage devours earth. Lastly, there are those who read little, but with discernment; whose books are their honoured friends—"the souls who have made their souls wiser."

Of those who do think — and the practice has rather gone out of late—there are a few who think for themselves, and a great many who think for the benefit of others. These last are sometimes called, for convenience, critics. All works must first pass through their furnace before they are fit for the general reader, who pays his fivepence cheerfully for the *Weekly Rasper*, and gets a vast variety of opinions for his money. In a spare ten minutes he has the opportunity of reading what another has written in ten days concerning a work which has occupied a third party perhaps as much as ten years. How admirably is labour shortened now-a-days! As we pay an architect to build, so we pay a critic to think for us; and so considerate it is of the critics always to extract the faults of a book, and leave the general reader to find the beauties. Sometimes there is a notice in the shop-windows—"A few improvers wanted." It must certainly come from an author who is wanting critics.

It was a beautiful morning in July when we were introduced to a new poem. In a spirit of the purest symbolism, it was bound in a suit of green, that it might shine upon our bookshelves as a pleasant oasis in a desert of law calf or theological cloth. It was given us in the summer months that we might read it, where it should be read, under the laburnum shade or by the brook side. Thousands of hands were held out for it; thousands of hearts were content to watch and to receive. But by and-by there arose murmurs. One said that it ought not to be called an Idyll; a second that the blank verse was not what it should be; a third that this simile would never do, and that illustration was not correct. Meanwhile those who were not gifted with such subtlety of vision were reading quite unsuspectingly, finding only a delight in the company of Arthur and his knights

—winning a glow from the bracing air of the old rude time—weeping with the fallen Guinevere—reverently gathering those great lessons, which the poet has drawn out of the fabled world, and wondering how the doings of an age should have such a value for all time. Ah me! who would be a critic by choice, if he had but the chance of being only a common reader. And yet there was a tenderness in the critics in handling this poem, which it was curious to compare with the abuse they felt it necessary to bestow on the Laureate's preceding poem. They were almost betrayed into smiling when the Idylls appeared. They seemed to say, "Well, perhaps we were a little too hard on him when he wrote last; but it was not without a good effect, for here is a work written in a metre which every one agrees to call respectable. We have great hopes now that our author will never return to such errors as he was guilty of in 'Maud.'" And then the critics seemed to smile again, and to feel that love towards the Laureate which the late L.E.L. tells us we feel to the bird we taught to sing.

Amid so much deprivation, it is consoling to think that the critic usually contrives to retain his spirits. It has even been noticed that, by some beautiful provision, the more faults he has to find, the merrier he is. Like Ophelia—

> "Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
> He turns to favour and to prettiness."

Thus is there compensation in everything.

My friend W. with whom I was the other day looking over a review of a friend's book, which the reviewer was mangling with the highest enjoyment, said he was in hopes now that we were returning to the good old Aristophanic school of criticism. He said he would see all reviews abolished and have farces substituted instead; and how excellent it would be to see Carlyle held up between heaven and earth in a clothes-basket, and Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles weighed against each other in scales. W. went on to say that criticism was not nearly so successful as witticism, and that if Shakspeare had lived in our time he would have seen that levity, not brevity, was the soul of wit. He is a sad wag, W., and always will have his joke.

Almost all criticism is too minute and too partial. Hence it fails to exhibit any but a most imperfect view of its subject. It takes a full-blown rose, and after examination presents to the reader a heap of petals without form or perfume. The critic has used his eye-glass, and sometimes to the injury of his eyes. For this reason it were well if we never read the review of a book till we had read the book itself. Then let us compare our impressions, if it may be, with the large and reverent judgment of a fuller knowledge than our own. If you would know where to find such, read Robertson's Lectures, or Bucknill on the Psychology of Shakspeare.

But still now, as in the time of the ingenious Mr. Puff, the number of those who take the trouble of judging for themselves is very small indeed, and we have seen that the critics are always at hand to do it for us. There yet remains the disagreeable necessity of forming a taste of one's own; but schemes may possibly be devised for relieving the reader of this trouble as well.

Yet there are some left who feel that it is only by being true to their own nature, imperfect as it is, that they will rise above it. They feel that from some books they can rise better men, and that from others, which are circulated by the thousand, they take no profit. They feel that there are some books whose essence is eternal, because it belongs to a nature common to all. The world does not outgrow Shakspeare. But they have found that there are other books whose work is only for some times or for some minds. They have found a book speak to them that is dumb to others. It may be dumb to them now and speak to them at a future time. It may have spoken once and now have ceased to speak, like the Oracles in the presence of a deeper voice. They

will not lightly speak of such, but look back with love and reverence to the steps worn by their feet, and those of hundred others, by which they rose "to something greater than before."

To understand a great writer, as to understand Nature, we must yield our prepossessions. When we read we lose much by not standing side by side with the writer. That in which persons differ essentially, is not in the amount of knowledge they possess, but in the point of view from which they look at things. With different centres we have different circumferences. When the centres of reader and writer are very far apart, they live in separate worlds. To understand some writers we must change our planet and wait patiently till we are acclimatized.

Writers may be divided into two large classes—those who write to reveal something new, and lead the reader out of and beyond his present knowledge; and those who write only to present the old under some new form or application. The former is the nobler class—the pioneers of knowledge; the latter we must not, however, depreciate. All that we are at liberty to demand of a writer is, that he give us something of his own. When a fresh view of anything in heaven or earth is opened to us, we are bound to open our eyes with eagerness; but when the book-writer has no part of himself for us, but only the warmed-up remains, the *crambe repetita* of others, show him no mercy. If he write on the cover of his offering, "In the name of the prophet," and we find inside only "figs," we will judge him as Bacon would have judged him—by his fruits. Show him the door. Critic, show this gentleman out!

It behoves, therefore, the inspectors of the literary market to keep a keen watch for these dealers in second-hand truths. Under our very eyes large fortunes are being made by the trade in platitudes, the secret of which success is perhaps this: There is a class of readers—and a large one too—who like to find in books rather what they know already than what they have yet to learn. Unlike the Athenians of old, they do not seem to care for any "new thing," and are more than satisfied to meet again and again with the oldest truisms. For instance; they know that it is very nice to have a friend, or an entertaining book, or that it is very proper to be industrious and provident. An ingenious poet accordingly writes a book, wherein, under a metrical garb, he tells these facts to the world. The world, pleased to recognise old acquaintances under a new form, proceeds to buy thirty editions. Here, indeed, seems reason for keeping to the beaten track. Fortunately, however, we still have writers among us who look to something besides editions.

One generation cannot decide upon the real worth of a book; only the lapse of time can prove whether it has elements that are imperishable. But every man who in his writings addresses himself successfully not to time, party, or fashion, but to that which underlies all these, may look forward to immortality as his reward;—poet, philosopher, historian, novelist; it matters little what he is called. A thinker of our day has advanced the theory of "the conservation of force"—how that force, once applied, may change its form indeed, but never ceases to exist. So we will preach the "conservation of truth." The writer may not count on the preservation of his name, but he may look, as a higher consolation, to this, that no true thought, no beautiful conception he may give to the world, will be lost; that if it be only received from him by a few, it will be reproduced by them in other forms of good, and so live for ever.

"Thank God for books," said Sydney Smith; and who that has known what it is to depend on them for companionship but will say from his heart, "Amen"? In lone country houses, where friends are few; in crowded city streets, amid greetings where no kindness is, thank God for books! Dearest, best of friends—soothing, comforting, teaching, carrying us far away from the "briars of this working-day world;" never importunate, never impatient, may we learn to use you as you use us!

THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW" ON MR. TENNYSON'S "MAUD."

To all who believe that Mr. Tennyson fulfils, in his moral influence not less than in his intellectual character, the idea of a great poet, it was gratifying to read the article on his works in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. Such hearty appreciation and such unstinting praise of the noble "Idylls," as well as of other of the poems, were pleasant sounds to hear from a high critic's chair. It is therefore evidently in no captious or hostile spirit that the reviewer finds fault with the poet on two points, on which I venture briefly to remark.

I. In speaking of the "Princess," the accomplished reviewer calls it a dramatic, or quasi-dramatic, poem; and, on the hypothesis that it belongs to this class of poetical composition, finds certain faults in it.

II. Again, in speaking of "Maud," he says, "We frankly own that our divining rod does not enable us to say whether the poet intends to be in any, and in what degree, sponsor to these sentiments"—alluding to certain utterances of the person in that remarkable mono-drama. And then he proceeds to warn the author of the evil results that may ensue from confusing the public mind with doubtful and exaggerated utterances on important and vital public questions.

One is half inclined to quote the old Scotch saying, "You're no witch at a guess," to the worthy reviewer. That, after these two works have been open to careful inspection of all men, and all critics, for twelve and four years respectively, any doubt should exist as to which of the recognised divisions of poetic art they severally belong to, may fill a simple person, unused to the mystic art of periodical criticism, with wonder.

In what sense that would not be applicable to the "Iliad" or the "Paradise Lost," can the "Princess" be called dramatic or even quasi-dramatic—whatever that may mean? Is it that the teller of the story speaks throughout in the first person? But suppose Homer had made Ulysses tell the story of the "Iliad," and when he came to points of the narration where he is to speak or act, had written "I said," or "I did," instead of "Ulysses said," or "Ulysses did" so and so, would the poem be essentially less an epic or narrative poem than it is now? Every epic poem is to this extent dramatic, that the several actors in the story exhibit their characters by what they are made to speak, and you demand that their speech shall be dramatically consistent with what is said of them or their actions in the course of the narrative. But the distinction is just this, that in the epic the story is mainly *told* by direct narration, whereas, in the drama, it is told by what the actors utter. Now surely the "Princess" belongs to the former class, if ever a poem did. On the other hand, the story of "Maud," so far as it is given, is *wholly* given in a dramatic form.

In an Epic poem, where the author tells the story himself, any sentiment uttered in the course of the narrative portion, in his own proper person by the poet, is clearly his sentiment, and he is to be held responsible for it. But, in a dramatic poem, all that can justly be demanded is, that the sentiments shall be in keeping with the character, as the author evidently conceives it. What sort of criticism would that be which applied to Shakspeare's plays any other rule?

That, on the first publication of "Maud," it should have puzzled the critics, as well as the general reader, was not perhaps surprising. Even careful and habitual readers of Mr. Tennyson might be excused if they failed to catch its drift on a first reading. But having experience that Mr. Tennyson generally had a meaning, and a high one, in what he wrote, they would suspend judgment till they had read it again and again, and discovered that the author was

not speaking in his own person, but was, in fact, writing a long and sustained dramatic poem in a style striking and novel. The experiment, certainly, on the same scale was, so far as I know, novel to literature. But the *nature* of it admits of no doubt; and it seems as reasonable that any one should inquire whether Mr. Tennyson meant this and that of what he put into the mouth of his "person of the drama," as it would be to ask whether Mr. Shakespeare meant any of the utterances that he puts into the mouth of Hamlet, or Lear, or Dogberry. A simple outsider naturally fancies that it is a critic's business to study the meaning and plan of the works which he undertakes to judge of and report upon to the general public. That it is so often a fancy merely, is surely matter of regret. Instead of such simple and yet useful work, one too often finds that these persons have very different, and perhaps more amusing and popular ends in view. They can be severe or sarcastic, and get their readers to laugh, if they cannot make them understand.

But it would be the height of injustice to suspect the genial and accomplished gentleman who writes in this *Quarterly Review* of any such ends. Whence, then, comes this evident misunderstanding of the author's purpose in "Maud?" Is it because the drama is laid in our own time, and deals with forms of evil and disease belonging to our own days? But why should this preclude an author from writing a dramatic poem which should embody these? Surely no subjects should be more interesting to us. It is surely a legitimate conception, and one which may, with perfect propriety, be dramatically presented, that there should be a delicately-organized man, thoughtful, cultivated, sensitive, in whose early life the seeds of madness have been sown by the horrible calamity of a father maddened into suicide by disaster and fraud. Such things have happened in our day. Why should not the poet exhibit what he may legitimately conceive to be the effects on such a man of a solitary life spent among books and an occasional newspaper, which may possibly contain accounts of baby poisoning, food adulteration, frauds not unlike the one he has so suffered by, all tending to give him exaggerated and bitter views of "a world in which he has hardly mixed?" And why should a thoughtful and even kind critic ask the author how far he means to be sponsor for those partial and exaggerated utterances of the creature of his art? Why should he not give the author credit for as much perception of what is true and what is false in these utterances as he himself possesses? Why, instead of asking questions which are utterly irrelevant in criticising a dramatic poem, should he not try to bring out the moral of drama, and give his readers the lessons of practical wisdom which lie in this noble and powerful work of art—one which will surely, when its true character is seen, be acknowledged to be little inferior to "Hamlet" or "Lear" in dramatic presentation—of the misery and madness that haunt the social evils which do exist in our day? The mere liking to display cleverness in the smart and slashing style which so often dims true insight, or serves to hide its absence, cannot, with any justice, be charged on the present writer. The palpable wrong he is doing to his author and his readers cannot come from this cause. The pedantries of precedent may sometimes blind as completely as dull smartness, and mar the critic craft, which after all might be, and sometimes is, a noble one. May these fungi be speedily stripped off, which hinder a noble tree from bearing its legitimate fruit!

A. Y.

MR. KINGSLEY AND THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

November 17, 1859.

MR. EDITOR,—May I ask your permission to notice, very shortly, an article which appeared in the *Saturday Review*, of November 12, on Mr. Kingsley's Miscellanies? My object is not to criticize a critic, but to correct some remarks which concern myself, and which bystanders might assume me to accept as true if I allowed them to pass uncontradicted. At the same time I should not venture to occupy your space with a purely personal topic: this, I believe, illustrates a style of writing which has become very common in our day, and against which young men cannot be too earnestly warned.

The Reviewer has paid me a compliment which, if I believed it to be well-founded, would excite my vanity to a dangerous degree. He has been aware of the peril to which he was exposing me, and, in his tenderness for my morals, has done what in him lay to counteract it. I entirely acquit him of any desire to puff me up with self-conceit; if the clearest indication of his opinion respecting me could bring my own down to its proper level, I shall have no fear of the consequences. But no depression which I might experience from his censures on my honesty which "always screws everything round to my own point;" on my habit of assuring my opponents that they are all right, in order that I may persuade them they are all wrong; on my bluff grandiloquence, &c. &c.;—would compensate in the very least the elation of which I should be conscious if he succeeded in persuading me that Mr. Kingsley owed to me any portion of the thoughts which are exercising, and are likely to exercise, a very great and very salutary influence over this generation.

For this is the Reviewer's comfortable assurance. Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Froude, and I, may give ourselves credit for most of Mr. Kingsley's opinions and convictions. The thief has been stopped by an energetic detective of the S. R. division. The different articles of our property have been carefully assorted and ticketed, and lie at the office for inspection. Each of us may have his own restored to him. As I have a slenderer stock than my two distinguished companions, I have more interest than they can have in recovering my share. But I distinctly and deliberately believe, that no one of us has the shadow of a claim; that the goods have not been stolen; that they are, in the strictest sense, Mr. Kingsley's own.

That Mr. Kingsley is under great obligations to Mr. Carlyle I fully believe. I do not know many men of this day who are not. I will state my own so far as I am able to appreciate them. I am the more bound to do it, because there is no person whom Mr. Carlyle would less care to vindicate as a disciple—no one, probably, who has oftener been disposed to utter complaints of him. I have to thank him for doing me what I think an unspeakable service; I mean for making me discontented with myself. Every one who can put sentences together in our day, is likely to think that this is the vocation of his life; every one who can prove certain propositions, or put down certain opponents, is apt to suppose that he believes the things which he can demonstrate, or can convict others of not believing. To be continually thrown back upon the questions, "Yes, but do you know what these words mean?—Pray, sir, are you sure that *you* actually mean that?"—is exceedingly unpleasant. But any one who is forced to undergo that torture, comes, I think, at last, to be very thankful to the torturer. The results may be very different from what that torturer expected. We may not be forced to give up what he takes it for granted that we shall be forced to give up. We may find—he may even help us to the discovery—that there are vestures

needful for human beings, which he suspects to have come from Monmouth Street, or to be due to it. So much the more, I suspect, will he deserve and receive our gratitude. He has not taken from us what we cannot afford to part with; he has compelled us to consider what it is, and what it has to do with us.

I do not expect that the new generation will know what I mean by these remarks. They read Mr. Carlyle because he deals in queer phrases and gives them very accurate and valuable information about the Hohenzollerns. They can judge him, criticize him, dissect him. We had no such faculty, though perhaps we fancied we had. He judged, criticized, dissected *us*. So it was with me; so I should suppose it was with Mr. Kingsley. I have no right at all to speak for him; but I judge in this way. When a man of genius, writing in a remarkable and somewhat grotesque style, has been for many years sending forth his thoughts into the world, you see his phrases gradually creeping into the ordinary literature of the day, into reviews and magazines especially,—leavening more and more the dialect of the age. He who professes the most vehement dislike to these phrases in the author to whom they belong—and of whose mind they *are* expressions—will adopt them into discourses with which they have no natural affinity, to which they can only be a mere outside fringe quite discordant with everything that they surround.

Now, of this I see nothing in Mr. Kingsley. I find in his *Miscellanies*—most of which I did not know till they were collected into a volume—less of the Carlylese dialect than I should expect in any chance number of a provincial newspaper or of the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Kingsley writes, so it seems to me, very manly and classical English, which, nevertheless, is perfectly individual, fitted to his use, not capable of being transformed to the use of any one else. According to the reviewer, he has adopted from Mr. Carlyle "the "Gospel of Industry and the love of "Old Testament Morality." Mr. Kingsley lives amongst labourers, and, being a clergyman, must occasionally read the Old Testament. Whoever first told him that industry was a good thing, and the Old Testament a good book, I should conceive he might have assured himself of both facts by intercourse with the hard hands and the burning words. Otherwise he has not profited by Mr. Carlyle's teaching. No words of his having been repeated so often—repeated till they have lost their power—as those in which he exhorts us to look facts in the face, and not to accept second-hand reports of them. I fancy that no words told more on Mr. Kingsley than these; surely they must have helped to preserve him from being a copyist and a plagiarist instead of to make him one.

If these are his debts to an older man, I shall suppose that he may have worked in the same mine with Mr. Froude, have compared notes with him, and have arrived at some of the same historical conclusions; and yet that neither may have "adopted" the thoughts of the other. Mr. Froude is a professed historian of the Tudor period; Mr. Kingsley has written an historical novel about the same period. Is there no such thing as genial intercourse between students—no such thing as each apprehending the mind of the other—as a reciprocation of benefits? What were those excellent "Joint Verses" on Cobbett in the last number of your Magazine but one of the most beautiful exemplifications of this kind of sympathy? Must there always be some good-natured friend at hand to whisper, "Watch that fellow! He has got a thought of yours. If you do not keep a sharp eye upon him, he will pocket it, and pass it off as his own"?

That generous men, like Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude, would give heed to such admonitions, no one will suspect. Nor is it necessary that they should say a word to expose their admonisher. It is necessary that I should, however disagreeable the task is, and however much egotism it may involve me in, because I have given some colour to the charge by an act of folly which I committed

many years ago. When Mr. Kingsley published his first poem, "The Saint's Tragedy," I was vain and conceited enough to write a preface to it. Soon enough the public had sense to perceive that, if recommendations were wanted, I should rather have begged one from him; soon enough I gave such offence to the public as would have rendered any recommendations of mine very damaging to the person who received them. That damage Mr. Kingsley has suffered, and has borne with a kindness and generosity of which I may be excused for attempting to speak. Of course, I have had my share of the punishment: that of looking very ridiculous for my presumption, and that of appearing to force my own bad reputation upon a man singularly unlike me in every respect—with the liveliest observation of external things; with a capacity for any society, the highest or the lowest; with an intense interest in physical studies; with a specially vigorous and genial temperament. Of all persons in England at the present day, I am bold to say that there is not one who has so many deficiencies, offences, and discordances to overlook and forgive in another as he has in me; and whatever Saturday Reviewers may think, men like him *do* overcome such natural repugnances and utter exaggerated commendations of those from whom, at some stage of their lives, they have picked up a stray hint or two, not because they want to beg, borrow, or steal thoughts which are not theirs, but because they have an over-estimate of all who have been cast in another mould than themselves; a disposition to give them credit for more than they have.

The Reviewer says, that Mr. Kingsley has "adopted" from me "that theory "of religious inspiration, which is based "on the supposition of a direct illumina-"tion of each individual believer." I am not going to defend or to explain any theological statements of mine, in this place. A Saturday Reviewer must know better than any one else, how to set forth the belief of every writer, living or departed. If the expressions are not exactly his own, the critic's are sure to be an improvement upon them. But taking the words as they stand, I submit that any one who adopts this theory, must find it more than a theory. If he does not, he will soon cast it aside. He must feel that his words are not his own; that he is not lord over them; that there is a living teacher near him from whom all that is good in them must proceed. Supposing Mr. Kingsley to have received this conviction, and in any degree or measure to act upon it, is it not impossible in the nature of things that he should be a copyist from me? Does not that very doctrine which he is said to have copied, as much prohibit and prevent copying, as that which he is said to have obtained from Carlyle? I perceive in these *Miscellanies*, that he does justice to the belief of many mystical writers on this subject, saying, with great modesty, that he is often quite unable to follow them; but protesting against the popular condemnation of them for their refusal to claim the light in which they walked as their own. I perceive that he protests against those mystical writers when they wish to confine the light, which was granted them, to themselves, or even to what they would have called divine subjects; whereas, if we adhere to the teaching of the Bible, we should say that every good thing must come from God; that the good thoughts of the worst man cannot be his own; that the scientific discoverer is as much a receiver of light from above as the theologian. Such are certainly my convictions. But that Mr. Kingsley received them from me and not from the New Testament, from intercourse with the old men and old women of his parish, with saints and with poachers, from actual experience of the difficulties of physical investigations (into which I have never ventured), I shall not easily be brought to believe.

I believe it the less, because I perceive also from these *Miscellanies*, that in many of those opinions that can be derived from another or imparted by another—in those which concern individual men of letters or literary schools—

Mr. Kingsley and I are greatly at variance. I have an old-standing reverence and affection for Coleridge and Wordsworth; I count them among my greatest benefactors. He is disposed to think and speak of them disparagingly, if not contemptuously. I know nothing of art; but I find too much conscientiousness and earnestness among those of my friends who are called Præ-Raphaelites, ever to look down upon them as he does. I may agree with him, that many very silly things were said against Pope when the Romance-fever was at its height. But I cannot throw myself, as he has done, into the *papal* reaction, and exalt the *Essay on Man* into the sublimest of ethical poems. His theories on all these points are certainly not mine. So far as they are theories, they are entitled to more respect than any I could broach, because he is a poet and an artist, and I am not. Yet, in spite of that consideration, I shall for the present hold my own; feelings of gratitude and reverence to those who have done me good, I hope I shall never sacrifice to his or to any authority.

I have said more than I meant to say. I believe that, however little the personal part of my letter may interest your readers, I have done them a service by bearing my protest against a style of criticism which leads young men to think that they can never be original, unless they refuse to learn from any contemporary, or even from any man of the old world; which causes intercourse to be frivolous and suspicious, reading to be a mere observation of faults; which has often broken up old friendships; which can never make any one man more humble, more true.

Your obedient Servant,

F. D. Maurice.

Postscript.—I have been told that I have misrepresented the observations of the Saturday Reviewer respecting industry. He does not suppose that Mr. Kingsley learnt from Mr. Carlyle that industry was a good thing. That truth he might probably have derived from his writing-master and inscribed in copy-books when he was learning round-hand. Mr. Carlyle taught him to "look on labour as something essentially poetic." Let the Reviewer have all the advantage of the correction. And let those who remember that Friedrich Wilhelm is Mr. Carlyle's specimen of an "essentially poetic" temperament, and that Mr. Vavasour Briggs is Mr. Kingsley's, judge how much better either the master or the pupil would love industry for this sentimental association with it. There would have been far more plausibility in affirming that Mr. Kingsley's exaggerated preference of the anti-poetical, Tom Thurnall type of character, was caught from the author of the Latter-Day Pamphlets.

IN A SKYE BOTHY.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

Man is an ease-loving animal, with a lingering affection for Arcadian dales; under the shadow of whose trees shepherd boys are piping "as they would never grow old." Human nature is a vagabond still, maugre the six thousand years of it, and amuses itself with dreams of societies, free and unrestrained. It is this vagabond feeling in the blood which draws one so strongly to Shakespere. That sweet and liberal nature of his blossomed into all wild human generosities. "As You Like It" is a vagabond play; and, verily, if there waved in any wind that blows upon the earth a forest, peopled as Arden's was in Shakespere's imagination, with an exiled king drawing the sweetest humanest lessons from misfortune, a melancholy Jaques stretched by the river's brink, moralizing on the bleeding deer, a fair Rosalind chaunting her saucy cuckoo

song, fools like Touchstone (not like those of our acquaintance, reader), and the whole place from centre to circumference filled with mighty oak-bolls, all carven with lovers' names; I would, be my worldly prospects what they may, pack up at once and join that vagabond company. For there I should find more gallant courtesies, finer sentiments, completer innocence and happiness than I am like to discover here, although I search for them from shepherd's cot to king's palace. Just to think how these people lived! Carelessly as the blossoming trees, happily as the singing birds; time measured only by the acorn's patter on the fruitful soil. A world without debtor or creditor; passing rich, yet with never a doit in its purse; with no sordid cares, no regard for appearances: nothing to occupy the young but love-making; nothing to occupy the old but listening to the "sermons in stones," and perusing the musical wisdom which dwells in "running brooks." Arden forest, alas! is not rooted in the earth: it draws sustenance from a poet's brain; and the light asleep on its leafy billows is that "that yet never was seen on sea or shore." But one cannot help dreaming of such a place, and striving to approach as nearly as possible to its sweet conditions.

I am quite alone here: England may have been invaded and London sacked, for aught I know. Several weeks since, a newspaper, accidentally blown to my solitude, informed me that the *Great Eastern* had been got under weigh, and was then swinging at the Nore. There is great joy, I perceive. Human nature stands astonished at itself; felicitates itself on its remarkable talent, and will for months to come purr complacently over its achievement in magazines and reviews. A fine world, messieurs, that will attain to heaven—if in the power of steam. A very fine world; yet for all that, I have withdrawn from it for a time, and would rather not hear of its remarkable exploits. In my present mood I do not value them that coil of vapour on the brow of Blavin, which, as I gaze, smoulders into nothing in the fire of sunrise.

Goethe, in his memorable book, "Truth and Poetry," informs his readers that in his youth he loved to shelter himself in the Scripture narratives, from the marching and counter-marching of armies, the cannonading, retreating, and fighting, that lay everywhere around him. He shut his eyes, as it were, and a whole war-convulsed Europe wheeled away into silence and distance, and in its place, lo! the patriarchs, with their tawny tents, their man-servants and maid-servants, and countless flocks in imperceptible procession whitening the Syrian plains. In this my green solitude, I appreciate the full sweetness of the passage. Everything here is silent as the Bible plains themselves. I am cut off from former scenes and associates as by the sullen Styx and the grim ferrying of Charon's boat. The noise of the world does not touch me. I live too far inland to hear the thunder of the reef. To this place no postman comes, no tax-gatherer. This region never heard the sound of the church-going bell. The land is pagan as when the yellow-haired Norseman landed a thousand years ago. I almost feel a pagan myself. Not using a notched stick, I have lost all count of time, and don't know Saturday from Sunday. Civilization is like a soldier's stock; it makes you carry your head a good deal higher, makes the angels weep a little more at your fantastic tricks, and half suffocates you the while. I have thrown it away, and breathe freely. My bed is the heather, my mirror the stream from the hills, my comb and brush the sea breeze, my watch the sun, my theatre the sunset, and my evening service—not without a rude natural religion in it—watching the pinnacles of the hills of Cuchullin sharpening in intense purple against the pallid orange of the sky, or listening to the melancholy voices of the sea-birds and the tide; that over, I am asleep till touched by the earliest splendour of the dawn. I am, not without reason, hugely enamoured of my vagabond existence.

My bothy is situated on the shores of one of the lochs that intersect Skye. The coast is bare and rocky, hollowed into fantastic

chambers : and when the tide is making, every cavern murmurs like a sea-shell. The land, from frequent rain green as emerald, rises into soft pastoral heights, and about a mile inland soars suddenly up into peaks of bastard marble, white as the cloud under which the lark sings at noon, bathed in rosy light at sunset. In front are the Cuchullin hills and the monstrous peak of Blavin; then the green Strath runs narrowing out to sea, and the Island of Rum, with a white cloud upon it, stretches like a gigantic shadow across the entrance of the loch, and completes the scene. Twice every twenty-four hours the Atlantic tide sets in upon hollowed shores; twice is the sea withdrawn, leaving spaces of green sand on which mermaids with golden combs might sleek alluring tresses; and black rocks, heaped with brown dulse and tangle, and lovely ocean blooms of purple and orange; and bare islets—marked at full of tide by a glimmer of pale green amid the universal sparkle—where most the sea fowl love to congregate. To these islets, on favourable evenings, come the crows, and sit in sable parliament; business despatched, they start into air as at a gun, and stream away through the sunset to their roosting-place in the Armadale woods. The shore supplies for me the place of books and companions. Of course Blavin and Cuchullin hills are the chief attractions, and I never weary watching them. In the morning they wear a great white caftan of mist; but that lifts away before noon, and they stand with all their scars and passionate torrent-lines bare to the blue heavens; with perhaps a solitary shoulder for a moment gleaming wet to the sunlight. After a while a vapour begins to steam up from their abysses, gathering itself into strange shapes, knotting and twisting itself like smoke; while above, the terrible crests are now lost, now revealed, in a stream of flying rack. In an hour a wall of rain, grey as granite, opaque as iron, stands up from sea to heaven. The loch is roughening before the wind, and the islets, black dots a second ago, are patches of roaring foam. You hear the fierce sound of its coming. The lashing tempest sweeps over you, and looking behind, up the long inland glen, you can see on the birch woods, and on the sides of the hills, driven on the wind, the white smoke of the rain. Though fierce as a charge of highland bayonets, these squalls are seldom of long duration, and you bless them when you creep from your shelter, for out comes the sun, and the birch woods are twinkling, and more intensely flash the levels of the sea, and at a stroke the clouds are scattered from the wet brow of Blavin, and to the whole a new element is added, the voice of the swollen stream as it rushes red over a hundred tiny cataracts, and roars river-broad into the sea, making turbid the azure. Then I have my amusements in this solitary place. The mountains are of course open, and this morning at dawn a roe swept past me like the wind, nose to the dewy ground, "tracking," they call it here. Above all, I can wander on the ebbed beach. Hogg speaks of that—

> "Undefined and mingled hum,
> Voice of the desert never dumb."

But far more than the murmuring and insecty air of the moorland, does the wet *chirk-chirking* of the living shore give one the idea of crowded and multitudinous life. Did the reader ever hunt razor-fish?—not sport like tiger-hunting, I admit; yet it has its pleasures and excitements, and can kill a forenoon for an idle man agreeably. On the wet sands yonder the razor-fish are spouting like the fountains at Versailles on a fête day. The sly fellow sinks on discharging his watery *feu de joie*. If you are quickly after him through the sand, you catch him, and then comes the tug of war. Address and dexterity are required. If you pull vigorously, he slips out of his sheath a "mother-naked" mollusc, and escapes. If you do your spiriting gently you drag him up to light, a long thin case, with a white fishy bulb protruding at one end like a root. Rinse him in sea-water, toss him into your basket, and plunge after another watery flash. These razor-

fish are excellent eating, the people say; and when used as bait, no fish that swims the ocean stream, cod, whiting, haddock, flat skate, broad-shouldered, crimson bream,—not the detested dog-fish himself, this summer swarming in every loch and becursed by every fisherman,—can keep himself off the hook, and in an hour your boat is laden with glittering spoil. Then, if you take your gun to the low islands—and you can go dry-shod at ebb of tide—you have your chance of sea-fowl. Gulls of all kinds are there, dookers and divers of every description; flocks of shy curlews, and specimens of a hundred tribes, to which my limited ornithological knowledge cannot furnish a name. The Solan goose yonder falls from heaven into the water like a meteor-stone. See the solitary scart, with long narrow wing and outstretched neck, shooting toward some distant promontory! Anon, high overhead, come wheeling a covey of lovely sea-swallows. You fire; one flutters down, never more to skim the horizon or to dip in the sea-sparkle. Lift it up; is it not beautiful? The wild, keen eye is closed, but you see the delicate slate-colour of the wings, and the long tail feathers white as the creaming foam. There is a stain of blood on the breast, hardly brighter than the scarlet of its beak and feet. Lay it down, for its companions are dashing round and round, uttering harsh cries of rage and sorrow; and, had you the heart, you could shoot them one by one. At ebb of tide wild-looking children, from turf-cabins on the hill side, come down to hunt shell-fish. Even now a troop is busy; how their shrill voices go the while! Old Effie, I see, is out to-day, quite a picturesque object, with her white cap and red shawl. With a tin can in one hand, an old reaping-hook in the other, she goes poking among the tangle. Let us see what sport she has had. She turns round at our salutation—very old, old almost as the worn rocks around. She might have been the wife of Wordsworth's "Leech-gatherer." Her can is sprawling with brown crabs; and opening her apron, she exhibits a large black and blue lobster—a fellow such as she alone can capture. A queer woman is Effie, and an awsome. She is familiar with ghosts and apparitions. She can relate legends that have power over the superstitious blood, and with little coaxing will sing those wild Gælic songs of hers—of dead lights on the sea, of fishing-boats going down in squalls, of unburied bodies tossing day and night upon the grey peaks of the waves, and of girls that pray God to lay them by the sides of their drowned lovers; although for them should never rise mass nor chaunt, and although their flesh should be torn asunder by the wild fishes of the sea.

Rain is my enemy here, and at this writing I am suffering siege. For three days this rickety dwelling has stood assault of wind and rain. Yesterday a blast breached the door, and the tenement fluttered for a moment like an umbrella caught in a gust. All seemed lost, but the door was got to again, heavily barred across, and the enemy foiled. An entrance, however, had been effected; and that portion of the attacking column which I had imprisoned by my dexterous manœuvre, maddening itself into whirlwind, rushed up the chimney, scattering my turf fire as it went, and so escaped. Since that time the windy columns have retired to the gorges of the hills, where I hear them howl at intervals; and the only thing I am exposed to is the musketry of the rain. How viciously the small shot peppers the walls! Here must I wait till the cloudy armament breaks up. One's own mind is a dull companion in these circumstances. Sheridan—wont with his talk to brighten the table more than the champagne; whose mind was a phosphorescent sea, dark in its rest, every movement a flash of splendour—if cooped up here, begirt with this murky atmosphere, would be dull as a Lincoln fen unenlivened by a single will-o'-the-wisp. Books are the only refuge on a rainy day; but in Skye Bothies books are rare. To me, however, the gods have proved kind, for in my sore need I found on a shelf here two

volumes of the old *Monthly Review*, and have sauntered through these dingy literary catacombs with considerable satisfaction. What a strange set of old fogies the writers! To read them is like conversing with the antediluvians. Their opinions have fallen into disuse long ago, and resemble to-day the rusty armour and gim-cracks of a curiosity-shop. These essays and criticisms were thought brilliant, I suppose, when they appeared last century, and authors praised therein considered themselves rather handsome flies, preserved in pure critical amber for the inspection of posterity. The volumes were published, I notice, from 1790 to 1792, and exhibit a period of wonderful literary activity. Not to speak of novels, histories, travels, farces, tragedies, upwards of two hundred poems are brought to judgment. Plainly, these Monthly Reviewers worked hard, and on the whole, with spirit and deftness. A proper sense of the importance of their craft had these gentlemen; they laid down the law with great gravity, and from critical benches shook their awful wigs on offenders. How it all looks *now!* "Let us indulge ourselves with another extract," quoth one, "and contemplate once more the tear of grief before we are called upon to witness the tear of rapture." *Both* tears dried up long ago, as those that sparkled on a Pharaoh's cheek. Hear this other, stern as Rhadamanthus; behold Duty steeling itself against human weakness! "It grieves us to wound a young man's feelings; but our judgment must not be biassed by any plea whatsoever. Why will men apply for our opinion, when they know that we cannot be silent, and that we will not lie?" Listen to this prophet in Israel, one who has not bent the knee to Baal, and say if there is not a touch of hopeless pathos in him:—"Fine words do not make fine poems. Scarcely a month passes in which we are not obliged to issue this decree. But in these days of universal heresy, our decrees are no more respected than the Bulls of the Bishop of Rome." O that men would hear, that they would incline their hearts to wisdom! The ghosts of the dim literary Hades are getting tiresome, and as I look up, lo! the rain has ceased from sheer fatigue: great white vapours are rising from the damp valleys; and, better than all, pleasant as Blucher's cannon on the evening of Waterloo, the sound of wheels on the boggy ground; and just when the stanched rain-clouds are burning into a sullen red at sunset, I have a visitor in my Bothy, and pleasant human intercourse.

Broadford Fair is a great event in the island. The little town lies on the margin of a curving bay, and under the shadow of a somewhat celebrated hill. On the crest of it is a cairn of stones, the burying-place of an ancient Scandinavian woman, tradition informs me, whose wish it was to be laid high up there, that she might sleep right in the pathway of the Norway wind. In a green glen, at its base, stand the ruins of the House of Corrichatachin, where Boswell had his share of four bowls of punch, and went to bed at five in the morning, and, awakening at noon with a severe headache, saw Dr. Johnson burst in upon him with the exclamation, "What, drunk yet!" "His tone of voice was not that of severe upbraiding," writes the penitent Bozzy, "so I was relieved a little." Broadford is a post-town of about a dozen houses, and is a place of great importance. If Portree is the London of Skye, Broadford is its Manchester. The markets, held every three months or so, take place on a patch of moorland about a mile from the village. Not only are cattle sold and cash exchanged for the same; but there a Skye farmer meets his relations, from the brother of his blood to his cousin forty times removed. To these meetings he is drawn, not only by his love of coin, but by his love of kindred, and—the *Broadford Mail* and the *Portree Advertiser* lying yet in the womb of time—by his love of gossip also. The market is the Skyeman's exchange, his family gathering, and his newspaper. From the deep sea of his solitude he comes up to breathe there, and, refreshed, sinks again. This

fair at Broadford I resolved to see. Starting early in the morning, my way for the most part lay through a desolation where nature seemed deteriorated, and at her worst. Winter could not possibly sadden the region; no spring could quicken it into flowers. The hills wear but for ornament the white streak of the torrent; the rocky soil clothes itself in heather to which the purple never comes. Even man, the miracle-worker, who transforms everything he touches, who has rescued a fertile Holland from the waves, who has reared a marble Venice from out salt lagunes and marshes, is defeated here. A turf hut, with smoke issuing from the roof, and a patch of sickly green around, which will ripen by November, is all that he has won from nature. Gradually, as I proceeded, the aspect of the country changed, began to exhibit traces of cultivation; and ere long, the red hill with the Norwegian woman's cairn a-top rose before me, suggesting Broadford and the close of the journey. The roads were filled with cattle, driven forward with oath and shout. Every now and then, a dog-cart came skirring along, and infinite the confusion, and loud the clamour of tongues, when one or other plunged into a herd of sheep, or skittish "three-year-olds." At the entrance to the fair, the horses were taken out of the vehicles, and left with a leathern thong tied round their forelegs to limp about in search of breakfast. As you advance, on either side of the road stand hordes of cattle, the wildest looking creatures, black, white, dun, and cream-coloured, with fells of hair hanging over their savage eyes, and graced with horns of preposterous dimensions. Horses neighed from their stakes, the owners looking out for customers. Sheep were there, too, in restless masses, scattering hither and thither like quicksilver, with dogs and men flying along their edges excited to the verge of insanity. What a hubbub of sound! What lowing and neighing! what bleating and barking! It was a novel sight, that rude, primeval traffic. Down in the hollow ground, tents had been knocked up since dawn; there potatoes were being cooked for drovers who had been travelling all night; there, also, liquor could be had. To these places, I observed, contracting parties invariably repaired to solemnize a bargain. Booths ranged along the side of the road were plentifully furnished with confections, ribbons, and cheap jewellery; and as the morning wore on, around these the girls swarmed thickly, as bees round summer flowers. The fair was running its full career of bargain-making and consequent dram-drinking, rude flirtation, and meeting of friend with friend; when up the middle of the road, hustling the passengers, terrifying the cattle, came three misguided young gentlemen—medical students, I opined—engaged in botanical researches in these regions. Evidently they had been "dwellers in tents." One of them, gifted with a comic genius—his companions were desperately solemn—at one point of the road, threw back his coat, in emulation of Sambo when he brings down the applauses of the threepenny gallery, and executed a shuffle in front of a bewildered cow. Crummie backed and shied, bent on retreat. *He*, agile as a cork, bobbed up and down in her front, turn whither she would, with shouts and hideous grimaces, his companions standing by the while like mutes at a funeral. That feat accomplished, the trio staggered on, amid the derision and scornful laughter of the Gael. Lifting our eyes up out of the noise and confusion, there were the solitary mountain tops and the clear mirror of Broadford Bay, the opposite coast sleeping green in it with all its woods; and lo! the steamer from the South sliding in, with her red funnel, breaking the reflection with a tract of foam, and disturbing the far-off morning silence with the thunder of her paddles. By noon, a considerable stroke of business had been done. Hordes of bellowing cattle were being driven off toward Broadford, and drovers were rushing about in a wonderful manner, armed with tar-pot and stick, smearing their peculiar mark upon the shaggy hides of

their purchases. Rough-looking customers enough, these fellows, yet they want not means. Some of them, I am told, came here this morning with five hundred pounds in their pocket-books, and have spent every paper of it, and this day three months they will return with as large a sum. By three o'clock in the afternoon the place was deserted by cattle, and fun and business gathered round the booths and refreshment tents, the noise increasing every hour, and towards evening deepening into brawl and general combat.

During the last few weeks I have had opportunity of witnessing something of life as it passes in the Skye wildernesses, and have been struck with its self-containedness, not less than with its remoteness. A Skye family has everything within itself. The bare mountains yield them mutton, of a flavour and delicacy unknown in the south. The copses swarm with rabbits; and if a net is set over-night at the Black Island, there is abundance of fish to breakfast. The farmer grows his own corn, barley, and potatoes, digs his own peats, makes his own candles; he tans leather, spins cloth shaggy as a terrier's pile, and a hunchbacked artist on the place transforms the raw materials into boots or shepherd garments. Twice every year a huge hamper arrives from Glasgow, stuffed with all the little luxuries of house-keeping—tea, sugar, coffee, and the like. At more frequent intervals comes a ten-gallon cask from Greenock, whose contents can cunningly draw the icy fangs of a north-easter, or take the chill out of the clammy mists.

> "What want they that a king should have?"

And once a week the *Inverness Courier*, like a window suddenly opened on the roaring sea, brings a murmur of the outer world, its politics, its business, its crimes, its literature, its whole multitudinous and unsleeping life, making the stillness yet more still. To the Isle's-man the dial face of the year is not artificially divided, as in cities, by parliamentary session and recess, college terms or vacations, short and long, by the rising and sitting of courts of justice; nor yet, as in more fortunate soils, by imperceptible gradations of coloured light, the green flowery year deepening into the sunset of the October hollyhock, the slow reddening of burdened orchards, the slow yellowing of wheaten plains. Not by any of these, but by the higher and more affecting element of animal life, with its passions and instincts, its gladness and suffering; existence like our own, although in a lower key, and untouched by its solemn issues; the same music and wail, although struck on ruder and uncertain chords. To the Isle's-man, the year rises into interest when the hills, yet wet with melted snows, are pathetic with newly-yeaned lambs, and completes itself through the successive steps of weaning, fleecing, sorting, fattening, sale, final departure, and cash in pocket. The shepherd life is more interesting than the agricultural, inasmuch as it deals with a higher order of being; for I suppose—apart from considerations of profit—a couchant ewe, with her young one at her side, or a ram, "with wreathed horns superb," cropping the herbage, is a more pleasing object to the æsthetic sense than a field of mangold-wurzel, flourishing ever so gloriously. The shepherd inhabits a mountain country, lives more completely in the open air, and is acquainted with all phenomena of storm and calm, the thunder-smoke coiling in the wind, the hawk hanging stationary in the breathless blue. He knows the faces of the hills, recognises the voices of the torrents as if they were children of his own, can unknit their intricate melody, as he lies with his dog beside him on the warm slope at noon, separating tone from tone, and giving this to iron crag, that to pebbly bottom. From long intercourse, every member of his flock wears to his eye its special individuality, and he recognises the countenance of a "wether" as he would the countenance of a human acquaintance. Sheep-farming is a picturesque occupation; and I think a cataract of sheep descending a hill-

side, now gathering into a mighty pool, now emptying itself in a rapid stream—the dogs, urged more by sagacity than by the shepherd's voice, flying along the edges, turning, guiding, changing the shape of the mass—one of the prettiest sights in the world. But the most affecting incident of shepherd life is the weaning of the lambs;—affecting, because it reveals passions in the "fleecy fools," the manifestation of which we are accustomed to consider ornamental in ourselves. From all the hills men and dogs drive the flocks down into a fold or *fank*, as it is called here, consisting of several chambers or compartments. Into these compartments the sheep are huddled, and then the separation takes place. The ewes are returned to the mountains, the lambs are driven away to some spot where the pasture is rich, and where they are watched day and night. Midnight comes with dews and stars; the troop is couched peacefully as the cloudlets of a summer sky. Suddenly they are restless, ill at ease, goaded by some sore unknown want, and evince a disposition to scatter in every direction; but the shepherds are wary, the dogs swift and sure, and after a little while the perturbation is allayed, and they rest again. Walk up now to the fank. The full moon is riding between the hills, filling the glen with lustre and floating mysterious glooms. Listen! You hear it on every side of you, till it dies away in the silence of distance—the fleecy Rachel weeping for her children. The turf walls of the fank are in shadow, but something seems to be moving there. As you approach, it disappears with a quick, short bleat, and a hurry of tiny hooves. Wonderful mystery of instinct! Affection all the more touching that it is so wrapt in darkness, hardly knowing its own meaning! For nights and nights the creatures will be found haunting about these turfen walls, seeking the young that have been taken away.

But my chief delight here is my friend and neighbour, Mr. MacIan. He was a soldier in his youth: is now very old—ninety and odd, I should say. He would strike one with a sense of strangeness in a city, and among men of the present generation. Here, however, he creates no surprise; he is a natural product of the region, like the red heather, or the bed of the dried torrent. He is a master of legendary lore. He knows the history of every considerable family in the island; he circulates like sap through every genealogical tree; he is an enthusiast in Gaelic poetry, and is fond of reciting compositions of native bards, his eyes lighted up, and his tongue moving glibly over the rugged clots of consonants. He has a servant cunning upon the pipes, and, dwelling there for a week, I heard Ronald often wandering near the house, solacing himself with their music; now a plaintive love-song, now a coronach for chieftain borne to his grave, now a battle march, the notes of which, melancholy and monotonous at first, would all at once soar into a higher strain, and then hurry and madden as beating time to the footsteps of the charging clan. I am the fool of association; and the tree under which a king has rested, the stone in which a banner was planted on the morning of some victorious or disastrous day, the house in which some great man first saw the light, are to me the sacredest things. This slight grey, keen-eyed man—the scabbard sorely frayed now, the blade sharp and bright as ever—gives me a thrill like an old coin with its half-obliterated effigy, a Druid stone on a moor, a stain of blood on the floor of a palace. He stands before me a living figure, and history groups itself behind by way of background. He sits at the same board with me, and yet he lifted Moore at Corunna, and saw the gallant dying eyes flash up with their last pleasure when the Highlanders charged past. He lay down to sleep in the light of Wellington's watch-fires in the gorges of the piny Pyrenees; around him roared the death-thunders of Waterloo. There is a certain awfulness about very old men; they are amongst us, but not of us. They crop out of the living soil and herbage of to-day, like rocky strata bearing marks of the glacier or the wave. Their roots strike deeper than ours, and

they draw sustenance from an earlier layer of soil. They are lonely amongst the young; they cannot form new friendships, and are willing to be gone. They feel the "sublime attractions of the grave;" for the soil of churchyards once flashed kind eyes on them, heard with them the chimes at midnight, sang and clashed the brimming goblet with them; and the present Tom and Harry are as nothing to the Tom and Harry that swaggered about and toasted the reigning belles seventy years ago. We are accustomed to lament the shortness of life; but it is wonderful how long it is notwithstanding. Often a single life, like a summer twilight, connects two historic days. Count back four lives, and King Charles is kneeling on the scaffold at Whitehall. To hear MacIan speak, one could not help thinking in this way. In a short run across the mainland with him this summer, we reached Culloden Moor. The old gentleman, with a mournful air—for he is a great Jacobite, and wears the prince's hair in a ring—pointed out the burial-grounds of the clans. Struck with his manner, I inquired how he came to know their red resting-places. As if hurt, he drew himself up, laid his hand on my shoulder, saying, "Those who put them in told me." Heavens, how a century and odd years collapsed, and the bloody field,—the battle smoke not yet cleared away, and where Cumberland's artillery told the clansmen sleeping in thickest swathes,—unrolled itself from the horizon down to my very feet! For a whole evening he will sit and speak of his London life; and I cannot help contrasting the young officer, who trod Bond-street with powder in his hair at the end of last century, with the old man living in the shadow of Blavin now.

Dwellers in cities have occasionally seen a house that has the reputation of being haunted, and heard a ghost story told. Most of them have knowledge of the trumpet blast that sounds when a member of the Airlie family is about to die. Some few may have heard of the Irish gentleman who, seated in the London opera-house on the night his brother died, heard, above the clash of the orchestra and the passion of the singers, the shrill warning *keen* of the banshee—an evil omen always to him and his. City people laugh when these stories are told, even although the blood should run chill the while. Here, one is steeped in a ghostly atmosphere: men walk about here gifted with the second sight. There has been something weird and uncanny about the island for some centuries. Douglas, on the morning of Otterbourne, according to the ballad, was shaken unto superstitious fears:—

"But I hae dreamed a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Skye;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I."

Then the island is full of strange legends of the Norwegian times and earlier—legends it might be worth Mr. Dasent's while to take note of, should he ever visit the rainy Hebrides. One such legend, concerning Ossian and his poems, struck me a good deal. Near Mr. MacIan's place is a ruined castle, a mere hollow shell of a building, Dunscaith by name, built in Fingalian days by the chieftain Cuchullin, and so called in honour of his wife. The pile crumbles over the sea on a rocky headland bearded by grey green lichens. The place is quite desolate, and seldom visited. The only sounds heard there are the sharp whistle of the salt breeze, the bleat of a strayed sheep, the cry of wheeling sea-birds. MacIan and myself sat one summer day on the ruined stair. The sea lay calm and bright beneath, its expanse broken only by a creeping sail. Across the loch rose the great red hill, in the shadow of which Boswell got drunk; on the top of which is perched the Scandinavian woman's cairn. And out of the bare blue heaven, down on the ragged fringe of the Coolin hills, flowed a great white vapour gathering in the sunlight in mighty fleece on fleece. The old gentleman was the narrator, and the legend goes as follows:—The castle was built by Cu-

chullin and his Fingalians in a single night. The chieftain had many retainers, was a great hunter, and terrible in war. Every night at feast the minstrel Ossian sang his exploits. Ossian, on one occasion, in wandering among the hills, was struck by sweet strains of music that seemed to issue from a green knoll on which the sun shone temptingly. He sat down to listen, and was lulled asleep by the melody. He had no sooner fallen asleep than the knoll opened, and he beheld the under-world of the fairies. That afternoon and the succeeding night he spent in revelry, and in the morning he was allowed to return. Again the music sounded, again the senses of the minstrel were steeped in forgetfulness. And on the sunny knoll he awoke a grey-haired man; for in one short fairy afternoon and evening, had been crowded a hundred of our human years. In his absence, the world had entirely changed, the Fingalians were extinct, and the dwarfish race, whom we call men, were possessors of the country. Longing for companionship, Ossian married the daughter of a shepherd, and in process of time a little girl was born to him. Years passed on, his wife died, and his daughter, woman grown now, married a pious man—for the people were Christianized by this time—called, from his love of psalmody, Peter of the Psalms. Ossian, blind with age, went to reside with his daughter and her husband. Peter was engaged all day in hunting, and when he came home at evening, and when the lamp was lighted, Ossian, sitting in a warm corner, was wont to recite the wonderful songs of his youth, and to celebrate the mighty battles and hunting feats of the big-boned Fingalians. To these songs Peter of the Psalms gave attentive ear, and, being something of a penman, carefully inscribed them in a book. One day Peter had been more than usually successful in the chase, and brought home on his shoulders the carcass of a huge stag. Of this stag a leg was dressed for supper, and when it was picked bare, Peter triumphantly inquired of Ossian, "In the Fingalian days you speak about, killed you ever a stag so large as this one?" Ossian balanced the bone in his hand; then, sniffing intense disdain, replied, "This bone, big as you think it, could be dropped into the hollow of a Fingalian blackbird's leg." Peter of the Psalms, enraged at what he considered an unconceivable *crammer* on the part of his father-in-law, started up, swearing that he would not ruin his soul by preserving any more of his lying songs, and flung the volume in the fire; but his wife darted forward and snatched it up, half-charred, from the embers. At this conduct on the part of Peter, Ossian groaned in spirit and wished to die, that he might be saved from the envy and stupidities of the little people, whose minds were as stunted as their bodies. When he went to bed he implored his ancient gods—for he was a sad heathen—to resuscitate, if but for one hour, the hounds, the stags, and the blackbirds of his youth, that he might astonish and confound the unbelieving Peter. His prayers done, he fell on slumber, and just before dawn a weight upon his breast awoke him. To his great joy, he found that his prayers were answered, for upon his breast was couched his favourite hound. He spoke to it, and the faithful creature whimpered and licked his face. Swiftly he called his little grandson, and they went out with the hound. When they came to the top of an eminence, Ossian said, "Put your fingers in your ears, little one, else I will make you deaf for life." The boy put his fingers in his ears, and then Ossian whistled so loud that the whole world rang. He then asked the child if he saw anything. "O, such large deer!" said the child. "But a small herd, by the sound of it," said Ossian; "we will let that herd pass." Presently the child called out, "O, *such* large deer!" Ossian bent his ear to the ground to catch the sound of their coming, and then, as if satisfied, let slip the hound, who speedily tore down seven of the fattest. When the animals were skinned and laid in order, Ossian went towards a large lake, in the centre of which grew

a remarkable bunch of rushes. He waded into the lake, tore up the rushes, and brought to light the great Fingalian kettle, which had lain there for more than a century. Returning to their quarry, a fire was kindled; the kettle containing the seven carcasses was placed thereupon; and soon a most savoury smell was spread abroad upon all the winds. When the animals were stewed after the approved fashion of his ancestors, Ossian sat down to his repast. Now as, since his sojourn with the fairies, he had never enjoyed a sufficient meal, it was his custom to gather up the superfluous folds of his stomach by wooden splints, nine in number. As he now fed and expanded, splint after splint was thrown away, till at last, when the kettle was emptied, he lay down perfectly satisfied, and silent as ocean at the full of tide. Recovering himself, he gathered all the bones together—set fire to them, till the black smoke which arose darkened the heaven. "Little one," then said Ossian, "go up to the knoll and tell me if you see anything." "A great bird is flying hither," said the child; and immediately the great Fingalian blackbird alighted at the feet of Ossian, who at once caught and throttled it. The fowl was carried home, and was in the evening dressed for supper. After it was devoured, Ossian called for the stag's thigh-bone which had been the original cause of quarrel, and, before the face of the astonished and convicted Peter of the Psalms, dropped it in the hollow of the blackbird's leg. Ossian died on the night of his triumph, and the only record of his songs is the volume which Peter in his rage threw into the fire, and from which, when half-consumed, it was rescued by his wife.

I am to stay with Mr. MacIan to-night. A wedding has taken place up among the hills, and the whole party have been asked to make a night of it. The mighty kitchen has been cleared for the occasion; torches are stuck up ready to be lighted; and I already hear the first mutterings of the bag-pipe's storm of sound. The old gentleman wears a look of brightness and hilarity, and vows that he will lead off the first reel with the bride. Everything is prepared; and even now the bridal party are coming down the steep hill road. I must go out to meet them. To-morrow I return to my bothy, to watch the sunny mists congregating on the crests of Blavin in radiant billow on billow, and on which the level heaven seems to lean.

Der Tod als Freund.

A TRANSLATION OF THE PICTURE BY ALFRED RETHEL.

PATER NOSTER, QUI ES IN CŒLIS.

——Is the sun shining? I thought he set
An hour ago:—but I forget:
And I seem to feel from over the hill
The red glow bathing my forehead still.

SANCTIFICETUR NOMEN TUUM.

Very quiet it seems to-night,
Very quiet to left and right,
And I know full well, though I cannot see,
How the calmness falls over meadow and tree,
And the carven pinnacles clear and high,
How still they stand in the quiet sky.

ADVENIAT REGNUM TUUM.

I feel like a sick man praising God,
When his fever is spent, and he walks abroad,
And the peace that flows from all peaceful things
Wells fresh in the worn heart's shrunken springs,
Till his eyes o'erflow, and the world grows dim,
And he hushes the chords of his own weak hymn
To join in the silent psalmody
Floating up from the brooks, and fields, and sky
To the great good God, pouring down from above
Such wealth of glory, and peace, and love.

FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA,

Yea, very quiet it seems to-night,
Very quiet to left and right.
Very quiet and very sweet!
I would die to-night if God thought meet!

SICUT IN CŒLO, ITA IN TERRA.

Did I read it to-night, or long ago,
Of the blessed Eulalia's shroud of snow,
And the dove from her martyr lips that flew
With the girlish spirit so white and true?
Ay me, O God, Thou hast called to Thee
Full many a soul as white as she!
Ay, I tolled the bell but yesterday
For such an one in the twilight grey.
Was it yesterday?—I am very old,
And my eyes wax dim, and my blood grows cold,—
Is it forty years? There was snow on the ground,
That lay on my heart as the years rolled round;
But green is the churchyard now below,
And my heart is cold, but not with the snow.—

PANEM QUOTIDIANUM DA NOBIS HODIE,

Is it a bird? Ay, chirp for thy crumbs,
Thou shalt have them, my child, when Tinè comes:
For there's something strange on my heart and brow
And I cannot get up to serve thee now.

ET REMITTE NOBIS DEBITA NOSTRA.

I do not think I am tolling the bell,
Yet surely I hear it knolling a knell:—
Is it Wolf? No, he never tolled so well!
Ha! old friend, is it thou?
Tis kind to come thus to help me now,
For I feel almost too feeble to rise,
And it seems a labour to open my eyes.
Ah, well! You can toll even better than I!
But, who for? I forget, for so many die.
Yet, I thought when they told me, 'twas one
One near and dear, but I wot not who.

ET LIBERA NOS A MALO. AMEN.

Music is it? 'Tis many a year
Since I heard the requiem sung so clear,—

DONA EIS, DONA EIS ÆTERNAM.

And hark to the organ, how calm and deep!
Seven years I have heard it not, save in sleep.
Oh, hearken! It never seemed so near!
Is it she who singeth so sweet and clear?

SOLVET SÆCLUM IN FAVILLA
TESTE DAVID CUM SIBYLLA?

Oh, to rise and join! If I could but see!
Dear God!—NUNC DIMITTIS, DOMINE!

VICTOR HUGO'S "LEGEND OF THE AGES."

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

THE publication of M. Victor Hugo's *Légende des Siècles* has been the great literary event of the year in France, as that of the *Idylls of the King* in England. In both instances, a volume of verse has sold to the number of thousands of copies in a few days. In both instances the work has been hailed by critics as the author's masterpiece. Nor are there wanting points of outward resemblance between the career of the two men. Each began his poetical life by an academic triumph. M. Victor Hugo, still a mere boy, was crowned a poetical victor at the "Floral Games" of Toulouse, that last flickering shadow of the poetical life of the middle ages. Mr. Tennyson won the prize for English poetry at his own university. Each, on taking his own course on the sea of publicity, became at once a butt to all the sarcasms of the critics of the day, a beacon for all the efforts of the writers of the morrow. Each fought his way right on, in the very teeth of the storm, till the yelping Scylla-hounds of criticism were left far behind, and each was acknowledged on all hands as the foremost poet of his time and country; and the one took his seat on the benches of the French Academy, and on those of the House of Peers or the National Assembly, and the other became Poet Laureate, amid universal acclaim (save the hiss of one rival who durst not even sign his name), and lived to see his bust subscribed for as a chief honour and ornament of his old college.

But here the resemblance ceases. The one has gone on, to use an expression of his own, "fronting the dawn." He has sought the light more and more, till the light has streamed from him in turn. The other—how far willingly, how far helplessly, it would be premature to judge—has wandered away into twilight and darkness, till the broad calm sunlight seems a thing which he is incapable of perceiving, and the only notions of light he seems to possess are furnished, one would say, by the glare of footlights or the flashing lightning.

The man is a mighty man, no doubt. His fecundity is prodigious. Since the first publication of his *Odes et Ballades*, heaven knows how many volumes have proceeded from his pen! Whole masses of poetry; three or four novels; handfuls of dramatic pieces; volumes of essays; books of travel; political satire. On the very cover of this his last two-volume work are advertised, besides the

continuation of it, a volume of poetry, a novel, two dramas. And, with the exception of a portion of his earliest work above mentioned, the stamp of power is everywhere. Grace, indeed—a quality which eminently characterised many of his earlier pages,—has by this time almost disappeared. But, at fifty-seven years of age (M. Victor Hugo gives us the year of his birth in one of his pieces), the strength remains entire, exhibits itself more nakedly,—as in the muscle-play of some rugged old athlete, big-boned, spare of flesh, with sledge-hammer arms and a grip of iron. The very least instance of it, though prodigious in itself, is his mastery over that most rebellious instrument of human speech, the French Alexandrine. It is unimaginable how thoroughly he has broken it in to his will, bent it to every twist and turn of his thought. As to the language,—no Indian juggler ever worked his limbs into more fantastic impossibilities of shape and posture, than Victor Hugo his native French into impossible expressions and combinations. In fact, much of his French is no more French than Mr. Carlyle's English is English. But in either case the idiom remains, even when most extravagant, a racy, nervous, expressive dialect, admirably fitted to, and characteristic of, the user.

Different from Mr. Tennyson, who sends forth his verse without a word of preface, trusting that it shall explain and justify itself, M. Victor Hugo prefixes to his new work ten or eleven pages of preface, to tell us what it is and what it is not, and to bear witness of himself that "the intention of this book is good." "The unfolding of the human "race into flower from age to age, man "rising from darkness to the ideal, the "paradisaic transfiguration of earth's "hell, the slow and supreme incubation "and birth of liberty, a right for this "world, a responsibility for the other; "a sort of religious hymn in a thousand "stanzas, bearing in its inmost bosom "a deep faith, on its summit a lofty "prayer; the drama of creation lit up by "the countenance of the Creator; such "will be, when terminated, the poem as "a whole, if God, master of human "existences, will consent to it." As the powers of the mirror are exhibited by its least fragment, so is all Victor Hugo in this passage. The power of enumeration which it indicates, forms a staple element of his style. The self-sufficient testimony of the writer to his "deep faith" and "lofty prayers," is characteristic of the man who has repeatedly semi-deified himself in his poetry under the superbly arrogant name of "Olympio." The decorous bending to a God of mere power and light—a sort of gigantic live gas-burner to "the drama" of his creation, who has just will enough to light or put out this or that particular jet of human life that flares or flickers along the footboards,—shows us finally the secret of the poet's impotency, and why it is that, with powers in some respects gigantic, he has only succeeded in showing us, with a sort of colossal garrulity, a series of magic lantern slides from some "chambers of horrors," which he presumes to call the *Legend of the Ages.*

Let us beware, however, of judging the man, as we should beware of judging his verse, from our own insular point of view. English freedom, English reverence, the open Bible, have done more for the goodness of the best amongst us than we are mostly able to reckon. And so Victor Hugo is, to a great extent, the product of his age and country, where freedom, reverence, the Bible, are wanting alike. For none, who have not realized the fact by intimate Continental experience, can have any idea of the deadly effects of an habitual violation of the blessed marriage-tie between Reverence and Freedom,—sole eternal helpmeets each to each, whom God joined together, whom Romanism for ever puts asunder. None knows how the whole man becomes out of joint, when, being only taught to revere in a manner wholly irreverential, and to revere much which is wholly unworthy of reverence, he cannot think for himself without abjur-

ing the gods of his childhood; he cannot continue to pray without forfeiting his rights as a man. Many thus pass through life literally without seeing God. The gross perversion of the doctrine of the Real Presence, which literally, for the numerical bulk of Romanists, identifies God with a bit of paste over which words of incantation have been mumbled, utterly incapacitates them from realizing Him in His personal divinity as the Loving Father, the Loving Son, the Spirit of Love. They have never been taught that He was near to them: on the contrary, that He was very far, with hosts of screens, pyxes, censers, priests, acolytes between. And so, when they do go in search of Him, it is only as a distant being, throned on some high Olympus or Mount Meru: or if, instead of going to Him, they seek to bring Him to them, it is not as a person, but as a thing; as the "great all;" at best, as the interfused spirit of the material mass. In a word, if we would judge of the ordinary run of writers sprung from the bosom of Romanism, we should view them as mere pagans, who happen to have a Christian mythology instead of a Greek or Sanscrit one. And thus, much of what in an Englishman would be wicked and intolerable blasphemy, becomes—fortunately for him—in a Frenchman a mere piece of rhetoric. He uses Christian myths just as Christians use Pagan,—without the least belief in them, but also without the least intention of offence.

The subject of M. Hugo's announced poem, of which the two volumes before us form part, is, he tells us, Man,—humanity under all its aspects. To its legendary aspects, as the title implies, this first work is consecrated. Its pieces are grouped under the following heads:—

1. *From Eve to Jesus.* 2. *Rome's Decline.* 3. *Islam.* 4. *The Christian Heroic Cycle.* 5. *Knight-errantry.* 6. *The Thrones of the East.* 7. *Italy; Ratbert.* 8. *Sixteenth Century; Renaissance.* 9. *The Rose of the Infanta.* 10. *The Inquisition.* 11. *The Song of the Sea-Rovers.* 12. *Seventeenth Century; the Mercenaries.* 13. *Now.* 14. *Twentieth Century.* 15. *Out of Time.*

The idea in itself is a grand one. To set forth in what legends, from age to age, from country to country, the longings and strivings of mankind for good and against evil have taken shape, is a subject, than which none can be nobler. But it requires, surely, to be treated with something of completeness and breadth. "From Eve to Jesus" more is needed than eight pieces more or less amplified and travestied from the Bible. The whole cycle of Hindu poetry, with its vast epics on the deeds of legendary heroes, might deserve a mention. The Polytheism of Greece and Rome, let alone that of Egypt, is merely caricatured in a picture of Rome in her degenerate days, dedicated "to the Lion of Androcles," as the only man among the men-monsters of the age. Still more astonishing is it to find no other trace of the vast chain of Christian ascetic legends, from Paul the Hermit to St. Francis, than a Mahomedan fable about Abu Bekr and St. John. The Edda is only alluded to in a couple of lines; that magnificent later shoot from its stock, the Nibelungen Lied, finds never a mention. The Round Table and the Holy Grail, which form so characteristic a portion of the romantic fiction of the middle ages, are equally pretermitted, while the very Crusades, if I mistake not, are not named. Either, therefore, M. Victor Hugo has given us here but a few scraps of the real "Legend of the Ages," such as he has planned it, or he has taken but slender pains to work out his subject. His grand title is but the outer shell of a temple of legend; within we find, as yet, little more than mere heaps of materials,—some, indeed, highly carved and polished, but none, except perhaps the "Christian Heroic Cycle" and "Knight-errantry" divisions, forming so much as one single compartment of his subject.

Having made these reserves as to what the work might seem to be and is not, let us endeavour to ascertain what

it is. Let it be premised that M. Victor Hugo does not write for English drawing-rooms, still less for girls and children. His present work contains many a passage which the husband will not read to his wife, nor the son to his mother: not designedly evil, but written with gross coarseness of language. With this reservation, and such as I have made before as to the view of Christianity which is taken by those who have simply grown out of Romanism without seeing beyond it, let us take, as familiar subjects, the first group of eight pieces, all but one from the Bible. One is, of course, paradisaic,—"Le sacre de la femme." The idea, as generally with Victor Hugo, is a striking one, and one which I do not recollect to have seen treated before in poetry,—the hallowing of woman by maternity: all creation is shown to us prostrated in loving veneration before her on the day that she feels within her the first throb of motherhood. The next piece, "Conscience," is no less striking. Cain in his flight sees everywhere an Eye open upon him. To hide it from him his sons lift up a tent, construct a wall of brass, build a vast city, place Cain in the centre within a stone tower. Has the Eye disappeared? No; it is yet there. Then he asks them to dig him a cave underground; but when he goes down into it "the Eye was in the tomb and gazed upon Cain." Perhaps the image of Conscience as an outward eye is hardly quite a true one. But the whole conception is, nevertheless, very grand, and the briefness of the piece adds greatly to its effect. The third piece, "Power equal to Goodness," is from Mussulman tradition. Iblis challenges God to produce a masterpiece, on this condition,—that each shall use the other's materials to give life to them according to his own nature. Iblis, with the horse's head, the antelope's horns, the elephant's eyes, the bull's neck, and a number of other elements, by dint of all his efforts, produces only the locust. God takes from him the spider, and by pouring light into body and legs, makes of them the sun and its beams.—"The Lions" will surprise many a reader. The subject is Daniel in the lions' den; and we are favoured with the birth, parentage, and education of his companions. One is a lion of the sands, another of the forest, a third of the mountains, the fourth of the sea-coast. The last-named monster, we are told, had one night crushed with his teeth the three-barred gate of a town, and eaten up the whole population, so that when he returned to the shore, "Of the town "and the people there remained but a "dream, . . . a few ghosts of walls be-"neath spectres of towers." We are then treated to the deliberations of the lions concerning Daniel. The fourth lion—who speaks pure Carlylese,—being familiar with abysmal depths and with eternity, tells them that Daniel comes from God. And the conclusion is, that the watcher, looking through the bars of the den, sees Daniel gazing towards the sky, while the lions lick his feet.

"Thou shalt not add thereto, or diminish aught therefrom." How those words justify themselves in an instance like this! How M. Victor Hugo's amplifications and exaggerations cramp the real grandeur of the story! How they empty all the true poetry out of it! What a poor close to it is the watchman peeping through the bars, as compared with Darius, after a sleepless night, going himself to the den, and crying "with a lamentable voice unto Daniel!"

The order of M. Victor Hugo's book seems to be chronological. Yet, after dealing with Daniel, we find a quatrain, entitled "The Temple," in which Aholiab and Bezaleel (whom the reader will perhaps scarcely recognise in "Oliab" and "Beliseel") are represented as typifying respectively the "ideal," and the "real"; then "Boaz sleeping;" then "God invisible to the philosopher," in which we are surprised to discover—though the piece is rather a good one—Balaam and the ass. What have "the Ages" done to M. Victor Hugo that

their legends should be thus shuffled about? Another point will, no doubt, have struck the reader. So capricious, apparently, is this "Legend of the Ages," that, as we see in the foregoing selection, it omits most of the prominent subjects, to deal with the secondary ones. Resign yourself, if you please, to treat the Bible only as a quarry for legends, what would you choose out of it? Surely something else than Eden, the curse of Cain, Daniel, the Tabernacle, and Ruth with Boaz. The Deluge and Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac, the passage of the Red Sea and the giving of the law on Sinai, Moses and Goliah, Solomon and his Temple, Elijah and the priests of Baal, Isaiah's or Ezekiel's vision, are subjects far more characteristic than the three last of M. Victor Hugo. It is true that, on the title-page, the book is headed "the small epics" (*les petites épopées*), implying "the great." It is just possible, therefore, that the greatest subjects may be reserved for a future volume; but if so, the result of thus wading backwards and forwards up and down the centuries, must be, one would think, fatal to the unity and symmetry of the work as a whole. Nor can one fail to observe that, even in his Daniel, M. Victor Hugo manages to miss the very point of the story,—the setting up of man as God, and Daniel's calm protest against the doing so. Darius's name is not even mentioned; Daniel is merely a righteous man thrown to the beasts.

On the whole, therefore, we cannot help feeling relieved at finding only one "legend" from the New Testament. Of his "First meeting of Christ with the grave," being, in fact, the raising of Lazarus, M. Victor Hugo boasts that it is "drawn, the author might say, translated, from the Gospel." It is, indeed, in many of its details, a literal transcript of the text. And yet, think of the utter incapacity to discern the real beauty of the Scriptures which is evinced by the man who, for those noble 9th and 10th verses of the 11th John, "Are there not twelve hours in the day?" substitutes, apparently as an improvement, this speech of a mere vulgar wonder-worker:—"When a man has "walked all the day in the sun, on a "road without wells and without rivers, "if he believes not, when the evening "comes, he weeps, he cries, he is weary, "he falls gasping on the ground; if he "believes in me, let him pray,—he will "at the same moment continue his "journey with trebled strength"! Who does not feel that a passage like this may belong to the Koran or to the Golden Legend, not to the Gospel?

In the next piece, "Rome's Decline," one might well have wished for a thread of narration, or some of those individualizing details which are utterly out of place in the den of Daniel's lions. Instead of which, we have nothing but a long declamation, full of striking lines and images, on the subject of Roman degeneracy. M. Victor Hugo, in his Preface, takes to himself especial credit on the faithfulness of the picture; there is not, he says, "a detail which is not rigorously exact." Yet, when we find him assigning Lesbia to Tibullus, and Delia to Catullus, one is fain to ask whether it is sheer ignorance or capricious wilfulness which has thus interverted the well-known names; and, whether the one or the other, one is little tempted afterwards to assign a strict value to the ostentatious profusion of names and details which the writer lavishes on his middle-age subjects. The seeming or real confusion of the Assyrian and Babylonian monarchies, which occurs in a line of his Daniel,—"Nebuchadnezzar, who reigned in Assur," (apparently Assyria),—is another warning (among many) to the same effect, as well as the representing the masts of the "Great Eastern" as higher than St. Paul's!

I pass over the three pieces entitled "Islam," although the first, "The Year 9 of the Hegira," whilst disfigured by that wilful grossness to which I have before alluded, is nevertheless very striking, as a picture of the struggle in a man between the sense of his own vileness and that of a righteousness not his own, of which he has been made the instru-

ment, and gives, moreover, a fair insight into the good and the bad of Mahommedanism. The next two divisions, "The Christian Heroic Cycle," and "Knight-Errantry"—between which it is indeed difficult to distinguish, all the more so that the same personages figure sometimes in each,—are composed of a whole series of pieces, each striking in itself, and strikingly treated (the reader must forgive the recurrence of the epithet, which is *the* one most characteristic of the subject-matter), and yet extremely wearisome to read consecutively. First is "The Parricide." Canute in youth, unknown to all, has killed his almost imbecile father. He becomes a great, wise, prosperous king. He forgets his crime. At his death the Bishop of Aarhuus and his priests sing praises to him over his grave, as sitting in glory in the heavens. At night the dead man leaves the tomb, sword in hand, proceeds to Mount Savo, where he cuts himself a winding-sheet of snow, and goes forth in the darkness in search of God. Suddenly he feels something fall on him; it is a drop of blood; then comes another, and another, and another, till they run down the white winding-sheet. He reaches at last a shut door, behind which hosannahs peal; but his winding-sheet is all red, he dares not enter; and ever since then he wanders about in the darkness, feeling at every step a drop of blood fall upon his head. —"Roland's Marriage" describes the five days' fight between Roland and Oliver in an island of the Rhone, neither obtaining the advantage, till at last Oliver offers his friendship and his sister to his opponent. The legends of chivalry almost invariably reproduce some conflict of this kind between two invincibles; and M. Victor Hugo has treated it with his usual vigour.—Finer, however, by far, is "Aymerillot." Charlemagne is returning from Roncevaux. From the summit of the Pyrenees he sees glittering afar the Saracen city of Narbonne. He invites all his captains in succession to go and take it. All make excuses and decline. The old emperor at last, indignant, threatens to go himself. Hereupon a boy of twenty steps out from the ranks, and offers to take the place. Charles, radiant with joy, assents; and "on the morrow, Aymery took the "town." The rough brevity of the conclusion is of great effect.—Passing over "Bivar" and its Cid, we come to a dreadful phantasmagoria, for it is difficult to call it otherwise, called "The day of Kings"—*i. e.* Twelfth-day, 6th January, 860. Four kings in the neighbourhood of the Pyrenees have gone forth on a plundering expedition. Four cities are in flames. To the north, Pancho, king of Oloron, has set fire to Vich; to the south, Gil, king of Luz, and his brother, John, Duke of Cardona, to Girona; to the East, Ariscat, king of Aguas, to Lumbier; to the West, Gesufal the Cruel, king of Mount Jaxa, to Teruel. From these, devastation spreads far and wide, and a whole troop of brigand princelings emulate the atrocities of their betters. A leprous beggar, too hideous to be harmed, gives the moral of the scene, claiming fellowship for his rotten rags with the Pyrenees, since these harbour vermin, and those kings.

This piece is a fair exhibition of that which becomes more and more characteristic of the work as it proceeds. It is little more henceforth than a long record of the crimes of sovereigns, great and small. As was well observed by M. Montégut, in the *Deux Mondes*, the one personage who is everywhere present to M. Victor Hugo in history is the tyrant. One would say that a certain "Napoleon the Little," on whose paltriness and incapacity the poet has dwelt ere this complacently, viewed from the Channel Islands, casts a shadow so enormous as to spread over nearly the whole of time and space. Under such conditions, the development of humanity, even to a professed believer in "progress," is not likely to be pleasing, and M. Victor Hugo, in his Preface, accordingly warns us that "smiling pictures are rare" in his book, because "they are not frequent in history." And dark indeed may history

well be to one who sees not the finger, and hears not the word, of God in it. Such a man, if he have nevertheless within him in any degree a hunger and thirst after righteousness, a longing to see the evil overcome,—and honesty enough to see that it *has* been overcome, more or less, in all ages,—has then no resource but to betake himself to what is very truly called "hero-worship." Men are erected into demi-gods in order to hide God. And so far as the course thus taken serves to bring out the free human element in history, in opposition to the fatal and mechanical one—to show that the events in mankind's great life are not only the products of dead forces, but the results also of living wills—a wonderful zest and charm is imparted to the work of such men, so long, at least, as they do not utterly mistake their hero. In the "Legend of the Ages," at all events, I am much mistaken if the reader does not find the interest centring mainly round M. Victor Hugo's two chosen heroes, Roland and Eviradnus. Let us, however, listen to the writer's conception of a hero :—

"The earth of old saw paladins wan-
"der; they flashed like sudden light-
"nings, then faded away, leaving on
"men's faces the dread and the gleam
"of their unlooked-for passing. They
"were, in those times of oppression,
"mourning, shame, ... the spectres of
"honour, of right, of justice; they
"struck down crime as with thunder-
"bolts, they buffeted vice on the cheek;
"you could see theft flee, imposture
"hesitate, treason turn pale, and all un-
"just, inhuman, usurped power become
"disconcerted, before those sinister
"judges of the sword. Woe to whoso-
"ever did evil!—one of those arms
"came forth out of darkness, with the
"cry, Thou shalt perish! Against man-
"kind and before nature they attempted
"the adventure of sovereign equity.
"Ready for every work, always, every-
"where, fierce, they were the knights of
"God. .... Their lordship was guar-
"dian of the cottages. They were just,
"good, awful (*lugubres*), dark. Though
"guarded by them, though avenged by
"them, the people in their presence had
"the disquiet of the crowd before pale
"solitude: for one is afraid of those
"who walk dreaming whilst the north
"wind, plunging down from the heights
"of heaven, roars, and the rain pours
"its urn out in floods over their head,
"scarcely seen in the depths of the
"night-wrapped wood. They passed
"dreadful, dumb, masked in iron;
"some resembled infernal larvæ; their
"crests rose up ill-shapen on their hel-
"mets. One never knew whence these
"phantoms went forth; men said, 'Who
"are they? whence come they?'—'They
"'are those who punish, those who judge,
"'those who go.'... O the black riders! O
"the marchers without cease! Wherever
"gleamed the steel of their corslet—
"wherever one of them, calm and grave,
"appeared, resting his spear in the dark
"corner of the hall—wherever uprose
"their colossal shadow—one felt the
"terror of unknown lands. This one
"comes from the Rhine, that one from
"the Cydnus. Behind them walked
"death, a bald skeleton. It seemed as
"if in the nostrils of their red mare one
"heard the noise of the sea or the
"forest; and it was of the four winds
"you had to ask if the passer-by were
"king of Alba or of Brittany, if he
"came from the plain or from the moun-
"tains, if he had triumphed over the
"Moor, or over the kennel of monstrous
"peoples that howl near the Nile—what
"town his arm had taken or saved—of
"what monster he had crushed the
"brood."

Enough, the reader will cry. The sombre grandeur of the picture none will deny. But it is nothing after all but a stage effect. Thank God! virtue in so repulsive a form never trod the earth, except upon the boards of the "Surrey" or the theatres of the Boulevards. Of course, the result of making the hero so unlovely must be to make whatever evil he has to overcome absolutely demoniacal. If you employ sepia for your sunlight, what pigment can suffice for your shadows?

From this point of view, the hideous-

ness of the poet's stories becomes unavoidable, even in point of art. The iron of nearly ten years of exile has moreover, no doubt, entered into his soul. He looks out across the sea towards that France where he has enjoyed all the triumphs of his life, —a peer among peers, an academician among academicians, a popular tribune among popular tribunes. But there too the thick darkness of imperial tyranny alone broods over the scene,—he can see nothing in the gloom but towering despots and crawling slaves. The more he looks, the more the darkness comes to him, enters into him, takes possession of heart and mind; he struggles with it in vain, and can only cry for the lightning to rend it, or long to hurl the thunderbolt with his own hand. And so amid the deepening gloom, his conception of righteousness comes mainly to be that of righteous vengeance only; on that alone he dwells and gloats, till his poetry becomes that of the shambles and the charnel house.

It is only thus that we can judge of such poems as "The Little King of Galicia and Eviradnus," which now offer themselves to us. Nothing can exceed the savage vigour of the first. In a valley inaccessible except by a narrow pass which a single man can defend, the ten Infants of Asturia are deliberating on the fate of their nephew, Nuno, King of Galicia, a boy of fifteen, entrusted to their care. They have carried him off from Compostella; shall they put him in a convent or throw him into a well? A knight passes; he asks what they are about. With a horse-laugh one of the brothers tells him the exact truth. He lifts his visor, says he is Roland, peer of France. The eldest tries to make him turn back by fair words, then by the offer of a territory. Roland places the child on his horse, and defends the entrance to the valley, whilst the King flees to Compostella, and swears before Christ and the Virgin to remember Roland, and to be "mild to the weak, loyal to the good, terrible to the traitor, just and helpful to all." Roland of course is victorious, kills nine out of the ten Infants, and, his Durandal being broken, drives before him their men with stones.

In "Eviradnus," the knight-errant of that name (unknown till now to the critic) is already old, but vigorous still. According to the custom of Lusatia, Maud, the young marchioness, has come to pass a night in the old uninhabited tower of Corbus, where the dining-room walls are lined with long rows of equestrian figures in armour, representing all the predecessors of the ruling prince. Maud's domains are coveted by her two powerful neighbours, the Emperor of Germany and the King of Poland. She, young and gay, heedless of her danger, kindly to her subjects, friendly to letters, has recently received at her court, and taken into great favour, an unknown lute-player, and an equally unknown troubadour, tall Joss and little Zeno, who both pay court to her, and are now accompanying her to Corbus. She arrives, but before her arrival Eviradnus has taken his place as one of the armed statues. After being sung to and flattered by her favourites, she sinks to sleep. Joss and Zeno, who are in fact Emperor Sigismund and King Ladislaus, toss up as to who shall have the country, who the princess. Zeno-Ladislaus wins the latter, but magnanimously says that, as they are both in love with her, and would quarrel soon or late about her, it is better to get rid of her at once. They carry her towards a trap-door leading towards the *oubliettes*, when suddenly one of the statue-knights steps down from his horse towards them, calling them by their true names. They take him for Satan; for a time he lets them remain in their error, and pours forth upon them three or four pages of powerful declamation (which, of course, may well reach other emperors than him of Germany); but at last tells them frankly that he is Eviradnus, and shows them his "long, quiet white beard;" after which, as they are not in armour, he takes off himself his breastplate. Of course, he disposes of both. Ladislaus tries to strike him with a

knife from behind; Eviradnus strangles him. Sigismund has, meanwhile, got hold of the knight's sword; whereupon the other, in his extremity, takes up Ladislaus-Zeno's small corpse, and belabours him with it till, in backing, Sigismund falls himself down the trap. Eviradnus flings his hideous club after him, shuts the trap, sees that not a drop of blood has been spilt anywhere, and, at Maud's awaking, asks of her, "with a sweet, friendly smile," if she has slept well?

After this sample, the reader will probably excuse me for not unlocking to him the further chambers of horrors called "Zim Zizimi," "Sultan Mourad," and "Ratbert," though the idea of the second is striking, and the last is full of splendid detail. I come now to a piece in another style, and certainly, though stained with some of M. Victor Hugo's worst faults, and often wearisome, most original, whatever we may feel as to its bearing. It is termed "The Satyr," and forms the division termed "The Sixteenth Century—Renaissance—Paganism." Under forms borrowed from ancient mythology, it seems to indicate that the Renaissance is to be viewed as the triumphant protest of nature-worship against theology.

A satyr dwelt in Olympus, in the great wild-wood at the foot of the holy mount; he lived there, hunting, dreaming amid the leafage, night and day pursuing there the vague white forms, unknown to all, the terror of all nature through his sensualism. Psyche, surprised by him, made complaint in the empyrean, and Hercules was sent to bring him by the ear before Jupiter. The description of the demi-brute introduced into the Olympian Court, though too long, is wonderful. All burst into laughter at the sight of the monster, who, nothing daunted, goes straight to Venus, and solicits her favours. The laughter of the gods becomes a tempest; Jupiter tells the rascal that he deserves to be changed to marble, or imprisoned in a tree; but that, having laughed, he forgives him, on condition that he will sing. The goat-foot replies that, his pipes are broken, through Hercules having trod upon them. Mercury lends him his flute, and he goes to sing behind a cloud. He sings nature with its horrors, nature with its life, nature with its secrets, till he flings the flute away, and sings on in turn the holiness of nature, of the tree, of the brute, of man. Phœbus offers him the lyre, which he takes, and stands up "with two resplendent depths in his eyes," while Venus, terrified, murmurs "Beautiful." Then he sings man, and the horrors of his destiny, and the possibilities of his future. The gods become anxious; Jupiter is amazed. Still the satyr continues, prophesying the new birth of the Real, conqueror over evil. "Gods," he cries to them, "ye know not what the world "is; gods, ye have conquered, ye have "not understood; be the immortals, "crush the beings of earth, reign; when "your measure is full, ye shall be re-"placed by that black last God whom "man calls Enough." As he speaks, he becomes great and greater still; greater than Polyphemus, than Typhon, than Titan (?), than Atlas. "A strange "dawn whitened upon his face; his "hair was a forest; streams, rivers, lakes, "ran down from his deep haunches; his "two horns seemed Atlas and Caucasus; "the thunders surrounded him with dull "noises; the lyre became gigantic at "his touch, sang, wept, growled, thun-"dered, screamed; the hurricanes were "taken in its seven strings, as flies in "doleful webs; his terrible breast was "full of stars." The future, he cries, is the spreading out into infinitude; the Spirit penetrating the Thing from all sides; all the evil comes "from the form of the gods." Place for the holy atom which burns or flows! Place for the radiation of the universal soul! A king is war, a god is night. Liberty, life, and faith on dogma destroyed! Everywhere a light, everywhere a genius! "Place for All! I am Pan! Jupiter, on "thy knees."

The vigour and brilliancy of this Pantheistic dithyramb—in which the reader will easily recognise the trace of Hindoo mythology, in its pictures of

Krishna or Siva—so entirely eclipse what follows, that I shall now hurry on to the end of the book, merely pointing out in "the regiment of Baron Madruce," a powerful piece of declamation against Swiss mercenaryism, evidently not intended for the dead and gone of the seventeenth century. The three last divisions of the book are, "Now," "The Twentieth Century," and "Out of Time." Two of the four pieces composing the first are amongst the best in the book. One is a pleasing trait of General Hugo, the poet's father, very simply told. A wounded Spaniard was crying for drink as the General was passing, followed by his favourite hussar. The former hands over to the hussar a flask of rum, that he may give the wounded man drink (water, one might have thought, would have been better). As the hussar leans towards him, the man fires a pistol at the General, whose hat falls off, and whose horse starts aside. "'Give him to drink "all the same,' said my father." Why this little narrative should be termed a "legend" it is difficult to say; and the same applies to the two following, "The Toad," a tale of childish cruelty and brute magnanimity which I pass over, as the story is repulsive, and the fact overlaid with words; and "The Poor." This, if it were not too long and too wordy still, would be the gem of the book—a masterpiece of simple pathos, told in the homeliest, and therefore the most powerful, style. A poor fisherman's wife is watching alone for her husband. The night is dark, the sea high. She goes out to look for him, when her eyes fall on a ruinous hut inhabited by a poor widow, whom her husband found lately ill. She goes in and finds her dead, with two little children asleep in a cradle beside her. Through the rain, she takes the children back under her cape, and then trembles to think what she has done. They have five children—her husband works so hard—and now she has added two more mouths for him to fill. Suddenly the door opens, and her husband makes his appearance, good-humoured but quite luckless. Timidly she mentions the death of their neighbour, and the abandonment of the two children. The man becomes grave, scratches his head, wonders what they will ever do with seven children instead of five; he must drink water and work twice as hard. "Done. Go and fetch them. What's the matter?—art cross? Thou canst usually run faster." "See," said she, opening the curtains, "here they are." Thank God, every one who has dealt with the poor knows well that tales like these are not legends, but facts.

Let us overleap "Words in Trial-time"—a fine political oration if standing alone, but certainly in nowise legendary, and crushed by all that accompanies it,—to come to the three last pieces, the two first of which belong to the "twentieth century." One is entitled, "Pleine Mer," which under the circumstances we might render, "All Sea;" the other "Plein Ciel," which we might in like manner render, "All Heaven." Few would imagine the subject of the first. It is a night picture of the wrecked "Great Eastern," under its original name of "Leviathan," taken as a type of the old dead world of iron and fire and smoke. The ocean is deserted; not a sail, not a skiff to be seen. Has man, then, disappeared? Look up. The answer is in the next piece, "All Heaven." Aero-navigation has been achieved; and "when, after "6,000 years in the fatal way, undone "suddenly by the invisible hand, Gravity, "bound to the foot of mankind, broke "asunder, that chain was all chains in "one! All flew away in man: fury, "hatred, illusions, brute force vanishing "at last, ignorance and error, misery and "hunger, the right divine of kings, false "gods Jewish or Guebre, lying, fraud, "mists, darkness, fell in powder with the "older destiny."

I have falsified and exaggerated nothing. Nor is the passage to be considered a momentary hallucination, since it is prefigured by a passage of the Satyr's song, which I have purposely avoided mentioning in its place, and which equally refers to the

overcoming of gravity as the crowning triumph of human progress. Such, then, is the deliberate conclusion of the book. Christ's Gospel, according to M. Victor Hugo, is worn out. In its place he presents us with a gospel of—balloons. The reader will no doubt excuse me after this, if I leave untold M. Victor Hugo's notions about "the trump of doom." It would be difficult for him to see in it, amidst M. Victor Hugo's sonorous amplifications, anything more than a very large penny whistle.

And this is what France, noble France, has come to, in the person of her greatest living poet! These are the utterances, not of the despot or the despot's lackeys, who stand with their foot on her neck, but of those who, from their honourable exile, protest the most earnestly against that despotism! What can one do but repeat with the prophet, "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint"? If one did not believe that One is watching over the nation, who loves her and all other nations of men, His children, better than princes, or popes, or popular tribunes, what hope would there be? If one did not believe that, through the exhibition—such as that of M. Victor Hugo—of the utter emptiness and impotency of all efforts towards human advancement which are not based upon Christ's Gospel, God is preparing for a more thorough unveiling of that Gospel, what hope would there be?

But we do believe it; and therefore, when the first instinctive rising of disgust for the new gospel of aerostation has passed away, we can turn in sorrow and not in scorn from the wreck of noble powers, wasting away amid the glare of their own destruction, which is the most prominent feature of the "Legend of the Ages." M. Victor Hugo has written many beautiful, some true, and some great things; but he has failed to see of Whom he held his many marvellous gifts in trust. He has believed in himself, and not in God. He has sought to scale an outward heaven, not seeing that heaven was around him, if he would but let it in; and because the true spiritual heaven thus always fled his grasp, he has made for himself a gross material heaven,—such as he could reach in a balloon. And so he remains after all, in the untranslatable idiom of his own country, but "un grand poète manqué."

And yet pity, even for that balloon-heaven of the exiled poet. Do you not see that his heaven is France—is Paris? and that, as he tramps up and down his dull island home of to-day, without so much, if I recollect aright, as a theatre to enliven it, the vision of an "aeroscaph," which should suppress passports and custom-houses, defy *gendarmes* and *mouchards*, and carry him straight where he would be, becomes an elysium for him? Such as that heaven is, may he soon attain it! and may the enjoyment of it lead him at last to seek and to find another![1]

[1] The above paper was entirely written before I met with the *Saturday Review* critique on M. Hugo's work (Nov. 12, 1859). On many points, it will be seen, I agree with the reviewer. But I cannot forbear pointing out that he seems to have wholly misunderstood the conclusion of the book, and so missed the very climax of the writer's philosophy, in the "Universal-perfection-by-abolition-of-gravity-doctrine," as I might call it. Says the critic, after referring to the poem entitled "Pleine Mer": "If the further history of the world is "to be taken literally, mankind *disappears* "soon after its largest work of art." Disappears? Ay, from the seas; but only to reappear in "plein ciel", where the spherical copper aeroscaph (the poet's own words) represents "force allied to man", man, the "proud coachman of the aerial car," man, who "takes his sceptre and throws away his staff." A more singular overlooking by a critic of a writer's very plainly expressed meaning, I do not recollect.

TIME AND LIFE: MR. DARWIN'S "ORIGIN OF SPECIES."

BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.R.S.

EVERYONE knows that that superficial film of the earth's substance, hardly ten miles thick, which is accessible to human investigation, is composed for the most part of beds or strata of stone, the consolidated muds and sands of former seas and lakes, which have been deposited one upon the other, and hence are the older the deeper they lie. These multitudinous strata present such resemblances and differences among themselves that they are capable of classification into groups or formations, and these formations again are brigaded together into still larger assemblages, called by the older geologists, primary, secondary, and tertiary; by the moderns, palæozoic, mesozoic, and cainozoic: the basis of the former nomenclature being the relative age of the groups of strata; that of the latter, the kinds of living forms contained in them.

Though but a film if compared with the total diameter of our planet, the total series of formations is vast indeed when measured by any human standard, and, as all action implies time, so are we compelled to regard these mineral masses as a measure of the time which has elapsed during their accumulation. The amount of the time which they represent is, of course, in the inverse proportion of the intensity of the forces which have been in operation. If, in the ancient world, mud and sand accumulated on sea-bottoms at tenfold their present rate, it is clear that a bed of mud or sand ten feet thick would have been formed then in the same time as a stratum of similar materials one foot thick would be formed now, and *vice versâ*.

At the outset of his studies, therefore, the physical geologist had to choose between two hypotheses; either, throughout the ages which are represented by the accumulated strata, and which we may call *geologic time*, the forces of nature have operated with much the same average intensity as at present, and hence the lapse of time which they represent must be something prodigious and inconceivable, or, in the primeval epochs, the natural powers were infinitely more intense than now, and hence the time through which they acted to produce the effects we see was comparatively short.

The earlier geologists adopted the latter view almost with one consent. For they had little knowledge of the present workings of nature, and they read the records of geologic time as a child reads the history of Rome or Greece, and fancies that antiquity was grand, heroic, and unlike the present because it is unlike his little experience of the present.

Even so the earlier observers were moved with wonder at the seeming contrast between the ancient and the present order of nature. The elemental forces seemed to have been grander and more energetic in primeval times. Upheaved and contorted, rifted and fissured, pierced by dykes of molten matter or worn away over vast areas by aqueous action, the older rocks appeared to bear witness to a state of things far different from that exhibited by the peaceful epoch on which the lot of man has fallen.

But by degrees thoughtful students of geology have been led to perceive that the earliest efforts of nature have been by no means the grandest. Alps and Andes are children of yesterday when compared with Snowdon and the Cumberland hills; and the so-called glacial epoch—that in which perhaps the most extensive physical changes of which any record remains occurred—is the last and the newest of the revolutions of the globe. And in proportion as physical geography—which is the geology of our own epoch—has grown into a science, and the present order of

nature has been ransacked to find what, *hibernicè*, we may call precedents for the phenomena of the past, so the apparent necessity of supposing the past to be widely different from the present has diminished.

The transporting power of the greatest deluge which can be imagined sinks into insignificance beside that of the slowly floating, slowly melting iceberg, or the glacier creeping along at its snail's pace of a yard a day. The study of the deltas of the Nile, the Ganges, and the Mississippi has taught us how slow is the wearing action of water, how vast its effects when time is allowed for its operation. The reefs of the Pacific, the deep-sea soundings of the Atlantic, show that it is to the slow-growing coral and to the imperceptible animalcule, which lives its brief space and then adds its tiny shell to the muddy cairn left by its brethren and ancestors, that we must look as the agents in the formation of limestone and chalk, and not to hypothetical oceans saturated with calcareous salts and suddenly depositing them.

And while the inquirer has thus learnt that existing forces—*give them time*—are competent to produce all the physical phenomena we meet with in the rocks, so, on the other side, the study of the marks left in the ancient strata by past physical actions shows that these were similar to those which now obtain. Ancient beaches are met with whose pebbles are like those found on modern shores; the hardened sea-sands of the oldest epochs show ripple-marks, such as may now be found on every sandy coast; nay, more, the pits left by ancient rain-drops prove that even in the very earliest ages, the "bow in the clouds" must have adorned the palæozoic firmament. So that if we could reverse the legend of the Seven Sleepers,—if we could sleep back through the past, and awake a million ages before our own epoch, in the midst of the earliest geologic times,—there is no reason to believe that sea, or sky, or the aspect of the land would warn us of the marvellous retrospection.

Such are the beliefs which modern physical geologists hold, or, at any rate, tend towards holding. But, in so doing, it is obvious that they by no means prejudge the question, as to what the physical condition of the globe may have been before our chapters of its history begin, in what may be called (with that licence which is implied in the often-used term "prehistoric epoch") "pre-geologic time." The views indicated, in fact, are not only quite consistent with the hypothesis, that, in the still earlier period referred to, the condition of our world was very different; but they may be held by some to necessitate that hypothesis. The physical philosopher who is accurately acquainted with the velocity of a cannon-ball, and the precise character of the line which it traverses for a yard of its course, is necessitated by what he knows of the laws of nature to conclude that it came from a certain spot, whence it was impelled by a certain force, and that it has followed a certain trajectory. In like manner, the student of physical geology, who fully believes in the uniformity of the general condition of the earth through geologic time, may feel compelled by what he knows of causation, and by the general analogy of nature, to suppose that our solar system was once a nebulous mass, that it gradually condensed, that it broke up into that wonderful group of harmoniously rolling balls we call planets and satellites, and that then each of these underwent its appointed metamorphosis, until at last our own share of the cosmic vapour passed into that condition in which we first meet with definite records of its state, and in which it has since, with comparatively little change, remained.

The doctrine of uniformity and the doctrine of progression are, therefore, perfectly consistent; perhaps, indeed, they might be shown to be necessarily connected with one another.

If, however, the condition of the world, which has obtained throughout geologic time, is but the sequel to a vast series of changes which took place in

pregeologic time, then it seems not unlikely that the duration of this latter is to that of the former as the vast extent of geologic time is to the length of the brief epoch we call the historical period; and that even the oldest rocks are records of an epoch almost infinitely remote from that which could have witnessed the first shaping of our globe.

It is probable that no modern geologist would hesitate to admit the general validity of these reasonings when applied to the physics of his subject, whence it is the more remarkable that the moment the question changes from one of physics and chemistry to one of natural history, scientific opinions and the popular prejudices, which reflect them in a distorted form, undergo a sudden metamorphosis. Geologists and palæontologists write about the "beginning of life" and the "first-created forms of living beings," as if they were the most familiar things in the world; and even cautious writers seem to be on quite friendly terms with the "archetype" whereby the Creator was guided "amidst the crash of falling worlds." Just as it used to be imagined that the ancient universe was physically opposed to the present, so it is still widely assumed that the living population of our globe, whether animal or vegetable, in the older epochs, exhibited forms so strikingly contrasted with those which we see around us, that there is hardly anything in common between the two. It is constantly tacitly assumed that we have before us all the forms of life which have ever existed; and though the progress of knowledge, yearly and almost monthly, drives the defenders of that position from their ground, they entrench themselves in the new line of defences as if nothing had happened, and proclaim that the *new* beginning is the *real* beginning.

Without for an instant denying or endeavouring to soften down the considerable positive differences (the negative ones are met by another line of argument) which undoubtedly obtain between the ancient and the modern worlds of life, we believe they have been vastly overstated and exaggerated, and this belief is based upon certain facts whose value does not seem to have been fully appreciated, though they have long been more or less completely known.

The multitudinous kinds of animals and plants, both recent and fossil, are, as is well known, arranged by zoologists and botanists, in accordance with their natural relations, into groups which receive the names of sub-kingdoms, classes, orders, families, genera and species. Now it is a most remarkable circumstance that, viewed on the great scale, living beings have differed so little throughout all geologic time that there is no sub-kingdom and no class wholly extinct or without living representatives.

If we descend to the smaller groups, we find that the number of orders of plants is about two hundred; and I have it on the best authority that not one of these is exclusively fossil; so that there is absolutely not a single extinct ordinal type of vegetable life; and it is not until we descend to the next group, or the families, that we find types which are wholly extinct. The number of orders of animals, on the other hand, may be reckoned at a hundred and twenty, or thereabouts, and of these, eight or nine have no living representatives. The proportion of extinct ordinal types of animals to the existing types, therefore, does not exceed seven per cent.—a marvellously small proportion when we consider the vastness of geologic time.

Another class of considerations—of a different kind, it is true, but tending in the same direction—seems to have been overlooked. Not only is it true that the general plan of construction of animals and plants has been the same in all recorded time as at present, but there are particular kinds of animals and plants which have existed throughout vast epochs, sometimes through the whole range of recorded time, with very little change. By reason of this persistency, the typical form of such a kind might be

called a "persistent type," in contradistinction to those types which have appeared for but a short time in the course of the world's history. Examples of these persistent types are abundant enough in both the vegetable and the animal kingdoms. The oldest group of plants with which we are well acquainted is that of whose remains coal is constituted; and, so far as they can be identified, the carboniferous plants are ferns, or club-mosses, or coniferæ, in many cases generically identical with those now living!

Among animals, instances of the same kind may be found in every sub-kingdom. The *Globigerina* of the Atlantic soundings is identical with that which occurs in the chalk; and the casts of lower silurian *Foraminifera*, which Ehrenberg has recently described, seem to indicate the existence at that remote period of forms singularly like those which now exist. Among the corals, the palæozoic *Tabulata* are constructed on precisely the same type as the modern millepores; and if we turn to molluscs, the most competent malacologists fail to discover any generic distinction between the *Craniæ*, *Linguloe*, and *Discinæ* of the silurian rocks and those which now live. Our existing *Nautilus* has its representative species in every great formation, from the oldest to the newest; and *Loligo*, the squid of modern seas, appears in the lias, or at the bottom of the mesozoic series, in a form, at most, specifically different from its living congeners. In the great assemblage of annulose animals, the two highest classes, the insects and spider tribe, exhibit a wonderful persistency of type. The cockroaches of the carboniferous epoch are exceedingly similar to those which now run about our coal-cellars; and its locusts, termites, and dragon-flies are closely allied to the members of the same groups which now chirrup about our fields, undermine our houses, or sail with swift grace about the banks of our sedgy pools. And, in like manner, the palæozoic scorpions can only be distinguished by the eye of a naturalist from the modern ones.

Finally, with respect to the *Vertebrata*, the same law holds good: certain types, such as those of the ganoid and placoid fishes, having persisted from the palæozoic epoch to the present time without a greater amount of deviation from the normal standard than that which is seen within the limits of the group as it now exists. Even among the *Reptilia*—the class which exhibits the largest proportion of entirely extinct forms of any—one type, that of the *Crocodilia*, has persisted from at least the commencement of the mesozoic epoch up to the present time with so much constancy, that the amount of change which it exhibits may fairly, in relation to the time which has elapsed, be called insignificant. And the imperfect knowledge we have of the ancient mammalian population of our earth leads to the belief that certain of its types, such as that of the *Marsupialia*, have persisted with correspondingly little change through a similar range of time.

Thus it would appear to be demonstrable, that, notwithstanding the great change which is exhibited by the animal population of the world as a whole, certain types have persisted comparatively without alteration, and the question arises, What bearing have such facts as these on our notions of the history of life through geological time? The answer to this question would seem to depend on the view we take respecting the origin of species in general. If we assume that every species of animal and of plant was formed by a distinct act of creative power, and if the species which have incessantly succeeded one another were placed upon the globe by these separate acts, then the existence of persistent types is simply an unintelligible irregularity. Such assumption, however, is as unsupported by tradition or by Revelation as it is opposed by the analogy of the rest of the operations of nature; and those who imagine that, by adopting any such hypothesis, they are strengthening the hands of the advocates of the letter of the Mosaic account, are simply mistaken. If, on the other hand, we adopt that hypothesis to which alone

the study of physiology lends any support—that hypothesis which, having struggled beyond the reach of those fatal supporters, the Telliameds and Vestigiarians, who so nearly caused its suffocation by wind in early infancy, is now winning at least the provisional assent of all the best thinkers of the day—the hypothesis that the forms or species of living beings, as we know them, have been produced by the gradual modification of pre-existing species—then the existence of persistent types seems to teach us much. Just as a small portion of a great curve appears straight, the apparent absence of change in direction of the line being the exponent of the vast extent of the whole, in proportion to the part we see; so, if it be true that all living species are the result of the modification of other and simpler forms, the existence of these little altered persistent types, ranging through all geological time, must indicate that they are but the final terms of an enormous series of modifications, which had their being in the great lapse of pregeologic time, and are now perhaps for ever lost.

In other words, when rightly studied, the teachings of palæontology are at one with those of physical geology. Our farthest explorations carry us back but a little way above the mouth of the great river of Life: where it arose, and by what channels the noble tide has reached the point when it first breaks upon our view, is hidden from us.

The foregoing pages contain the substance of a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain many months ago, and of course long before the appearance of the remarkable work on the "Origin of Species," just published by Mr. Darwin, who arrives at very similar conclusions. Although, in one sense, I might fairly say that my own views have been arrived at independently, I do not know that I can claim any equitable right to property in them; for it has long been my privilege to enjoy Mr. Darwin's friendship, and to profit by corresponding with him, and by, to some extent, becoming acquainted with the workings of his singularly original and well-stored mind. It was in consequence of my knowledge of the general tenor of the researches in which Mr. Darwin had been so long engaged; because I had the most complete confidence in his perseverance, his knowledge, and, above all things, his high-minded love of truth; and, moreover, because I found that the better I became acquainted with the opinions of the best naturalists regarding the vexed question of species, the less fixed they seemed to be, and the more inclined they were to the hypothesis of gradual modification, that I ventured to speak as strongly as I have done in the final paragraphs of my discourse.

Thus, my daw having so many borrowed plumes, I see no impropriety in making a tail to this brief paper by taking another handful of feathers from Mr. Darwin; endeavouring to point out in a few words, in fact, what, as I gather from the perusal of his book, his doctrines really are, and on what sort of basis they rest. And I do this the more willingly, as I observe that already the hastier sort of critics have begun, not to review my friend's book, but to howl over it in a manner which must tend greatly to distract the public mind.

No one will be better satisfied than I to see Mr. Darwin's book refuted, if any person be competent to perform that feat; but I would suggest that refutation is retarded, not aided, by mere sarcastic misrepresentation. Every one who has studied cattle-breeding, or turned pigeon-fancier, or "pomologist," must have been struck by the extreme modifiability or plasticity of those kinds of animals and plants which have been subjected to such artificial conditions as are imposed by domestication. Breeds of dogs are more different from one another than are the dog and the wolf; and the purely artificial races of pigeons, if their origin were unknown, would most assuredly be reckoned by naturalists as distinct species and even genera.

These breeds are always produced in the same way. The breeder selects a pair, one or other, or both, of which

present an indication of the peculiarity he wishes to perpetuate, and then selects from the offspring of them those which are most characteristic, rejecting the others. From the selected offspring he breeds again, and, taking the same precautions as before, repeats the process until he has obtained the precise degree of divergence from the primitive type at which he aimed.

If he now breeds from the variety thus established for some generations, taking care always to keep the stock pure, the tendency to produce this particular variety becomes more and more strongly hereditary; and it does not appear that there is any limit to the persistency of the race thus developed.

Men like Lamarck, apprehending these facts, and knowing that varieties comparable to those produced by the breeder are abundantly found in nature, and finding it impossible to discriminate in some cases between varieties and true species, could hardly fail to divine the possibility that species even the most distinct were, after all, only exceedingly persistent varieties, and that they had arisen by the modification of some common stock, just as it is with good reason believed that turnspits and greyhounds, carrier and tumbler pigeons, have arisen.

But there was a link wanting to complete the parallel. Where in nature was the analogue of the breeder to be found? How could that operation of selection, which is his essential function, be carried out by mere natural agencies? Lamarck did not value this problem; neither did he admit his impotence to solve it; but he guessed a solution. Now, guessing in science is a very hazardous proceeding, and Lamarck's reputation has suffered woefully for the absurdities into which his baseless suppositions led him.

Lamarck's conjectures, equipped with a new hat and stick, as Sir Walter Scott was wont to say of an old story renovated, formed the foundation of the biological speculations of the "Vestiges," a work which has done more harm to the progress of sound thought on these matters than any that could be named; and, indeed, I mention it here simply for the purpose of denying that it has anything in common with what essentially characterises Mr. Darwin's work.

The peculiar feature of the latter is, in fact, that it professes to tell us what in nature takes the place of the breeder; what it is that favours the development of one variety into which a species may run, and checks that of another; and, finally, shows how this natural selection, as it is termed, may be the physical cause of the production of species by modification.

That which takes the place of the breeder and selector in nature is Death. In a most remarkable chapter, "On the Struggle for Existence," Mr. Darwin draws attention to the marvellous destruction of life which is constantly going on in nature. For every species of living thing, as for man, "*Eine Bresche ist ein jeder Tag.*"—Every species has its enemies; every species has to compete with others for the necessaries of existence; the weakest goes to the wall, and death is the penalty inflicted on all laggards and stragglers. Every variety to which a species may give rise is either worse or better adapted to surrounding circumstances than its parent. If worse, it cannot maintain itself against death, and speedily vanishes again. But if better adapted, it must, sooner or later, "improve" its progenitor from the face of the earth, and take its place. If circumstances change, the victor will be similarly supplanted by its own progeny; and thus, by the operation of natural causes, unlimited modification may in the lapse of long ages occur.

For an explanation of what I have here called vaguely "surrounding circumstances," and of why they continually change—for ample proof that the "struggle for existence" is a very great reality, and assuredly *tends* to exert the influence ascribed to it—I must refer to Mr. Darwin's book. I believe I have stated fairly the position upon which his whole theory must stand or fall; and it is not my purpose to anticipate a full review of his work. If it can be

proved that the process of natural selection, operating upon any species, can give rise to varieties of species so different from one another that none of our tests will distinguish them from true species, Mr. Darwin's hypothesis of the origin of species will take its place among the established theories of science, be its consequences whatever they may. If, on the other hand, Mr. Darwin has erred, either in fact or in reasoning, his fellow-workers will soon find out the weak points in his doctrines, and their extinction by some nearer approximation to the truth will exemplify his own principle of natural selection.

In either case the question is one to be settled only by the painstaking, truth-loving investigation of skilled naturalists. It is the duty of the general public to await the result in patience; and, above all things, to discourage, as they would any other crimes, the attempt to enlist the prejudices of the ignorant, or the uncharitableness of the bigoted, on either side of the controversy.

COLLOQUY OF THE ROUND TABLE.

The Round Table met. Present—of the Brethren, only Serious William *and* Sir John; *but, with them,* Minos Jones, Æacus Brown, *and* Rhadamanthus Robinson, *as Inquisitors for the Public.* Robinson *in the chair, with his watch before him. Pipes, &c. as usual. Time* 9.35. *Enter small Printer's Devil in haste.*

Robinson. Well, boy! what news?

Printer's Devil. Oh, please sir, Mr. Newlight's door was shut, and a paper nailed on it, 'Letters and messages to be left with the Porter.' And Mr. Bidder and Mr. Smart, sir, they're gone out.

Robinson. And Mr. Mc Taggart? Did you find him where I sent you?

Printer's Devil. Yes, sir!

Robinson. Well, what did he say?

Printer's Devil. Please, sir, I couldn't understand the gentleman; so I left your note, and came away.

Robinson. Learn thy languages better, boy. Here's tuppence for thee. Vanish!

[*Exit Printer's Devil.*

Jones. What a bore! Not one of them in but the Scot; and he exercises the discretion for which his nation is famous. It's already more than half an hour past their time for meeting. I did hope we should have had a rise out of two or three of them at least.

Brown. Every man of them knocked out of time first round, except their solemn President here, and this case-hardened member of a territorial aristocracy.

Robinson. Well, we must set to work with *them.* Stand forth, Serious William, President of the Round Table, or whatever they call you. You are accused of having got up a secret society here, in imitation of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Christopher North—thereby offending against the laws of taste and also of literary property. What say you for yourself? Answer first to the charge of impudence in daring to come after Christopher North.

Serious William. I will, though I don't recognise your right to question me. I say I had a perfect right to do what I did. The *Noctes Ambrosianæ!* What are these *Noctes,* I should like to know, but a repetition, that chances to be well known, of a form as old as time itself, having a hundred other notorious examples in life and literature, and, from its nature, common and imperishable. Do not men meet every day to talk; do they not eat and drink while they talk, ay, and (such is the eccentricity of custom) emit whiffs of whitish smoke from peculiar looking tubes? and can a set of men meet together, sit opposite to each other, exchange words and thoughts, nay silently gaze on each other, without becoming for the time a compound organism higher than the

individual—either a polar antagonism of factions, or a real and united Brotherhood? Grant that the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* were near at hand in my memory; what then? Because Christopher the Magnificent and his associates met thirty years ago in that dark, tall, old house which stood off Princes Street in Edinburgh, shall *we* not meet in our room of the Round Table under the sound of London bells? True, we have no Christopher among us to pour out in profusion those rich floods of thought unorganized, and of fancy all in riot, which, if power of concentration had been added to his other gifts, would have parted with much of that mere *sough* (as the Scotch would call it) which mars them, relaxes them, and blows them into weakness, like a giant's blinding hair—

Jones. Cut it short.

Serious William. And would have become compact battalions of poetry and sense, marching on for ever into the future of the British tongue. But, if after a smaller, at least after a tighter fashion, we, a totally different set of persons, may surely have our conversations too—not roaming so wildly; and, as we are less Scythian in our requisites for the palate (behold this modest table, and think of the Ambrosian suppers, the punch, and the tubs of oysters), so, it is to hoped, less Scythian in our modes of thought and speech,—a little more scrupulous perhaps, a little more measured, a little more careful after fairness, delicacy, and permanent truth.

Jones. No speechifying! Come to the point.

Serious William. I say, then, persons, time, and place are all different; and there is no right of proprietorship in a form which is as old essentially as the Platonic Dialogues.

Robinson. Umph! you may sit down. My brother-Inquisitors and I will consider what you have said. And now, Sir John, what have *you* to say for yourself as to *your* part in that same ridiculous Colloquy. The public expected better of *you.*

Sir John. What say I? Why that I shall kick up my heels whenever I please, and however I please, "despite of the devil and the *Brussels Gazette,*" and them "that sit in scorner's chair," as the old version has it.

Robinson. So you abjure the stool of repentance?

Sir John. Of course I do. I tell you, we had a good time of it, though some of the team were touched in the wind. But there was no whistle in that North Briton, mind you, whom they make such a howl about. I like to hear a man talk his mother tongue.

Jones. Baronet, Baronet! Thou didst talk, in that same mother tongue, awful platitudes, thou and the rest, who have not shown to-night; confess now.

Sir John. And if we did, you ought to be much obliged to us. Our very babbies are getting so scientific, it's a mercy you ought to be thankful for, that there are six men left in London, who can meet and talk anything like good wholesome mother-twaddle. The directors of public taste ought to handle us tenderly, and keep us in cotton wool, as if we were the last of the Dodos.

Brown. My own belief is, that there was a deep-hidden meaning and beauty in it all. Even Jones may get to see it some day. But the eye can but see that which it brings with it the power of seeing.

Jones.

A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
'Twas that, and nothing more.

Sir John. And what more should it be? A green dragon?

Robinson. It's shabby in the other fellows not to show, though.

Sir John. I'll bet you a new hat the Scot turns up. He's a die-hard, if ever I saw one.

Robinson. Well, in twenty minutes more it will be too late.

Sir John. Poor, raw-boned, perfervid Scot! I thought better of thee. Banish Bidder, banish Smart, banish Newlight; but oh, leave me my Taggart! Oh, Scot, why hast thou fled? thee at least I had hoped to behold again at the

scratch—seen round, blown up, driven over by youthful wits, but indomitable to the last—defying critics, water-drinkers, and all vain persons; standing undismayed on nature's funeral pile, thy back against the last post, labelled "God bless the Duke of Argyle." Alas, my Scot, my Scot! I say, I'm in the humour for fooling; and, as there seems no chance of a *Round Table* to-night, I'll join you Inquisitors for the nonce and we'll make a night of it.

Brown. That's a reasonable being. Let us vote the club defunct, and bury McTaggart in symbol of the same, in Serious William's sight. Sir John is in the fit mood to sing a dirge. Let's have McTaggart's funeral.

Jones. What'll we do for a corpus?

Brown. Here, the sofa mattress will do; is it not long, angular, and used to be sat upon?

Jones. Good, that'll do. Who'll find his shroud?

Robinson. There's an old cloak of somebody's hanging on the landing. I'll fetch it.

[Robinson *disappears, and returns with a long, dark Inverness wrapper. They reverently fold the mattress, and prop it against the wall.*]

Sir John (regarding the figure with his arms folded). Touching, isn't it! and has it all come to this? but his blest shade will forgive us when he sees that we wrap him in the wool of Caledonia.

Brown. He looks "unco gash," though, as he would say of himself were he alive. I say, he must have a head.

Jones. Heaven forbid! lest he begin to talk again.

Sir John. "Dear Tom, this brown jug" (*he seizes on the largest Toby Philpot, turns the contents out, and the jug upside down, with an old wide-awake on it, and places it triumphantly on the corpse*); don't you see a likeness?

Robinson. Enough! alas McTaggart! now let us take him up; one of us to each corner. We carry him four times round the table, stopping between each round.

[*They lift the corpse gently, placing it on their shoulders, and pause.* Serious William *who has sat down in a corner, looks on in contempt and melancholy.*]

Robinson. Who begins the Coronach? Let your songs, my sons, be mournful, as befits the occasion.

Sir John. Jones, you've got his right leg—the place of honour; you begin.

Jones. Don't you think I know my place better than that? Strike up yourself, Bar'net. What are you in the Baronetage for?—go to.

[Sir John *in trying to punch* Jones *in the rib, gives the corpse a heave, which, passing down to the shoulders, disturbs the balance of the great jug and wide-awake. They topple over, and go to the ground with a crash.*]

Brown. Thunder and turf! his head's broke. Oh, whililew! why did you die? What will we do?

Robinson. Bury him without. It is an appropriate though unpremeditated sacrifice, breaking the club's biggest jug on his beloved bier. Now, Baronet, obey orders, and strike up first. Right shoulders forward; slow march. Time.

[*They march round,* Sir John *beginning to chant.*]

"Oh fairest flower, no sooner blown than blasted,
Soft silken primrose, fading timelessly—
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak winter's force . . . ."

Robinson. You blasphemous Baronet, 'ware Milton! A joke's a joke, and high jinks are high jinks, but we must draw the line somewhere.

Sir John. Oh, Capting, as was our commander, I beg your honour's parding.

Robinson. 'Tis granted, Baronet beloved. Now heave ahead; parodies, if you like, but as you love me, my sons, be mournful.

[*They march round again,* Sir John *singing mournfully.*]

"Brave tongue, to Scotia's brogue
Once so faithful and so true,
Would that every critic rogue
Were but half as quaint as you.
Thou hadst nought in thee of bully
or of braggart;

Thou wast true cloth and no shoddy;
So henceforth we'll take to toddy,
After burying of the body
Of MacTaggart."

[*After "fetching a pause" they march again,* JONES *singing.*]

"Done to death by scorners' spleen
Was the Scotch wut that here lies.
Ye who start a magazine,
Let this warning make you wise;
So the 'wut' that tends to slumber
Try not on in your first number.
Goddess of the whuskey bright,
O avenge thy Scottish knight;
For whose loss, with songs of woe,
We, his mourners, staggering go.
Spirits of the vat and still,
Help us now our grief to kill!
Worthily, worthily
Muddle each critic's head;
Lie on his brain like lead,
Heavily, heavily."

[*They "fetch another pause," and march again,* ROBINSON *singing.*]

"Up stories five MacTaggart lies;
Toddy-clouded are his eyes;
Spent is now that Scotchman stout—
Dead his 'wut,' his pipe put out.
Juster far had been thy meed,
Hadst thou tarried north of Tweed.
Critics lean to crunch thee come;—
Hark! now I hear them!—Fee, fo, fum!"

[*They "fetch another pause," and march on the fourth and last round,* BROWN *chanting.*]

"Oh, cursèd pen! oh, cursèd wut!
Hoary Taggart!
Oh, happy thou whose mouth is shut,
Hoary Taggart!
Discreetly thou thy stick hast cut;
No longer still with weary *fut,*
Hoary Taggart!
Thou plungest on the stale old rut,
Hoary Taggart!"

[*As they face the door in the fourth round, it opens, and* MCTAGGART *appears; the four hurl the mattress on to him; but, after disappearing for some seconds, the veritable head of* MCTAGGART *rises again, serene though dishevelled, and he flounders into the room, disentangling his legs from the shroud.*]

McTaggart. Heigh, sirs, what, fou' already, and it's but just chappit ten? Sir John! Sir John, are these the ways o' our auncient aristocracy? And you, Serious William, sittin' dumb and demented like a statue o' the Egyptian god, Pasht! Are you a' fey? What's come ower you?

Sir John. Avaunt, Sathanas! Be thou spirit from heaven or goblin damned, I bid thee avaunt!

Jones. You are washed out—put down;—do you hear?—we have just done burying you—down, down, down among the dead men—do you hear?

Brown. Shake not thy gory locks at me; thou canst not say I did it. My belief is that it was a youth with hair parted in mid-forehead.—But it's all true about your burial; I carried your left arm myself.

Robinson. No good looking to me for comfort. You are dead and buried assuredly.

McTaggart. Save us! ye're a' mad. Let me hae a pipe, and I'll no stan' out mysel'. I'll be as mad as ony o' you.

[*He fills, and smokes, chanting.*

"Three Welshmen and a mouse,
Heigh ho, ye weavers!
Lived together in a house,
Gentlemen and tailors!
This mouse was seen upon a post,
Heigh ho, ye weavers!
Eating of a buttered toast,
Gentlemen and tailors!
This mouse fell sick, and he did die,
Heigh ho, ye weavers!
Of a cholic in his eye,
Gentlemen and tailors!"

Sir John. Well, Mac, old fellow, do you know, I'm right glad to see you, after all. I was beginning to have my fears about your pluck.

Brown. So we were endeavouring to drown sorrow in melody when you unexpectedly came to time.

Jones. How can you face us after talking such havers as you did last month?

Robinson. Silence, gentlemen! This is a serious matter. Here is the chief culprit. Mr. McTaggart, we are Inquisitors on the part of the public, sent

here to overhaul this Round Table to which you belong. We have already interrogated Serious William and Sir John; and now is your turn. In the first place, what say you to your audacity in being born with such a crack-jaw name?

McTaggart. Good gracious! meaning me? What can ail ony body at my name? "McTaggart" is a good enough name; isn't it?

Jones. "'Tis harder, sirs, than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnell, or Galasp;
And would have made Quintilian
stare and gasp."

McTaggart. Quintilian was a pernicketty auld wife, just like our Hugh Blair, that used to look through atween his legs at his ain image in a looking-glass to see how the tails o' his coat hung whenever he put on a new ane, and that never did ony particular service to the world that I ken o', in the way o' directin' its sense o' sound, except tellin' folk aye to begin their compositions wi' sma' sentences, and never to end their sentences wi' ony such sma' wordies as *to, of, for,* or *with.* I wunna bother you wi' Celtic etymologies; but I defy you, Englishman though you be, to hear my name without being carried awa' in imagination to some hill-side, a' rough wi' the agencies o' Nature and the scarts o' a thousand years, wi' white cairns on't, and cataracts comin' down its gullies, and birds o' wildness fleein' aboon 't. Man, my name carries you back to the primitive formations, and flaps ower them, when you're there, like a red flag o' endless significance.

Robinson. Hold on, man: hold on. Quintilian shall stand thee in no stead; neither shall Hugh Blair profit thee this night. Do you think you are to be allowed to come to life again and show no sport?

Brown. Your name is the smallest matter. You are arraigned for a worse crime—for talking MacTaggartism; in other words, wut in an unintelligible dialect. How say you—guilty or not guilty?

McTaggart. Hoot! toot, lads; tak' care o' yoursels, tak' care o' yoursels. I'm growin' angry at your nonsense. I'll tak' a joke frae onybody, and I'm a great friend to the passive; but I've a lot o' undeveloped pugnacity in me, and a great command o' language; and I gie you fair warnin' I'll be apt to McTaggart some o' you, if you come ower near me. Na! na! I'm no angry yet. I ken what you're drivin' at well enough. But, gentlemen, surely you're under a delusion about my dialect. Maybe, by way of philological entertainment to you, at a time when Dean Trench and other linguists are sae bent on collectin' queer words that they wad gie a guinea a-piece for them, and I might mak' my fortune by sellin' them, I may hae relapsed into the auld pairts o' my dictionary; but its weel kent among my friends that my language is like a tree ascending frae the gnarled roots that clasp the stanes and the yird (that's the Scotch) up through trunk and boughs, gradually diminishing but still strong (that's the common English), aye till the outermost bits o' twigs (that's the French) and the last leaves that shiver—as the phrase o 'the artistic writers is—"against the ba-lue skyey" (that's the Italian). In fact, there never was a Scotchman that ever cam' out o' Scotland that lost the Scotch way o' speakin' except myself.

Robinson. Give us a specimen, then, by pleading, and making your defence in English.

[*At this moment enter* Mr. Bidder, Mr. Ernest Newlight, Mr. Loftus Smart, *and other Brethren of the Table, all laughing.*]

Sir John. Well, *you* are pretty birds.

Mr. Loftus Smart. O, we knew all about it, and we left you and William in the lurch. We were not going to be badgered; and we knew you would get out of it somehow.

Robinson. Get out of it! that remains to be seen; we are just trying the chief culprit, and he is about to make his defence. If he gets off, you have some chance; if not, woe betide you! Prisoner, plead.

McTaggart. Reservin' to mysel' a'

objections to the jurisdiction, I plead not guilty, my lord; and now let me see the indictment.

(JONES *hands him a copy of the "Saturday Review" article on "Dead Wut."* SIR JOHN *and* BROWN *chant to slow music while he reads it*)—

Mourner, sad and lonely,
Calm or deeply moved,
Conscious of thy right
To love and be beloved,
Hold thy secret, hold it fast;
Love shall come to thee at last.

See the frozen river!
Still and cold it lies,
Till, beneath the sun,
It melts in gay surprise.
Only pure and faithful be;
Love shall surely come to thee.

Amid the hush produced by this soothing ditty, MR. MCTAGGART *rises and begins his defence—the Inquisitor, and the whole Club listening in silence.*

MR. MCTAGGART'S DISCOURSE ON "DEAD WUT" AND ITS SATURDAY REVIEWER.

GENTLEMEN,—A monument ought to be erected to Sydney Smith by those whom nature has made solemn, but who aim at jocosity on calculation, for having delivered so many rich jokes into the mind of England. "Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar?" is a question totally inapplicable to him. Where are they? Why, where they should be, of course—still above ground, lively as ever, trying to set the table in a roar still, or animating review-articles. *Faber quisque suorum jocorum*, would be a very hard law for all of us, gentlemen. Wit, as well as soup, may be kept in tins cans; and it may be convenient to many to have a few cans of preserved wit by them in case of emergencies. Few private persons now-a-days can afford to have their own tanks of turtle.

The Sir Peter Laurie of the *Saturday Review*—the gentleman whose mission it is to sit on the literary bench and "put down" something every week—has opened a can of Sydney Smith's wit for our especial benefit, as colloquists of the Round Table. The can was labelled "Sydney Smith's Joke about "Scotch Wut, warranted to keep in any "climate." Now, gentlemen, despite the label, I take the liberty to think that, as this particular can of preserved wit had been to the West Indies and back several times, and had in all probability been opened before and economically closed again, the contents were not very fresh. But, gentlemen, I go farther; and, with all my respect for Sydney Smith, I have my doubts as to the integrity of this one of his jokes at its first concoction.

Sydney Smith, gentlemen, was on the brink of a great discovery when he perceived a distinction between *Wit* and *Wut;* but he hurried over the matter too lightly. This may have been owing to the peculiar circumstances in which Wut was presented to him in the society of his Edinburgh friends. Gentlemen, both articles, to be appreciated and compared, must be studied in their essence as revealed in their best instances. So studying the matter, I assert, avow, maintain, and will be burnt at Charing Cross by a fanatical mob of the wits of London rather than renounce the opinion, that Wut is a higher, deeper, more human, more divine, more immortal thing than Wit. I am not here arguing in behalf of Scotland. Wut is but the Scottish name for a thing which is universal and which is not Wit. It is a geographical variety of what you in England call Humour; and, if Sydney Smith had used his opportunities, he would, through the profound study of this very pronounced variety of Humour so providentially thrust upon his observation, have arrived at that distinction between Wit and Humour which he laboured after and made such a mull of in his Lectures on Moral Philosophy. Gentlemen, there is Wut in England. All your greatest men have had Wut as well as Wit. It may be that the two qualities are distributed in unequal proportions between the two parts of the island; that the colossal genius of the Comic, bestriding the Tweed in the far

primeval age, and holding in the one hand Wut and in the other Wit, may have showered more of the one on the one side of the river, and more of the other on the other. It may be so: I won't say that it is.

Well, but the distinction? Gentlemen, spell the two words. Is not *I* at the heart of the one and *U* at the heart of the other; and is not the distinction between *I* and *U* the truest form of the most fundamental distinction known to the reason of man—the distinction between the Ego and the Non-Ego? The Wit, you see, is always thinking of himself; the Wut has his fellow-creatures always before him, and takes them into communion with him. Again, gentlemen, *pronounce* the two words. What a mere fillip of the tongue at its tip is *Wit*—soundless, sharp, and soulless; but, in pronouncing *Wut*, what depths of the being are stirred, and through what inner caverns of the man the receding echoes roll! Thus and a thousand ways else you may have it, gentlemen. Wut is the deeper, the larger thing of the two. Wit is the sharp action of the intellectual pincers; Wut is a general hilarious condition of the being, requiring heart as its essential, and capable of having any amount of intellectual exertion in association with it, from almost none at all—as when you call out, "Hillo, Sandy! is that you?" and Sandy and you laugh at the thought of it's being Sandy and your finding it out—up to the grandeurs of eternal speculation, where nothing can be found out, and you and Sandy flash fun in revenge.

I have admitted, gentlemen, that there may be any amount of intellectual exertion, from little to much, in association with Wut. I will farther admit that the presentability of Wut to the general public, standing outside the circle of its first appearance, does depend on the amount of intellectual exertion that there was in association with it within that circle, and that so, when by mishap our last colloquy was reported in print, and put forward by the reporter as Wut, our friend of the *Saturday Review*, not being under the reconciling influence of our ale and good fellowship, *was* entitled to sift our so-called Wut for its element of sense. But, gentlemen, I dispute his analysis; nay, from this specimen of his powers in the analytic line, I dispute his competency everlastingly for any such analysis.

Brother-colloquists, the *Saturday Reviewer* has fallen foul of *you*—of you, Serious William, and the rest of you. He has characterised what you say as "platitude" and "twaddle." Now, any reviewer may have a pepper-box of such words by him, and may dust them over anything—even over an essay of Bacon's, if it comes before him anonymously. The only check is that people shall take the trouble, when they see the pepper going in this fashion, to examine for themselves, and either let the pepper rest where it has fallen, if they see cause, or blow it back in the critic's eyes if they don't. Gentlemen, I won't praise you to your faces,; and I don't know whether it is your "first thoughts" or your "last thoughts" on subjects that you bring with you hither. I don't know that the human mind, especially under convivial conditions, ought to be expected to engage in conclusive reasoning, or the formation of definite decisions on all subjects. I don't think the mind was made solely to frame decisions; I think it was made to laugh, to wonder, to imagine, to contemplate, as well; and I have never seen that convivial meeting yet—dinner party or smoking party—which was much more than an element of rapid assertions on the faith of thought transacted far out of sight of the company then present, of contradictions or prolongations thereby suggested, of doubts, wonderings, and jostling half-conclusions. I don't see that you are likely, gentlemen, to supply the reviewer with worse matter of this sort than he has been accustomed to.

But it is chiefly of myself that the reviewer falls foul. Now, Inquisitors, it would ill become me to enter here upon an apologetic dissertation on McTaggart

and McTaggartism. Not only is the subject vast and intricate, but, in all good faith, I am not capable of it; for this reason, that, being a man of objective tendencies, I really don't know what I am. This I may venture to say, however, that I am not an idiot. There may be many men betwixt me and Solomon; but I am not an idiot. Our friend of the *Saturday Review* sets down my wut, as he will call it, as a simple case of "Hillo, Sandy! is that you?" He thinks I have acted from precalculation—that I stand here in London with my hand to my mouth, in speaking-trumpet fashion, and my face to the north, bawling out, over the Midland Counties and the Lake District, "Hillo, Sandy! is that you?" and that, pleased with the recognition, Sandy turns round and remits over the Lake District and the Midland Counties the encouraging response, "Weel bawled, Andrew!" Little knows our *Saturday* friend of Sandy, or what pleases him. Sandy is a proud fellow; and, if there is one thing he is more anxious to have thought of him than another, it is that he is losing his Scottish accent. Why, gentlemen, I have had private remonstrances from Sandy about the dialect in which I have ventured to address him and to represent him here! "Andrew," he has said to me, "you are a well-"meaning fellow; but, for your credit "and mine, be a little cautious in the "way you address me before so many "strangers. You know I don't say "'whuskey,' and I don't say 'contem-"porawneous'; why do you lead Eng-'lishmen to think that I do? My "grandfather did, perhaps; but *I* don't, "and you know I don't." To which my reply has been, "O you sinner, "Sandy, where do you expect to go to? "I know you are not in the habit of "saying 'whuskey' and 'contemporaw-"neous'; neither am I, for the matter "of that; these are the days of 'Young "Scotland,' when our old Doric is dying "out; but do you mean to tell me that "you can't relapse into the Doric when "you like, and that, when you and I "get into a corner, we don't relapse into "the Doric, say 'whuskey' and 'con-"temporawneous,' revel in these archaic "utterances as in a world of our own; "and, in doing so, cut our connexion "for the while with all the peddling pre-"sent, and baptize our spirits afresh in the "strength and the tempest of the large "old mood? Sandy, I'm ashamed of "you." To the gentleman who has led to this tiff between me and Sandy by holding up the word "contemporawneous," and saying, in his ignorance, "Behold how these Scots talk: when "they are wutty they spell contempo-"raneous with a *w*," I would put the matter thus: "Can't you generalize "your own practice, sir? Have you not "written a whole article, the point of "which consists in your borrowing "Sydney Smith's joke, and writing "*wut* for *wit*? Have you not in doing "so recognised the principle of variation "of meaning by alternative pronuncia-"tion? Can't you see, then, that every "variation of sound, even in one and "the same word, shifts the intellectual "point of view, varies the *ensemble* of "intellectual associations? Can't you "see that 'contemporaneous' and 'con-"temporawneous' are not the same—"that the one is the other broadened "by a circumflex? Study the virtue of "that *w*, and you will find it to consist "in this, that when I say *contemporaneous* "(which I can do when I like), I de-"scribe a clear ring round me, including "a considerable extent of space; but, "when I say *contemporawneous*, I de-"scribe a much wider ring, reaching "farther into the obscure outskirts of "the universe, and, even while I am "doing so, pronounce a slow blessing "with uplifted hands on all that it con-"tains, both men and cattle. And so "with all my Scotticisms, duly inves-"tigated."

But, finally my "wut," as our friend calls it, is not only "Scotch wut," and therefore nought, but it is "dead wut," and therefore worse than nought. It is not, I think, for a gentleman whose own provision in the article of English soup is in the form of the tin cans of Sydney Smith's preserved concoction, to object

to Scotch hotch-potch, should it chance to come out of a tin can too. But let that pass. Gentlemen, look at me! Am I like any human being you ever saw before — eyes, nose, forehead, mouth, hair, arms, legs, or figure? I defy you to say I am, gentlemen, if you have the least skill in physiognomy. I wear no man's coat; I walk in no man's shoes; my foot is on the carpet of my adopted club; and my name is McTaggart. The world has existed six thousand years, and there never was an Andrew McTaggart in it before me that I know of. The Ettrick Shepherd! Pshaw, gentlemen; I never saw the man; he died in my young days, when I was busy with my mathematics; and, though he was my fellow-countryman, can I help that? Because there was once a man called the Ettrick Shepherd, shall there never be a man after him called Andrew McTaggart? What is the world coming to? Gentlemen, I have a seat at *your* Round Table, and that is enough. As for our friend, the Reviewer, I give him up as incapable of the sublime mystery of McTaggartism—not for his abuse of it (for time must be granted for a study like this), but for a more special reason. You remember, gentlemen, my pleading for whiskey at our meetings, derived from the fact of the contemporaneity of alcohol and tobacco, viewed in the light of the great McTaggartian principle, that "things contempo- "rawneous are things consentawneous." What can you make of a man who sits down gravely, and, with this principle of a new philosophy blazing before him in all its beautiful effulgence, actually meets it with a sentence like this, "That "there is necessarily some more intimate "connexion than that of unity of time "between things happening at the same "moment, is an observation equally in- "telligible and untrue"? O gentlemen, is this the spirit in which to receive McTaggartian truth? No; he can never be my disciple; I give him up. His whole conduct in the matter of our Colloquy has been too like that of the deaf muffin-man of St. John's Wood, abroad in the thunderstorm. The storm was raging, the sky was leaden-coloured, the rain was falling in floods, the flashes of lightning were incessant, the roar of the thunder had scarce an interval; still in the midst of this war of elements might be seen, by those who stood at the windows, the little muffin-man going his round, the sole moving figure without, tinkling his bell, thunder or no thunder, and repeating his cry of "Muffins, Muffins, Muffins." So, just so, gentlemen, our friend the Reviewer walks through our Colloquy. The air overhead is charged with all that should awe the soul, brace the intelligence, and delight the fancy—with speculation, with poetry, with McTaggartism; yet, under such a heaven, and through such an ether, does this singular person walk, with his eyes fixed on the ground, intent on his practical little purpose, and calling out "Dead Wut, Dead Wut, Dead Wut."

[Mr. McTaggart *resumes his seat and pipe amid great applause from the whole Court —the Inquisitors refraining from joining with visible difficulty.*

Robinson. Gentlemen, you have heard the prisoner's defence, addressed partly to us, partly to his fellow-clubsmen: are you agreed on your verdict?

The other Inquisitors. Not guilty; and sarved 'em right.

All the Court. Hurrah! hurrah!

Robinson (to the other Inquisitors). Well, the case against McTaggart having failed, I think we may depart from the others: we will go, gentlemen, and leave you; but don't do it again.

[*The Inquisitors retire; and the Club, greatly relieved, gather round the Table.*]

Serious William. I say, now that these fellows are gone, let us have a little quiet chat.

[*So they sat on, and talked of many things;*
But the McTaggart uttered not a word.
They talked of books; and Mr. Bidder said
The publications of the previous month
Within the British Islands, counting from
Middle October to November 15th,
Had been exact three hundred and eighteen.
From these a few were picked out for remark
By those who had seen them or had seen them not—
Kingsley's Miscellanies; the new Gil Blas
Issued by Bohn; the Biglow Papers now
Reprinted here; Palleske's Life of Schiller,

Translated by a Lady; and a Life
Of that Jew-Christian German, Schleiermacher,
Also translated; the Virginians
Of kingly Thackeray done, and leaving him
Free for large labours which the world expects;
Rumours there were and ominous whisperings
Of the great bomb-shell book from Murray's
press,
Threatening flagration in the common mind,
And scientific warring not less loud
Than that which followed the "Vestiges"—I
mean
Charles Darwin's "Origin of Species
By Natural Selection;" in which words
The author indicates this principle
As principle-in-chief of all his work,
That Nature is a progress of conditions
Still tightening, tightening, tightening through
the ages,
Growing more strict and difficult, and thus
Strangling the worser breeds, and letting
through
The finer, subtler, stronger, who escape
Minus their clumsier parts, and modified
On and still on for ever. Some one said,
"Why, that's McTaggart's principle, which he
Hinted, last Colloquy, when half jocose."
Still the McTaggart uttered not a word.
Then, by some quaint connexion of ideas
Not very palpable, arose a skirmish
In the new controversy lately raised
By Mr. Robert Chambers in his tract
About the Scottish Ballads of the class
Known as Romantic—whether they are old,
As hitherto supposed; or whether, as
The tract shrewdly propounds, the antiquaries
Have been befooled, and these same Ballads
were
All written by a Lady Wardlaw, who
Lived early in last century and died.
(Be proud of her, last century, if 'tis so;
She is a credit to you, and you need it!)
But still McTaggart uttered not a word.
Nay, when Sir John, nudging his neighbour's
side,
Launched into ribaldry against the Scotch,
Their land, their literature, and all their ways,
Thinking to rouse McTaggart, and even said
That Burns was overrated, and there was
A bard of Dorsetshire just now who wrote
Better than Burns and would be heard of yet,
Still the McTaggart uttered not a word,
But, being gazed at, raised one eye and
winked.]

Serious William. Here is a passage which I picked out of a leading article of the *Times* the other day as a happy curiosity in the way of literary summary—a sort of rapid eagle-flight round the globe due east, swooping down accurately on the peccant parts of it:—"From every quarter of the "globe we hear of nothing but wars "and rumours of wars. The whole "Continent of Europe is under arms. "The blood which flowed from the "encounter of the two great military "Empires of France and Austria is "scarcely yet dry on the plains of "Lombardy. The Kingdom of the "two Sicilies, both in its continental "and insular possessions, appears to be "hesitating on the verge of rebellion. "Spain, for the first time for some "centuries, is again taking rank as an "aggressive Power, and is threatening "the Empire of Morocco with her "armed hosts. Germany has placed "herself on a war footing. Passing "eastward, and leaving the Emperor "Alexander to the task of emancipating "his millions of serfs, we find the "Turkish Sultan threatened with a con-"spiracy, directed not only against his "authority but his life. In Egypt the "French agents are busily employed in "struggling to elevate the bubble of "the Suez Canal into the dignity of a "*casus belli.* In British India, if we "have substantially stamped out the "Mutiny, we have to provide armed "men for the defence of our Empire; "nay, to secure our very existence in "that distant region. At this very "moment we are directing our ships "and troops against the Chinese Em-"peror with his 300,000,000 of sub-"jects; and by the last intelligence "General Harney was doing his best "at St. Juan to embroil us with our "friends of the United States." There's a summary view of "things contemporaneous" for you.

Mr. Ernest Newlight. It must be partly the sensation of such an unusual number of contemporary terrestrial convulsions and difficulties that disposes people so manifestly at present to the belief that we are approaching the end of one of the prophetic cycles. But people forget that there may have been many past moments of history when men stood in the midst of a vaster contemporary turmoil that that which now surrounds us, great as it is—that our forefathers, for example, who lived close after the French Revolution, had to reconcile themselves to an extent of

contemporary surprise and agitation to which what excites *us* is child's play.

Sir John. Ours is bad enough, however—Italian matters and their chances, not to speak of the rest.

Mr. Bidder. It seems, from the resignation by Garibaldi of his command in Central Italy, that the most active and energetic Italian patriotism feels itself incompetent to do anything else at present than agree with Piedmont to wait for the results of a Congress. Annexation of the Duchies and the Romagna to Piedmont can hardly be one of these results: on *that* the French Emperor is probably determined. At most the formation of a new Central Italian state is to be looked for; but against this and any other liberal settlement, however moderate, there will be all the strength of Austrian obstinacy. Garibaldi may be in request again soon. He seems to feel so himself when he talks of finding soon "some weapon or other" with which to serve Italy, and advises in the meantime the collection of "steel" and "gold."

Mr. Ernest Newlight. How sudden the recognition of Garibaldi in this country! The whirligig of time does seem to bring about strange revenges, when a Tory English peer, like Lord Ellenborough, is seen stretching his hand across the Continent to clasp that of Garibaldi as the man to whom he wishes success, and whom he would aid, without asking questions, in every way he can. It would be curious to disinter some of the references to Garibaldi in the most influential English newspapers in 1849. They would contrast strangely with recent eulogies. Yet the man was essentially the same then as now. We might lay the lesson to heart.

Sir John. We have many lessons out of the present turmoil to lay to heart, and the chief of all I am glad to see we *have* laid to heart. That Rifle Corps movement may help to make a nation of us again. How it is spreading!

Armstrong (*a hitherto silent Brother*). I was at the "Working Men's College," in Great Ormond Street to-night. A rifle corps has been got up there of as fine young fellows as you would wish to see, with one of their own number, a medalled Crimean serjeant and two years' student, for drill-master.

Mr. Loftus Smart. A working men's rifle corps is rather a novelty; is it not?

Armstrong. In Glasgow, you will see, there are two or three already, and, I believe, at Greenock. At Liverpool, several large establishments are organizing their men. In London, I hear of a large printing establishment rejoicing already in a boat club and a cricket club, not to speak of schools and lectures, which is about to do the same, and of an engineering firm which is likely to follow its example. One thing is clear, that the rifle movement can never be what it ought to be if the working classes do not enter into it. There are "swells" who would have nothing but gentlemen's rifle clubs; and others who pronounce the whole thing a middle-class movement.

Sir John. A middle-class movement! What the —— dicky bird! Is it to be the tradesman's or lawyer's privilege to shoot, and the working man's to be shot?

Mr. Bidder. The expense of rifles and equipments, Sir John, goes very much against the working man.

Sir John. Well, and what do the Government give fifty per cent. of the rifles for, but to help to arm those who can't arm themselves?

Armstrong. One thing is certain, that the mere armed and equipped rifle corps ought not to be the be-all and end-all of the movement anywhere. The drill of the corps should be made available for every decent fellow, well known in the neighbourhood, who is willing to learn it; the range should be open to every decent fellow with a rifle in his hand, who is willing to subscribe a trifle towards it, whether the one or the other actually join the corps or not. In fact, there should be rifle *clubs* even where there are no rifle *corps;* the corps should only be the central nucleus of the club.

Mr. Bidder. All very true still, and most desirable. But where is the working man to find time for drill?

Armstrong. Every Saturday afternoon to begin with, of course, if the employers have but the merest spark of English feeling. That Saturday half-holiday would really be a great national institution. I know how deeply many of the working men regret that the builders did not aim at that, rather than at the nine hours.

Mr. Bidder. But do you think the working men really care for the rifle movement?

Armstrong. Do they really care for it? I know that the very best of them are looking to it as the thing above all others which is likely to draw classes nearer to each other, to extinguish altogether the mere agitator, the pot-house spouter. I know that working engineers are already scheming in their own strong, clear heads, improvements in our means of self-defence, such as the life-long handling of iron and brass can perhaps alone suggest.

Mr. Loftus Smart. Well, but after all, *is* there any danger of invasion?

Armstrong. Less than there was before the rifle corps movement began, and less every day it continues; and it will be less still, it is to be hoped, a month hence, after the Government scheme of a reserve naval volunteer force shall have come into action as well.

Serious William. The justification of all this movement towards the complete and permanent armament of the country is that it is essentially a peace movement—the only effective peace movement. The most intelligent Frenchmen themselves feel that England's arming is France's best safeguard. Oh for another Dibdin, if only in the interests of peace!

Mr. Loftus Smart. We haven't had a patriotic song to-night, Sir John. Give us one before we go.

Sir John. Well, if you will chorus me, here goes one that will do.

King Ale.

King Ale is a monarch of high renown:
He reigns o'er land and sea,
With his pipe of clay and his mug so brown,
And his sceptre of pewter tree.
Every day in all the year,
He holds his court, and he makes good cheer;
One hour they sleep, his knights and he,
And they drink the rest of the twenty-three,
Singing Ale, oh! jolly King Ale!

King Ale he sat on his oaken chair,
Ruling his kingdoms three,
And a fearful oath by his beard he sware,
No heel taps there should be.
"So poke the fire, and pass the jug,
"And fill his majesty's royal mug:
"Gadzooks! no flinching! body o' me!
"For we'll make a night of it here," said he,
"Singing Ale, oh! jolly King Ale!"

King Ale he sat by his blazing grate,
A picture for to see!
There came a knock to the palace gate,
Rat tat, tat tat, tat tee!
"Who the devil," King Ale, he swore,
"Knocks like that at a gentleman's door?
"Go, string him up—some two or three,
"And when he is hung, come back to me,
"Singing Ale, oh! jolly King Ale!"

King Ale sat puffing his pipe again:
Back came the knights in dree:
"From Cobweb Castle he rides amain,
"The Baron of Burgundie!
"So gay a warrior ne'er was seen,
"With his black jack-boots and his helm of green;
"And he vows he'll hang on the nearest tree,
"All who are caught in the kingdom three,
"Singing Ale, oh! jolly King Ale!"

Uprose King Ale from his merriment then,
Uprose his courtiers free;

He swore at himself, and he swore at
his men;
And he swore at his kingdoms
three,
"Fiddle-de-dee," King Ale, he said,
Flinging his mug at his chancellor's
head;
So the courtiers all said, "Fiddle-
de-dee!"
"A fig for the Baron of Burgundie!"
Singing Ale, oh! jolly King Ale!

What step is this at the chamber
door?
Accoutred cap-a-pie,
Who enters a-clanking down the floor?
The Baron of Burgundie!
"You're as drunk as a fiddler, Ale,"
he said;
"Carry this gentleman off to bed:
"*I'll* look after the kingdoms three,
"And we'll have no more of your
making free,"
Singing Ale, oh! jolly King Ale!

King Ale he has eyed him o'er and
o'er,
With his majestic e'e.
Crash! down he goes on the polished
floor,
The Baron of Burgundie!
Alas for his boots and his helm of
green!
So piteous a sight was never seen;
The blood through his neck came
pouring free,
But they wiped him up that none
should see.
Singing Ale, oh! jolly King Ale!

And King Ale he sits with his foamy
crown,
And reigns o'er land and sea,
And laughs to think how he tumbled
down,
The Baron of Burgundie!
Every day in all the year,
He laughs, and he laughs, and he
makes good cheer.
One hour they sleep, his knights
and he,
And they drink the rest of the twenty-
three.
Singing Ale, oh! jolly King Ale!

Sir John. Friend McTaggart, what is the matter with you? You have not spoken a word this last hour. What are you thinking of?

Mr. McTaggart. I'm thinking about a dream I had the other night. I stood on a plain somewhere; it was a dullish dark night; and the stars were visible, but not bright. Suddenly, in one part of the heavens I saw what I thought a comet—a star with a luminous train of no great length slanting from it downwards. As I was looking in surprise, lo, a wonder! All the other stars, wherever I looked, had trains too,—no, not trains; for, as I looked, I saw that it was the stars themselves dropping in burning beads from their places, like kindled threads that had been dipped in oil. Here, there, and everywhere, the sky was scored with these tracks of fiery tears falling from where the stars had been. Anon, these tracks of fire seemed to dance and waver confusedly, as if seen from a body itself unsteady; and I became aware, O horror! that the earth on which I stood was subject to a wild and awful motion. To and fro in the huge darkness between the opposite vaults of the dripping stars, its black bulk seemed to shog in vast fitful horizontal leaps of millions of miles each, still perceptibly sinking in the intermediate hollow of space. Somehow, after each bound, all its beings still clung to it; but I knew it was the end of all things, and held my breath for the bound that should be final.

Mr. Loftus Smart. I'll interpret; I'll interpret. Why, the dream, McTaggart, is but a gigantic version of your muffin-man of St. John's Wood. The "vaults of the dripping stars" are our last Colloquy; and the dull, dark earth, swagging to and fro, and sinking, is the Saturday Reviewer in the act of reading it.

Sir John. Come, McTaggart, let's go home together!

[*The Company breaks up.*

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE WRITINGS OF LOUIS-NAPOLEON.

By the Editor.

In the winter of 1848-9—when Louis Napoleon had just been elected to the Presidency of the French Republic, and the attention of Europe was turned to him, with a feeling less of expectation of any great marvels to be accomplished by him in his new place than of wonder at the odd chances which had brought him so punctually to that place after a life of vagrancy spent in dreaming of it, and dashing at it in a manner thought ridiculous—it fell to the duty of the present writer, as one of his small occupations, to read through all the works of Louis-Napoleon then published and accessible, with a view to form some idea of the man such as might be expressed in print. The estimate by this means formed of the intellectual powers of the new President of the French Republic was not very high—so far from high, indeed, that the term "confused-headedness" was then used to indicate the impression which his writings had conveyed of his general intellectual style and character. There was discernible, it was true, a certain element of moral peculiarity in the writings, distinguishing them from writings in general—a certain heavy fanaticism, a certain opaque belief in Napoleonic destinies, and in the writer's connexion with them, the combination of which even with inferior qualities of the purely intellectual kind might, in certain junctures, lead to modes of action benumbing ordinary logic, and make a very formidable character. Of this, however, little account was taken at a time when the antecedents of the man were more picturesque than impressive, and when all that most people expected was that he would enjoy, more or less, his four years of Presidency, and then sink.

Subsequent events have very naturally led the writer to ask, for his own private satisfaction only (for, beyond that, the matter can signify little any way), whether the intellectual estimate formed of Louis-Napoleon from his published works eleven years ago may not have been erroneous. During these years the man's career has been the wonder of the world. Holding the position which he had unexpectedly obtained, he fought for three years with all the practised politicians of France, becoming felt more and more as a personality whom they could neither subdue nor manage; then, as the period of his Presidency was expiring, he succeeded, by a *coup d'état*, followed by an appeal to the universal suffrage of the French people, in extending his Presidency for ten years, and silencing or expelling out of France the whole bevy of her professional politicians, except such as would work under him as ministers; then, within a year, by a new exercise of determination, and a new appeal to universal suffrage, he abolished his Presidency, and had himself promoted to the

Empire; and from that time to this he has ruled in France with a strong hand, surrounded by an immense and obedient army, and so conducting himself somehow, that, even in that country of explosive temperaments and of interests in mutual conflict, no stir of opposition has touched him, and he sits aloft as on a rock. Nor is it solely this phenomenon of a remodification of France—of the conversion of this great nation in his hands into a compact body-politic regulated after a novel system of personal despotism based on dumb democratic sanction—that is presented for study in the last eleven years of Louis-Napoleon's life. What a part he has played, what a part he is playing, in the general politics of Europe, and of the rest of the world! In comparison with this man, the once derided adventurer of Strasbourg and Boulogne, what are our own Palmerstons and Derbys; what are the European Nesselrodes and Metternichs, in point of influence? Mere politicians of the old school, whose secondary occupation it is to watch him, to circle round him in obsequious attitudes, to speak him fair in Parliaments and public documents by professing their profound respect for him, and, when they differ from him, to do so under the rose, and meet his strong and positive manifestations of purpose with their faint, uncertain, and very circuitous negatives! On no throne on the earth is there a potentate who commands so large a circumference of the terrestrial gaze, or who can flash confusion and excitement so widely among the earth's populations in any geographical direction in which he may turn himself. Little wonder that the popular conclusion has been that for the accomplishment of all this there must have been, in addition to whatever else, a singularly deep, astute, subtle, and powerful brain. Little wonder that the common opinion is that, if the First Napoleon was the Julius Cæsar of the modern French Empire, speculative, original, grand, inventive, this Third Napoleon is at least its Augustus, secretive, calmly intellectual and statesmanlike, with a touch, more than Augustan, of the soldier to boot. For, though these eleven years, when looked at in retrospect, are seen by us now as one whole, yet, for the man himself in actually transacting them and moving through them, they were an infinite series of small advances through a medium of varying circumstances. Each of the eleven years consisted of its three hundred and sixty-five days at least; each of these days had its twenty-four hours; and in each of these hours, when not asleep, the man had to be scheming or doing something, so as to get through the business of that hour, whatever it was. To have moved through so stiff and varying a medium so far successfully on the whole, must surely have required extraordinary qualities of the purely intellectual kind, as well as others! Such, we say, is the general conclusion; and the question is whether, now that the strong light of such a conclusion is cast upon the investigation of Louis-Napoleon's mind as it was to be inferred from his published writings at the time when he passed out of the earlier and vagrant period of his life into this its later period of fixed residence and steady universal splendour—the verdict of "confused-headedness" and the like, then pronounced by a critic dealing with matters too great for him, ought not to be retracted as erroneous, silly, and fact-confounded.

Now, to clear the ground, let it at once be admitted as undeniable that there can be no historical effect which has not been the result of causes adequate to its production, whether these can be ascertained or not. That Louis-Napoleon is where he is, and has done what he has done, are facts for which there must have been perfectly sufficient causes somewhere. The real question is, how much of the sum-total of the causes which have produced these effects is to be credited to Louis Napoleon's own character and genius, and how much to agencies lying out of himself. On these points, the French liberal writers, whom Louis-Napoleon has

flung down into positions where it is almost their sole remaining privilege to criticise him, are pretty unanimous. They trace great part of his success to causes lying out of himself—to the nature of the inheritance left him by the events of 1848; to the inextinguishable enthusiasm of the French nation for the name he bears; to the indifference of the commercial classes of France to political freedom so long as there is tolerable social order; to the uninstructed political stolidity of the rural population; to the mere repressive force of the clergy and the police; to the self-interest of hundreds of new men of more or less ability to whom the Napoleonic order of things is a California of gold, who would be smothered like diggers in their holes were that order of things to be subverted, and who, accordingly, lend their master all the force of their wits and energies to keep it permanent. As the common sense is still incredulous and sticks to it that there must be something extraordinary in the man himself over and above all that, the critics eke out their argument by having recourse to the ordinary distinction between character and intellect. "Yes," they say, "there *is* something "extraordinary in him; but that some- "thing extraordinary is neither intellect, "nor such moral qualification as was "ever out of Pandemonium regarded as "high or beneficent. To an intellect of "the merely cunning order, add strong "will, taciturnity, a sombre impenetra- "bility of demeanour, considerable cou- "rage, and as complete an exemption "from all accepted ethics as if the two "tables of stone had been irrecoverably "shattered on the old mountain, or as if "another pair of tables, considerably "different, had come to him from some "hill elsewhere—and you certainly will "have a very extraordinary man, who, "in the midst of an ordinary world, and "with muskets and cannon to aid him, "will undoubtedly achieve surprising "effects. A burglar, with big jaw, no "conscientiousness, and large acquisitive- "ness and destructiveness, is an extra- "ordinary man; place him in the middle "of a crowd of Fénelons and Sir Isaac "Newtons, and they would be as meek "nothings before such a mass of consti- "tutional superiority; they would yield "the empire to Big Jaw, and pay him "black mail willingly for a modicum of "meditative and mathematical liberty." To such strong language of men reasoning under the smart of personal irritation there is, of course, farther retort on the part of the cooler friends of common sense; and so on the controversy flounders into depths of the philosophy of character where sure principles are yet scarce.

It may serve as a small contribution to the controversy if, confining our attention to the evidence at hand in Louis-Napoleon's writings as to his general ability and the nature and worth of the ideas which he had in stock when events brought him to the French Presidency, we state the results of a reperusal of the writings in question, conducted, as impartially as possible, with a view to test the accuracy of a previous verdict which there seemed so much reason to suspect.

Louis-Napoleon's writings, enumerated in the order of their production, down to the time of his election to the Presidency, are as follows:—*Political Reveries*, written in 1832, when the author was in his twenty-fifth year, and residing with his mother, the ex-Queen Hortense, in Switzerland—the death of his elder brother and that of the Duc de Reichstadt (Napoleon II.) having recently devolved upon him whatever rights of succession to the French Empire might still be above ground; *Political and Military Considerations concerning Switzerland*, written in 1833, when the author was still a Swiss citizen; *Napoleonian Ideas*, dated from "Carlton Terrace, London," in July, 1839—the author, then in his thirty-second year, having, since his last publication, made his famous Strasbourg attempt, gone to America, returned to Switzerland, lost his mother there, and been expelled from Switzerland by Louis-Philippe's desire and driven for refuge to England; *The Napoleonian Idea*, written in London in

1840, as the first number of an intended monthly publication—a publication cut short, however, by the author's celebrated trip to Boulogne in the August of that year, his arrest, and his condemnation to perpetual imprisonment in the fortress of Ham; finally, a series of pamphlets and essays written by the Prince in the citadel of Ham, between his committal in 1840 and his escape back to England in May 1846—including *Historical Fragments* (or reflective jottings on the English History of the Seventeenth Century), an *Analysis of the Sugar Question* (being a pamphlet in favour of the cultivation and protection of native French or Beet Root Sugar, written in 1842), *Miscellanies* (or brief opinions on various subjects), a special essay *On the Extinction of Pauperism*, and an incomplete treatise *On the Past and the Future of Artillery.*

The first and most general impression as to Louis-Napoleon's character left on the mind by a perusal of these writings —which bring us down, it is to be remembered, to his forty-first year, when France received him back to become her master—is the singular strength of his hereditary conviction that it belonged to him, as one of the family of Napoleonidæ, to concern himself with subjects affecting the interests of nations and of the world as a whole. Every page of his writings, nay their very titles, breathe this conviction. The first Napoleon, in defining himself, used to declare that he was specially *un être politique*, "a being of the political order," a man framed by nature for the apprehension of what was wrong or wanting or incongruous in the social arrangements of men, and for the rectification of such faults or wants or incongruities by adequate political inventions and combinations. It chanced that France was the immediate theatre given him for the exercise of his art, and here he worked most thoroughly and fondly; but his genius acknowledged no such geographical limits; and, from France as a base of operations, it was in his view to extend his inventive or rectifying agency over as wide a surface of the entire rotundity of the world, as the limited powers of commissariat, transport of cannon, and effective intercommunication would enable him to take within his sway. He trained up the members of his family to be "political beings" under him—dotting them, as so many detached fragments of his own intellectual substance, among the peoples and tongues surrounding France. At last, when his empire collapsed, and the world chained him to the solitary sea-rock, the minor Napoleonidæ whom he had so dotted among the nations became outcasts and fugitives—debarred above all from the soil of France. A new breed of men, however, had been given to the world in these dispersed Napoleonidæ; and, even in their state of dispersion, there was not one of them who did not, whether he knew it or not, carry in his fibre a certain hereditary cosmopolitical virtue not belonging to other men. In one alone of them all did this notion become incarnate. While others of the scattered Bonapartes betook themselves to ornithology, or collected Etruscan vases, or studied Basque roots, it fell to Louis-Napoleon—especially after the deaths of his brother and cousin—to realize the fact that politics, and politics on the large scale, were his hereditary vocation. From his twenty-fifth year, if not earlier, we seem to hear him saying to himself:—"It belongs to me, as a member of "that family which the genius of one "extraordinary man raised out of its "original small connexions with the "single island of Corsica and planted in "France as a family of European, if not "actually of planetary relations and "consequence—it belongs to me as a "member of this family to be perpetually glancing over the earth, noting "all the more massive phenomena that "anywhere present themselves, forming "opinions as to their results and tendencies, offering these opinions to "the world, and endeavouring to regain "the position where the world shall "see me put them in practice." On some such principle we see him acting throughout. Naturally beginning with France, we see him surveying the state of that country consequent upon the Revolution

of 1830, criticising the government of Louis-Philippe, and filling his mind with dreams of an order of things that should supersede it. Then, being in Switzerland, he cannot avoid studying the institutions of that country, and propounding a scheme of a new Helvetia. Driven to England, after the failure of his first attempt to obtain real power, he conducts himself as an Emperor out of office in the meantime, but sure to be "sent for"—having his little court of refugees about him; spending his mornings, as one of these *attachés* tells us, in "reading the jour-"nals and causing notes to be taken of "what interested him;" and gradually putting into systematic shape the "ideas" of which he held himself to be the executor. Caught at Boulogne in his second enterprise, and shut up for six years in a French fortress, he inhales there whatever information as to events in France and the rest of the world can reach him through the fortress-walls, exhaling his reflections thereupon in pamphlets, or deepening his studies in special parts of English history, or jotting down brief notes of his views on all subjects and sundry appertaining to the business of a statesman of the passing hour—colonies, the slave trade, the right of search, the recruiting-system, Spanish cabals, &c.—or, finally, elaborating his knowledge of that art of artillery which he justly regarded as the agency on which thinkers of his class must ultimately depend. Unless we mistake, it was at this time that he wrote a tract (not contained in the collection of his writings now before us) on the project of a canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans—as if any such alteration even of the physical arrangements of the globe as would result from making a cutting between the two continents of North and South America was a thing that ought to pass under *his* notice and receive *his* sanction.

It is but an extension of the same remark to say that Louis-Napoleon's writings give evidence of a strong belief that that art of government, or the imperial management of human beings and their affairs, to which he conceived himself so specially called by the circumstances of his birth, was an art still required in the world. Herein, too, he followed his uncle; and herein he stood apart antagonistically from a tendency of belief which had been growing in the intellectual part of the world since his uncle's time. The notion of *laissez-faire, laissez-passer*—the notion that society would be best left to the operation of the natural tendencies of all its individuals moving among themselves with perfect freedom, or controlled only by such a small amount of government, in the shape of police, as might be necessary to check fraud and violence—this notion, derived more especially from the science of political economy, held most tenaciously by the minds whom this science has possessed and fostered, and recently expanded by some thinkers into a vast metaphysical definition of liberty, and an assertion that what men call government is a quantity which has been gradually diminishing in the world, is still diminishing, and will ultimately vanish—nothing of the sort is to be found in Louis-Napoleon's creed. The notion, indeed, is more English and American than French; and, if he had ever heard of it, he does not seem to have felt the necessity of formally repudiating a doctrine so manifestly incompatible with the whole tenor of his being, so ludicrously anti-Napoleonian. No; as the first Napoleon had arisen as if to contradict this idea in the moment of its formation—to govern men with a vengeance, to play with nations and the massive interests of men as with a substance as modifiable as clay, to spend his life in the issuing of decrees and the conception and execution of new political constructions—so human society remained still an endless field of experiment for men who had the proper art and the due position! "Monarchs, "march at the head of the ideas of your "age!" is one of the maxims in which Louis-Napoleon, as early as 1841, avowed the utter absence from his mind of the least tinge of that modern doctrine which declares that the government of

a country ought to be a mere policeman standing by with arms folded and seeing fair play; and throughout all his writings the contrary notion—the notion of government as a central power, directing, leading, dictating, educating, marshalling men, shouting its orders through their ranks, and rushing hither and thither to encourage the wavering and fell the disobedient—is present to a degree that might have made political economists and metaphysicians stand aghast.

It is still little more than a continuation to say, in the third place, that the intellectual stock in trade with which Louis-Napoleon proposed to enter on the great business of government, should he ever be called to it, were the ideas of his uncle. Not only is he never tired of proclaiming his undying veneration, his profound and boundless love for the great memory of the head of his race; but, with a carelessness of reputation for originality in which there is something chivalrous, he avows again and again that the views he brings forward are but revived Napoleonisms. The title "Napoleonian Ideas," which he gave to the best known of his writings, might be applied to them all; and the motto which he prefixed to another of his writings, "Not only the "ashes, but also the ideas of the Emperor, "must be brought back," is a summary description of his political belief.

So far we have attended only to certain characteristics of Louis-Napoleon which belong to the class of aims, desires, or constitutional predeterminations and tendencies, rather than to that of intellectual qualifications purely personal; and the amount of general ability, and the worth of the special ideas—Napoleonisms or not—discernible in his writings as associated with these vague aims, determinations, and constitutional appetites, have come but indirectly into notice.

On this head it is proper to avow at once that a reperusal of Louis-Napoleon's writings has enhanced the impression as to the intellectual powers of their author obtained at the time of first reading them. Not that it yet seems that, as writings, they would take a rank at all high—that, if one did not know that their author was the master of many legions, one would be strongly arrested by them. Even with this knowledge to sharpen one's appreciation, the result with most readers would probably be an impression of intellectual sluggishness, qualified by a certain peculiarity preventing the total effect from being common-place—this peculiarity consisting in the unusual bigness of the objects reasoned about, the unusual conviction of a competency to reason about them, and the recurrence of certain notions not found in the ordinary repertory of contemporary beliefs. Compared with the political writings of many living Frenchmen, they would—but for the growl of the cannon that we now seem to hear imparting a factitious importance to their sentences—appear far from suggestive or instructive. In style, indeed, they have little of the luminousness, the rapid antithetical distinctness, the sense of the picturesque in expression, which characterizes French expository writing, and are more after the duller sort of commercial English pamphlet-writing, which plods on, having something to say, and manages to say it heavily somehow, with a lumpish tendency to eke out the statements of the text with pages of figures and statistics. With the writings and dictations of the first Napoleon—that astonishing medley of sagacious observations, high generalizations, incisive opinions, and flashing phrases of genius—the writings of his nephew will not bear a moment's comparison. It is poverty after plenty, thick-headedness after the very superbness of intellect, the slow rumble of a cart without springs after the career of a war-chariot. And yet, on examination, a certain definite kind and amount of intellect is found to be at work in the writings. For one thing, there is no flummery or clap-trap in them—no saying of anything without some real meaning lying at the back of the mind at the moment. Again, here and there, there occurs an expression really lumi-

nous intellectually, or showing a touch of Napoleonic largeness of imagination. Moreover, a reader of the writings in their chronological order will observe a manifest increase of distinctness in the later as compared with the earlier. Finally, there is no mistake as to the fact that certain ideas, set forth by the author as his convictions, and offered by him without disguise as the Napoleonisms which ran in his blood, recur with a steadiness which gives a character of *weight* to the writings as a whole.

It was to France, of course, that Louis Napoleon's gaze was always chiefly directed; and it was with reference to that country that he expounded his views as to the nature and duties of government. Like his uncle, he rejects all *à priori* notions on this subject. "There is no more a governmental "formula for the happiness of nations," he says, "than there is a universal "panacea for curing all diseases;" and he quotes with approval the saying of Armand Carrel, "Every question of "political form has its data in the state "of society and nowhere else." Regarding as the true system of government, therefore, that set of forms and institutions which is in vital relation to the needs and uses of the nation to which it belongs, he supposes that there may have been aristocratic, monarchical, and democratic governments, "all good while they lasted," but sees only two real and natural governments in the world at present—that of Russia and that of the United States. As for France, Napoleon had solved the problem of the only true government for her. Since his fall the country had been blundering on in wretchedness and degradation. This wretchedness and degradation had reached its worst under the government of Louis-Philippe,—a government mean in principle, clutching at circumstance after circumstance to support itself, giving no certain sound, without one generous, or noble, or positive impulse in its own heart, and corrupting as much as it could all that was generous in the heart of France. Out of these depths there could be no deliverance except by a return to the system of the Empire. Only by such a return could the two great causes which substantially divided the whole of France between them—that of Napoleon and that of the Republic—be reunited; and what might perish in the snap of their reunion would be but some petty interests, some schools and parties, having little to do with France in reality, which had maintained a noisy lodging for some thirty years in the comforts of the cleft. There was no contrariety between the Empire and the Republic, rightly understood. The great uncorrupted mass of the French people—*there* was the permanent soul of France, the origin of the sentiments and aspirations to which government should give translation, education, and aim; but to understand this mass, to represent it and be its executive, there must be a head. The head must feel its relation to the mass, must never cease to recognise this broad base of sympathy as the condition of its existence; but the communication between the head and the mass must not be of that incessant kind falsely considered essential by pedantic advocates of democracy and the sovereignty of the people, but rather an intermittent communication on great occasions, when the head, already recognised as truly representative, shall *propose*, and the mass shall limit itself to the right of *sanction*. "If the people were not to "limit themselves to the right of sanc- "tion, but to choose indifferently among "such an infinity of individuals and "codes its rules and laws, troubles "would be incessantly arising; for to "choose is to possess the right of the "initiative. Now, the initiative can "only be given to a deliberative power, "and numerous masses cannot delibe- "rate." This notion, thus once expressed in 1833, is repeated again and again. It, and the corresponding notion that the government in every country ought to be a positive agency marching at the head of the people, are the chief Napoleonian ideas. There is a good deal as to those institutions by which the head of the government ought to

be immediately surrounded—a good deal as to the constitution of a Senate and a Chamber of Representatives; a little also as to the Liberty of the Press; and many passages on Liberty in general, which might be quoted now with great effect as the words of the man at one time in contrast with his subsequent deeds. On the whole, however, one sees that though such things were discussed in accordance, perhaps, with the writer's real ideas at the time, they hang rather irrelevantly on the pegs of his system. The Emperor, or head of the state, judging for the people, and leading their civilization, surrounded by auxiliary institutions which may be variable, and availing himself of all talent with a perfect indifference to political antecedents—such is the substance of the scheme as it remains on the mind. Seeing how much in this scheme depends on the man that chances to be Emperor, it is interesting to add that Louis-Napoleon by no means thought that the empire must necessarily be hereditary. On the decease of an emperor, he would have his successor at least sanctioned by the people, and the nearest heir set aside, if a better successor could be found.

A government of the right kind having been restored in France, the whole internal policy of that government ought to be determined, according to Louis-Napoleon, by a perpetual recollection of its true office as the central political brain deliberating on the nation's wants, solving its problems, and leading its civilization. Government ought to look all abroad over the nation; take note of the state of all its interests—the agricultural, the manufacturing, the commercial, the educational, nay, even the scientific and literary; observe where encouragement is wanted, and administer it; frame regulations, appoint commissions, institute prizes, direct inquiries likely to lead to improvements in the arts, ordain public works and buildings, set up statues. Any detailed exposition of what might be done under such heads takes the form of a retrospective account of what the First Napoleon had done in all departments, and of all that he had it in his mind to do, if ever the cessation of war should leave his genius free to expend itself on the internal economy of France. It is needless to say that in all this Louis-Napoleon is and avows himself to be a Protectionist. What slight allusions he makes to the modern doctrine of Free Trade, amount precisely to such a disavowal of the supremacy of that doctrine as used to be made by British Protectionists; and, all through, it is the same spirit in different forms that pervades his views. In short, the figure which his writings suggest to the mind, as descriptive of the proper business of government, is that of a scientific farmer—an Alderman Mechi—first collecting and liquifying in a tank (by taxation) all the surplus fertilizing matter that his farm will yield, and then marching up and down his farm directing the precious liquid (*i.e.* the money), by the aid of a pipe and hose, not on the spots that have chiefly supplied it, but on the spots that seem most to require it.

Perhaps the only instance of great importance in which Louis-Napoleon outstepped the limits of his uncle's ideas in reference to internal administration, was in his proposition of a scheme for the extinction of pauperism. His uncle, indeed, had some scheme of this kind at the bottom of his budget which he never had leisure to fish up; but the scheme under notice may pass as Louis-Napoleon's own. A vast scheme it is. Now-a-days, when the terms "Socialism" and "Communism" are so bandied about, and it is thought sufficient, in lieu of all other discussion, to affix one or other of these terms to any practical proposal of bigger dimensions than usual, we would advise any one who is in want of a good whopping example of what in this sense might be called Socialism, to read the pamphlet *On the Extinction of Pauperism* published by the present Emperor of the French in 1844. The scheme propounded is one of agricultural colonies. Let the State decree that all the waste or uncul-

tivated lands in France be made over to the working men of France (estimated at twenty-five millions), as their joint property, as fast as they can acquire it, by paying to the present proprietors the little that the lands may, in any cases, be worth to them; let a sum of 300 millions of francs, or twelve millions sterling, be at once voted, to set the organization going; and let this organization consist of a system of agricultural colonies, or camps, distributed over the lands in question, in all parts of France —the working men first or permanently detached into these colonies consisting of those who prefer that mode of living, or who cannot find subsistence in private industry, but the proprietorship resting in the whole body of the working men of France, and all or any of them having the right to remove into these colonies on occasion, or to regard them as asylums for the recovery of their health by a few months of open-air exercise and agricultural labour. For the administration of this vast common property, let the twenty-five millions elect middlemen, at the rate of one for ten; let these middlemen and the working men together, elect directors; let the directors and the middlemen elect governors of colonies; and let these governors be in immediate relation to the Minister of the Interior, and meet him once a year in Paris. The result, Louis-Napoleon prophesies, would be not only the extinction of pauperism, but a profit entitling the scheme to the character of a "magnificent investment," and an immense physical and moral amelioration of the bulk of the French people. Nay, there would be no limits to the extension of the scheme. All the waste lands of France once taken in, there might be detachments to Algeria, wildernesses in America might be bought, and out of what had once been the vacuum of French pauperism, there might be extracted wealth to overspread the world.

Turning to Louis-Napoleon's notions of the foreign policy of France, we find these pervaded by the same spirit of positive action, as opposed to the spirit of non-intervention and *Laissez-faire*. As the French Government ought to lead the French civilization, so ought the French civilization, through its government, to lead the other civilizations. "France is the arbiter of European "civilization" is his maxim, as it was his uncle's; and, apostrophizing France as a country degraded in her foreign, as well as in her domestic relations, by the government of Louis Philippe, he anticipates her future in these words, "Soon "will the day come when they who "govern thee must comprehend that thy "part is to put, in all treaties, thy sword "of Brennus in the scale of civilization." Universally in the history of nations, he seems to think, a high-handed foreign policy has marked a period of internal greatness and prosperity. France, therefore, must have a large army, must cultivate the military spirit. Of Peace and War, as the one inherently good and the other inherently bad, he seems to take no note; nay, War, it might be inferred, might seem to him the more normal state of activity for a great nation—for "Peace is the result of diffi- "culties overcome." At all events, the notion of the war-spirit as hostile to material prosperity is not his. "The "quantity of merchandise a country "exports is always," he says, "in direct "proportion to the number of bullets "she can send amongst her enemies "when her honour and dignity require "it." Among the interpretations given by him of this principle that France is a country militant for her own honour and for civilization, it is worth noting that he contemplates for her an armed action in Italy. It is worth noting also—especially in these days when he is talked of as the chief friend of the English alliance—that he distinctly repudiates the notion that France should seek any permanent alliance with a foreign power, whether it be Russia or Great Britain. The English alliance is *not* a Napoleonian idea; the non-permanence of any alliance whatever *is* a Napoleonian idea.

Beyond what may be involved in this last statement, however, it cannot be said that Louis-Napoleon's writings manifest any desire that France should attack

Great Britain. The phrase, "avenge Waterloo," occurs once or twice, but in a sentimental and general rather than a specific sense; and, whenever the author talks of England, it is with great respect —respect for her peculiar "aristocratic" system as natural to her, respect for her institutions and liberties as things also indigenous, respect even for her Protestantism, and respect for her history. The part of her history to which he has given most attention is the seventeenth century; and this period of her history interests him as furnishing a confirmation of his Napoleonian theories of the true relations between government and people. There were grand ideas in the English mind—ideas which Henry VIII. and Elizabeth had understood; then came the Stuarts, despicable to him as the Louis-Philippes of their century, misunderstanding and corrupting the nation within, and betraying its honour by pusillanimous truckling to foreign powers; there was the long agitation of a democratic revolution, followed by a military despotism and a Restoration of twenty-eight years; and only at the Revolution of 1688 was the true reconciliation effected. Curiously enough, Dutch William is Louis-Napoleon's great hero in English history. Even Lord Macaulay's appreciation of William's talents and services does not exceed Louis-Napoleon's. He likes even the private demeanour of the Dutchman. "He was frequently blamed," he says, "for "his cold and distant manner to those "whose interest he required; but "William's great mind disdained popu- "larity acquired by meanness." Respecting more recent English history, Louis-Napoleon has written less—at least of a kind that would throw light by anticipation on his views of the proper relations of France to Great Britain at the present hour. All that can be said on this head is that, if his writings do not prescribe war with Great Britian as a part of the necessary activity of France, they certainly leave the impression that he would be quite ready for such a war if he found occasion, and would make it with high respect for us, but without compunction.

Assuming the foregoing appreciation of Louis-Napoleon from his writings prior to 1848 to be tolerably correct so far, we have him before us in his forty-first year as a man of certain large constitutional predeterminations or appetites for power, and possessing as his intellectual stock a certain limited number of ideas on political subjects held by him with a kind of lumbering tenacity, and distinguished from the ideas of the ordinary political schools by their consistently positive character, but otherwise not involving any great depth of reason, and for the most part radically, nay, sometimes outrageously, at variance with what passes as sound political philosophy. The question recurs, How can this man have attained his great success? Let his original accession to power be set aside as the sudden result of conditions in producing which he had no hand—first, the sweeping clear of France by a revolution, and, next, the outburst of the dormant Napoleonic enthusiasm in his favour, as soon as he presented himself; still, the subsequent eleven years of his rule are a sufficiently extraordinary phenomenon, with the causes of which his own personality does lie undoubtedly and very largely mixed up. How can such a personality have subsisted as the vital centre of such a historical development?

On this head we can conceive of three suppositions. In the first place, it may be said that there may have been a great deal more in Louis-Napoleon in the year 1848 than could be inferred from his writings. This is a supposition by which we do not place much store—believing, as we do, and holding it to be demonstrable both by reasoning and experience, that the writings or speeches of any man who has presented such things to the world in any sufficient quantity do always (to those who view them not in respect of their so-called "literary" merits, but in respect of the number, value, and variety of the propositions which they contain,

and the general force and clearness shown in the expression of them) afford the means of an exact measure of that man's intelligence relatively to other men. Secondly, it may be said that Louis-Napoleon has grown with his work—that, in the course of his eleven years of experience he has flung off much of his old creed, and filled the gaps with stronger matter. There is something in this; and a study of the mind of Napoleon III., as Emperor, from such authentic records as exist, might be very interesting; but, on the whole, the conviction is inevitable that, where there is evidence of what a man was in his forty-first year, the substance of the man is there revealed. Lastly, there is the supposition that, after all, big as Louis-Napoleon's success has been, it is of a nature to be explicable without regarding the man as intrinsically greater than we have found him—that at the heart of this huge cocoon of European political action for eleven years there may be but a moderately-sized organism—that Napoleon III. may be the Emperor of France, and, in the eyes of the world, the greatest potentate of his age, and yet not be the first, but a mighty way from the first, of contemporary human intelligences.

It is now an accepted belief with all persons of instructed understanding that men who have done much in the world in any department must have been fundamentally sincere themselves—that, as a recent French writer has expressed it, "notwithstanding the vain reputation "of high political ability which people "have so strangely tried to build up for "dissimulation and even for hypocrisy, "it is happily incontestable, both from "universal experience and from the pro-"found study of human nature, that a "really superior man has never been able "to exercise any powerful action on his "fellows without being first intimately "convinced himself." So general is this notion now, that much of our recent most valuable historical literature has consisted in an application of it—in a systematic literary conspiracy (as it is sometimes irreverently called) to whitewash one after another all the great blackguards of by-gone centuries. The notion being accepted as true, it seems impossible to deprive Louis Napoleon of his share of the benefit of it—to deny that, with whatever laxity he may have treated other people's *constitutions*, he must have been doggedly true to his own. But is sincerity to one's own views sufficient for success, apart from the consideration of the worth of these views, or their real truth? A man who firmly believed that he had discovered an aerostatic apparatus might try it from the top of a steeple; but, if the principle of his apparatus were unsound, would not nature let loose her permanent agencies on the flying folly, and would not the result be collapse and a broken neck? Accordingly, there has been a disposition to extend the maxim just stated, and to regard success on a large scale, as implying not only sincerity, but also *wisdom* proportioned to its amount. Yet in the department of political influence, this still goes against the popular grain. What saying more famous than that of Oxenstiern, "*Parvo regitur mun-*"*dus intellectu:* The world is governed "by a small pinch of intellect"? How reconcile the relish for this saying with the contrary tendency of historical belief? To some extent the philosophy of those who regard all government as properly negative might come to our help. If Government, so regarded, is a constantly diminishing necessity in the world, then the quantity and quality of mind required for this kind of service may be constantly growing less and less considerable. Some such tendency, it may be said, is actually apparent in countries enjoying individual freedom. In such countries, it is not among the official persons that the highest intellect would be sought, or, if sought, would be found; the best intelligence—and especially intelligence of an inventive or speculative kind—is absorbed by other occupations. Sagacity, decisiveness, plenty of small intellectual coin, and above all industry, are what official politicians are supposed to require; and a man of large and comprehensive specu-

lative conclusions might be as much out of his place in ordinary political business as a Rothschild would be in an omnibus with nothing but a roll of thousand-pound notes wherewith to pay the conductor his fare. Be this as it may, there are surely occasions, it may be argued, in the history of countries when the higher order of intelligence *is* required for their government—when no man not regulating his actions by large, sound, and deep intellectual conclusions could keep his ground. The condition of France since 1848, it may be further argued, has presented such an occasion. The intelligence that has succeeded for eleven years in holding its ground *there* cannot have been the mere pinch that Oxenstiern speaks of! Now, so far the examination of Louis-Napoleon's writings might bear out this view. There is a certain bigness in his ideas distinguishing them from those of ordinary politicians. The probability is that he possesses at least as much of the immediate faculty of working state-craft as Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby, or any of our ablest routine-politicians; while of that larger kind of faculty which consists of big speculative conceptions kept in stock, of deep-lying blocks of belief or of intention, he certainly possesses, if not a quantity extraordinary in itself, at least more than can be claimed for Lords Palmerston and Derby, or than, in fact, these two noblemen would know what to do with, if they had it. A Louis-Napoleon, in a British Cabinet, would be voted a political fanatic, a dreamer of dull big dreams. In France, since 1848, however, such a man has been in an element more suited for his kind of intelligence. Whether the fact is creditable to the country or not, mere bigness of political conception there has had a certain value, a certain power to subdue and lead. But bigness of political conception is not necessarily wisdom; and as the biggest aerostatic apparatus would collapse if not constructed on sound principles, so, it may be said, the biggest political conceptions would surely collapse in eleven years if not owned by nature during that time as passable truths. There is a difference, however, between the two cases. In the one case the element to which the adventurer commits himself is one the laws of which are few, simple, known, and fixed; in the other, the element is vast, variable, and complex, composed of stuff itself variable—of the wishes, wants, passions, nay even the fallacies and ignorance of men. And here we see a source of power for Louis-Napoleon in that consistent *positiveness* of his ideas which we have noted as their chief characteristic. Where there is uncertainty or anarchy, there Will itself becomes a fountain of law. If, as some hold, the positive theory of government belongs, as such, to a backward stage of civilization, then, according to their view, the announcement and practice of that theory of government may yet command large constituencies of the human race, precisely because they know no better—more especially if that theory shall define itself, as in Louis-Napoleon's case, as the interpretation and execution of the desires of these same constituencies. How far the success of Louis-Napoleon's government is to be accounted for on this principle, that it is and avows itself to be *the interpretation and execution of the instincts of multitudinous ignorance*, we will not farther discuss; much less the other questions which we can conceive arising out of the discussion—to wit, whether such a theory of government has any claims to be considered the true one; and whether, if it has not, any other positive theory of government of better claims can be announced instead, or the negative theory must be left in possession of the field. One lesson, at least, we may learn from Louis-Napoleon's success; and that is that Imperialism, or positive government of any kind whatever, may still be a formidable thing in the world, and consequently that our conclusions as to what is possible in modern politics in any part of the earth may be a great deal too cut and dry. As if to teach this lesson to our speculative politicians, the last eleven years have been one con-

tinued burst of historical surprises; and one use of Louis-Napoleon and his success may be to teach our dogmatists not to be so very confident about things. It may be possible also to recognise in him and his reign a more direct utility. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili;* and may not a continent, composed of Austrias and Papacies, be somewhat bettered—receive a shaking even in the direction of Liberty—from all this Napoleonic experimentation?

Whatever may be the conclusion as to the causes of Louis-Napoleon's success, and whatever of good, immediate or ultimate, may be discerned in his career by Political Science, or by Hope, Faith, and Charity, his is not the personality, his is not the activity which Great Britain, seeking instruction in her own beliefs, her own institutions, her own past history, can regard as worthy of her worship, or can see approaching herself or any part of the earth in which she takes interest without feeling her whole being rising in oppugnancy, her nerve and muscle straining their utmost to throw it back. But more than this may be necessary. As that morality is a poor one which consists merely in a few rules what *not* to do, and as that activity always is but second-rate which consists only in negativing other people's errors, so Great Britain may be bound, sooner or later, if it falls to her to resist Louis-Napoleon, to do so not by simply observing him, and biting at the heels of his policy, but by exhibiting in her own actions a nobler and more commanding cosmopolitical spirit. Some consciousness of this seems to be dawning upon us; and in the year that is beginning we may see it increase. What is the Volunteer Movement but the mind of the nation gathering courage and consolidation for whatever may lie before it, and, in the very act of securing for self-defence, getting rid of those causes of pusillanimity which might compel even a conscientious nation, through prudence, to a policy of truckling non-offensiveness, and pitch her standard of duty miserably low?

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

CHAPTER VII.

AN EXPLOSION.

Our hero soon began to feel that he was contracting his first serious college friendship. The great, strong, badly-dressed, badly-appointed servitor, who seemed almost at the same time utterly reckless of and nervously alive to the opinion of all around him, with his bursts of womanly tenderness and Berserkir rage, alternating like the storms and sunshine of a July day on a high moorland, his keen sense of humour and appreciation of all the good things of this life, the use and enjoyment of which he was so steadily denying himself from high principle, had from the first seized powerfully on all Tom's sympathies, and was daily gaining more hold upon him.

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends; for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, I take it, the power of going out of oneself, and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and living (in St. Paul's sense) in another man.

But even to him who has the gift, it is often a great puzzle to find out whether a man is really a friend or not. The following is recommended as a test in the case of any man about whom you are not quite sure; especially if he should happen to have more of this world's goods, either in the shape of talents, rank, money, or what not, than you:—

Fancy the man stripped stark naked of everything in the world, except an old pair of trousers and a shirt, for decency's sake, without even a name to him, and dropped down in the middle of Holborn or Piccadilly. Would you go up to him then and there, and lead him out from amongst the cabs and omnibuses, and take him to your own home, and feed him, and clothe him, and stand by him against all the world, to your last sovereign and your last leg of mutton? If you wouldn't do this, you have no right to call him by the sacred name of friend. If you would, the odds are that he would do the same by you, and you may count yourself a rich man. For I reckon that, were friendship expressible by, or convertible into, current coin of the realm, one such friend would be worth to a man at least 100,000*l.* How many millionaires are there in England? I can't even guess; but more by a good many, I fear, than there are men who have ten real friends. But friendship is not so expressible or convertible. It is more precious than wisdom; and wisdom "cannot be gotten for gold, nor shall "rubies be mentioned in comparison "thereof." Not all the riches that ever came out of earth and sea are worth the assurance of one such real abiding friendship in your heart of hearts.

But for the worth of a friendship commonly so called—meaning thereby a sentiment founded on the good dinners, good stories, opera stalls, and days' shooting you have gotten or hope to get out of a man, the snug things in his gift, and his powers of procuring enjoyment of one kind or another to your miserable body or intellect—why, such a friendship as that is to be appraised easily enough if you find it worth your while; but you'll have to pay your pound of flesh for it one way or another—you may take your oath of that. If you follow my advice, you will take a 10*l.* note down, and retire to your crust of bread and liberty.

So, as I was saying, Tom was rapidly falling into friendship with Hardy. He was not bound hand and foot and carried away captive till some months later; but he was already getting deeper in the toils.

One evening he found himself as usual at Hardy's door about eight o'clock. The oak was open, but he got no answer when he knocked at the inner door. Nevertheless he entered, having quite got over all shyness or ceremony by this time. The room was empty, but two tumblers and the black bottle stood on the table, and the kettle was hissing away on the hob. "Ah," thought Tom, "he expects me, I see;" So he turned his back to the fire and made himself at home. A quarter of an hour passed, and still Hardy did not return. "Never knew him out so long before at this time of night," thought Tom. "Perhaps he's at some party. I hope so. It would do him a deal of good; and I know he might go out if he liked. Next term see if I won't make him more sociable. It's a stupid custom that freshmen don't give parties in their first term, or I'd do it at once. Why won't he be more sociable? No, after all, sociable isn't the word; he's a very sociable fellow at bottom. What in the world is it that he wants?"

And so Tom balanced himself on the two hind legs of one of the Windsor chairs, and betook himself to pondering what it was exactly which ought to be added to Hardy, to make him an unexceptionable object of hero-worship; when the man himself came suddenly into the room, slamming his oak behind him, and casting his cap and gown fiercely on to the sofa, before he noticed our hero.

Tom jumped up at once. "My dear fellow, what's the matter?" he said; "I'm sorry I came in; shall I go?"

"No—don't go—sit down," said Hardy abruptly; and then began to smoke fast without saying another word.

Tom waited a few minutes watching him, and then broke silence again,—

"I am sure something is the matter, Hardy; you look dreadfully put out—what is it?"

"What is it?" said Hardy bitterly;

"oh, nothing at all—nothing at all; a gentle lesson to servitors as to the duties of their position; not pleasant, perhaps, for a youngster to swallow, but I ought to be used to such things at any rate by this time. I beg your pardon for seeming put out."

"Do tell me what it is," said Tom. "I'm sure I am very sorry for anything which annoys you."

"I believe you are," said Hardy, looking at him, "and I'm much obliged to you for it. What do you think of that fellow Chanter's offering Smith, the junior servitor, a boy just come up, a bribe of ten pounds to prick him in at chapel when he isn't there?"

"The dirty blackguard," said Tom; "by Jove, he ought to be cut. He will be cut, won't he? You don't mean that he really did offer him the money?"

"I do," said Hardy, "and the poor little fellow came here after hall to ask me what he should do, with tears in his eyes."

"Chanter ought to be horsewhipped in quad," said Tom. "I will go and call on Smith directly. What did you do?"

"Why, as soon as I could master myself enough not to lay hands on him," said Hardy, "I went across to his rooms where he was entertaining a select party, and just gave him his choice between writing an abject apology then and there to my dictation, or having the whole business laid before the Principal to-morrow morning. He chose the former alternative, and I made him write such a letter as I don't think he will forget in a hurry."

"That's good," said Tom; "but he ought to have been horsewhipped too. It makes one's fingers itch to think of it. However, Smith's all right now."

"All right!" said Hardy bitterly. "I don't know what you call 'all right.' Probably the boy's self-respect is hurt for life. You can't salve over this sort of thing with an apology plaster."

"Well, I hope it isn't so bad as that," said Tom.

"Wait till you've tried it yourself," said Hardy. "I'll tell you what it is; one or two things of this sort—and I've seen many more than that in my time—sink down into you, and leave marks like a red-hot iron."

"But, Hardy now, really, did you ever know a bribe offered before?" said Tom.

Hardy thought for a moment. "No," he said, "I can't say that I have; but things as bad, or nearly as bad, often." He paused a minute, and then went on: "I tell you, if it were not for my dear old father, who would break his heart over it, I would cut the whole concern to-morrow. I've been near doing it twenty times, and enlisting in a good regiment."

"Would it be any better there, though?" said Tom gently, for he felt that he was in a magazine.

"Better! yes, it must be better," said Hardy; "at any rate the youngsters there are marchers and fighters; besides, one would be in the ranks and know one's place. Here one is by way of being a gentleman—God save the mark! A young officer, be he never such a fop or profligate, must take his turn at guard, and carry his life in his hand all over the world, wherever he is sent, or he has to leave the service. Service!—yes, that's the word; that's what makes every young red-coat respectable, though he mayn't think it. He is serving his Queen, his country—the devil, too, perhaps—very likely—but still the other in some sort. He is bound to it, sworn to it, must do it; more or less. But a youngster up here with health, strength, and heaps of money—bound to no earthly service, and choosing that of the devil and his own lusts, because some service or other he must have—I want to know where else under the sun you can see such a sight as that?"

Tom mumbled something to the effect that it was by no means necessary that men at Oxford, either rich or poor, need embark in the service which he had alluded to; which remark, however, only seemed to add fuel to the fire. For Hardy now rose from his chair, and began striding up and down the room, his right arm behind his back, the hand

gripping his left elbow, his left hand brought round in front close to his body, and holding the bowl of his pipe, from which he was blowing off clouds in puffs like an engine just starting with a heavy train. The attitude was one of a man painfully trying to curb himself. His eyes burnt like coals under his deep brows. The man altogether looked awful, and Tom felt particularly uncomfortable and puzzled. After a turn or two, Hardy burst out again—

"And who are they, I should like to know, these fellows who dare to offer bribes to gentlemen? How do they live? What do they do for themselves or for this University? By Heaven, they are ruining themselves body and soul, and making this place, which was meant for the training of learned and brave and righteous Englishmen, a lie and a snare. And who tries to stop them? Here and there a don is doing his work like a man; the rest are either washing their hands of the business, and spending their time in looking after those who don't want looking after, and cramming those who would be better without the cramming, or else standing by, cap in hand, and shouting, 'Oh young men of large fortune and great connexions! you future dispensers of the good things of this realm! come to our colleges, and all shall be made pleasant!' and the shout is taken up by undergraduates, and tradesmen, and horse-dealers, and cricket-cads, and dog-fanciers, 'Come to us, and us, and us, and we will be your toadies!' Let them, let them toady and cringe to their precious idols, till they bring this noble old place down about their ears. Down it will come, down it must come, for down it ought to come, if it can find nothing better to worship than rank, money, and intellect. But to live in the place and love it too, and see all this going on, and groan and writhe under it, and not be able—"

At this point in his speech, Hardy came to the turning point in his march at the farther end of the room, just opposite his crockery cupboard; but, instead of turning as usual, he paused, let go the hold on his left elbow, poised himself for a moment to get a purchase, and then dashed his right fist full against one of the panels. Crash went the slight deal boards, as if struck with a sledge-hammer, and crash went glass and crockery behind. Tom jumped to his feet; in doubt whether an assault on him would not follow; but the fit was over, and Hardy looked round at him, with a rueful and deprecating face. For a moment Tom tried to look solemn and heroic, as befitted the occasion; but, somehow, the sudden contrast flashed on him, and sent him off, before he could think about it, into a roar of laughter, ending in a violent fit of coughing; for in his excitement he had swallowed a mouthful of smoke. Hardy, after holding out for a moment, gave in to the humour of the thing, and the appealing look passed into a smile, and the smile into a laugh, as he turned towards his damaged cupboard, and began opening it carefully in a legitimate manner.

"I say, old fellow," said Tom, coming up, "I should think you must find it an expensive amusement; do you often walk into your cupboards like that?"

"You see, Brown, I'm naturally a man of a very quick temper."

"So it seems;" said Tom, "but doesn't it hurt your knuckles? I should have something softer put up for me if I were you; your bolster, with a velvet cap on it, or a Doctor of Divinity's gown now."

"You be hanged," said Hardy, as he disengaged the last splinter, and gently opened the ill-used cupboard door. "Oh, thunder and turf, look here," he went on, as the state of affairs inside disclosed itself to his view, "how many times have I told that thief George never to put anything on this side of my cupboard! Two tumblers smashed to bits, and I've only four in the world. Lucky we'd got those two out on the table."

"And here's a great piece out of the sugar basin, you see," said Tom, holding up the broken article, "and, let me see, one cup, and three saucers gone to glory."

"Well, it's lucky it's no worse," said Hardy, peering over his shoulder; "I

had a lot of odd saucers, and there's enough left to last my time. Never mind the smash, let's sit down again and be reasonable."

Tom sat down in high good humour. He felt himself more on an equality with his host than he had done before, and even thought he might venture on a little mild expostulation or lecturing. But while he was considering how to improve the occasion, Hardy began himself.

"I shouldn't get so furious, Brown, if I didn't care about the place so much. I can't bear to think of it as a sort of learning machine in which I am to grind for three years to get certain degrees which I want. No—this place, and Cambridge, and our great schools are the heart of dear old England. Did you ever read Secretary Cook's address to the Vice-Chancellor, Doctors, &c., in 1636—more critical times, perhaps, even than ours? No? Well, listen, then;" and he went to his bookcase, took down a book, and read: "'The very truth is, that all 'wise princes respect the welfare of their 'estates, and consider that schools and 'universities are (as in the body) the 'noble and vital parts, which being vigor-'ous and sound, send good blood and 'active spirits into the veins and arteries, 'which cause health and strength; or, if 'feeble or ill-affected, corrupt all the vital 'parts; whereupon grow diseases, and in 'the end, death itself.' A low standard up here for ten years may corrupt half the parishes in the kingdom."

"That's true," said Tom, "but—"

"Yes, and so one has a right to be jealous for Oxford. Every Englishman ought to be."

"But I really think, Hardy, that you're unreasonable," said Tom, who had no mind to be done out of his chance of lecturing his host.

"I'm very quick tempered," said Hardy, "as I told you just now."

"But you're not fair on the fast set up here. They can't help being rich men, after all."

"No, so one oughtn't to expect them to be going through the eyes of needles, I suppose. But do you mean to say you ever heard of a more dirty blackguard business than this?" said Hardy; "he ought to be expelled the University."

"I admit that," said Tom; "but it was only one of them, you know. I don't believe there's another man in the set who would have done it."

"Well, I hope not," said Hardy; "I may be hard on them—as you say, they can't help being rich. But now, I don't want you to think me a violent one-sided fanatic; shall I tell you some of my experiences up here—some passages from the life of a servitor?"

"Do," said Tom, "I should like nothing so well."

CHAPTER VIII.

HARDY'S HISTORY.

On the whole I think it will put my readers in a better position for understanding my story, if I take this early opportunity of making them better acquainted with Hardy. So I have put together at once a connected sketch of his life, which Tom picked up bit by bit from him, on the night of the broken cupboard and afterwards, as their friendship went on ripening; and as it is always best to let a man speak for himself, Hardy shall tell his own tale, without comment. So let us fancy ourselves in the room described in Chapter V., sitting in a Windsor chair, on the opposite side of the fire to Hardy, and bent with our whole wills on knowing, understanding, throwing ourselves into the life of, and sympathising with, the strange granite block of humanity, who sits in the fellow Windsor chair, and speaks as follows:—

"My father is an old commander in the Royal Navy. He was a second cousin of Nelson's Hardy, and that, I believe, was what led him into the navy, for he had no interest whatever of his own. It was a visit which Nelson's Hardy, then a young lieutenant, paid to his relative, my grandfather, which decided my father, he has told me; but he always had a strong bent to the sea, though he was a boy of very studious habits.

"However, those were times when brave men who knew and loved their profession couldn't be overlooked, and my dear old father fought his way up step by step—not very fast certainly, but still fast enough to keep him in heart about his chances in life. I could show you the accounts of some of the affairs he was in in James's History, which you see up on my shelf there, or I could tell them you myself; but I hope some day you will know him, and then you will hear them in perfection.

"My father was made commander towards the end of the war, and got a ship in which he sailed with a convoy of merchantmen from Bristol. It was the last voyage he ever made in active service; but the Admiralty were so well satisfied with his conduct in it that they kept his ship in commission two years after peace was declared. And well they might be, for in the Spanish main he fought an action which lasted, on and off, for two days, with a French sloop of war, and a privateer, which he always thought was an American, either of which ought to have been a match for him. But he had been with Vincent in the *Arrow*, and was not likely to think much of such small odds as that. At any rate he beat them off, and not a prize could either of them make out of his convoy, though I believe his ship was never fit for anything afterwards, and was broken up as soon as she was out of commission. We have got her compasses, and the old flag which flew at the peak through the whole voyage, at home now. It was my father's own flag, and his fancy to have it always flying. More than half the men were killed, or badly hit—the dear old father amongst the rest. A ball took off part of his knee-cap, and he had to fight the last six hours of the action sitting in a chair on the quarter-deck; but he says it made the men fight better than when he was about among them, seeing him sitting there sucking oranges.

"Well, he came home with a stiff leg. The Bristol merchants gave him the freedom of the city in a gold box, and a splendidly-mounted sword with an inscription on the blade, which hangs over the mantel-piece at home. When I first left home, I asked him to give me his old service sword, which used to hang by the other, and he gave it me at once, though I was only a lad of seventeen, as he would give me his right eye, dear old father, which is the only one he has now; the other he lost from a cutlass-wound in a boarding party. There it hangs, and those are his epaulettes in the tin case. They used to lie under my pillow before I had a room of my own, and many a cowardly, down-hearted fit have they helped to pull me through, Brown; and many a mean act have they helped to hinder me from doing. There they are always; and the sight of them brings home the dear old man to me as nothing else does, hardly even his letters. I must be a great scoundrel to go very wrong with such a father.

"Let's see—where was I? Oh, yes; I remember. Well, my father got his box and sword, and some very handsome letters from several great men. We have them all in a book at home, and I know them by heart. The ones he values most are from Collingwood, and his old Captain, Vincent, and from his cousin, Nelson's Hardy, who didn't come off much better himself after the war than my father; for my poor old father never got another ship. For some time he went up every year to London, and was always, he says, very kindly received by the people in power, and often dined with one and another Lord of the Admiralty who had been an old messmate. But he was longing for employment; and it used to prey on him while he was in his prime to feel year after year slipping away, and he still without a ship. But why should I abuse people, and think it hard when he doesn't? 'You see, Jack,' he said to me the last time we spoke about it, 'after all, I was a battered old hulk, lame and half blind. So was Nelson, you'll say; but every man isn't a Nelson, my boy. And though I might think I could con or fight a ship as well as ever, I can't say other folk who didn't know me

were wrong for not agreeing with me. Would you now, Jack, appoint a lame and blind man to command your ship, if you had one?' But he left off applying for work soon after he was fifty (I just remember the time), for he began to doubt then whether he was quite so fit to command a small vessel as a younger man; and, though he had a much better chance after that of getting a ship (for William IV. came to the throne, who knew all about him), he never went near the Admiralty again. 'God forbid,' he said, 'that his Majesty should take me if there's a better man to be had.'

"But I have forgotten to tell you how I came into the world, and am telling you my father's story instead of my own. You seem to like hearing about it though, and you can't understand one without the other. However, when my father was made commander, he married, and bought, with his prize-money and savings, a cottage and piece of land, in a village on the south coast, where he left his wife when he went on his last voyage. They had waited some years, for neither of them had any money; but there never were two people who wanted it less, or did more good without it to all who came near them. They had a hard time of it, too, for my father had to go on half-pay; and a commander's half-pay isn't much to live upon and keep a family. For they had a family; three, besides me; but they are all gone. And my mother, too; she died when I was quite a boy, and left him and me alone; and since then I have never known what a woman's love is, for I have no near relations; and a man with such prospects as mine had better keep down all—however, there's no need to go into my notions; I won't wander any more if I can help it.

"I know my father was very poor when my mother died, and I think (though he never told me so) that he had mortgaged our cottage, and was very near having to sell it at one time. The expenses of my mother's illness had been very heavy; I know a good deal of the best furniture was sold—all, indeed, except a handsome arm-chair, and a little work-table of my mother's. She used to sit in the chair, in her last illness, on our lawn, and watch the sunsets. And he sat by her, and watched her, and sometimes read the Bible to her; while I played about with a big black dog we had then, named Vincent, after my father's old captain; or with Burt, his old boatswain, who came with his wife to live with my father before I can recollect, and lives with us still. He did everything in the garden and about the house; and in the house, too, when his wife was ill, for he can turn his hand to anything, like most old salts. It was he who rigged up the mast and weathercock on the lawn, and used to let me run up the old flag on Sundays, and on my father's wedding-day, and on the anniversary of his action, and of Vincent's action in the *Arrow*.

"After my mother's death my father sent away all the servants, for the boatswain and his wife are more like friends. I was wrong to say that no woman has loved me since my mother's death, for I believe dear old Nanny loves me as if I were her own child. My father, after this, used to sit silent for hours together, doing nothing but look over the sea; but, except for that, was not much changed. After a short time he took to teaching me to read, and from that time I never was away from him for an hour, except when I was asleep, until I went out into the world.

"As I told you, my father was naturally fond of study. He had kept up the little Latin he had learnt as a boy, and had always been reading whatever he could lay his hands on; so that I couldn't have had a better tutor. They were no lessons to me, particularly the geography ones; for there was no part of the world's sea-coast that he did not know, and could tell me what it and the people who lived there were like; and often when Burt happened to come in at such times, and heard what my father was talking about, he would give us some of his adventures and ideas of geography, which were very queer indeed.

"When I was nearly ten, a new vicar came. He was about my father's age, and a widower, like him; only he had no child. Like him, too, he had no private fortune, and the living is a very poor one. He soon became very intimate with us, and made my father his churchwarden; and, after being present at some of our lessons, volunteered to teach me Greek, which, he said, it was time I should begin to learn. This was a great relief to my father, who had bought a Greek grammar and dictionary, and a delectus, some time before; and I could see him often, dear old father, with his glass in his eye, puzzling away over them when I was playing, or reading Cook's voyages, for it had grown up to be the wish of his heart that I should be a scholar, and should go into orders. So he was going to teach me Greek himself, for there was no one in the parish except the Vicar who knew a word of anything but English—so that he could not have got me a tutor, and the thought of sending me to school had never crossed his mind, even if he could have afforded to do either. My father only sat by at the Greek lessons, and took no part; but first he began to put in a word here and there, and then would repeat words and sentences himself, and look over my book while I construed, and very soon was just as regular a pupil of the Vicar's as I.

"The Vicar was for the most part very proud of his pupils, and the kindest of masters; but every now and then he used to be hard on my father, which made me furious, though he never seemed to mind it. I used to make mistakes on purpose at those times to show that I was worse than he at any rate. But this only happened after we had had a political discussion at dinner; for we dined at three, and took to our Greek afterwards, to suit the Vicar's time, who was generally a guest. My father is a Tory, of course, as you may guess, and the Vicar was a Liberal, of a very mild sort, as I have since thought; 'a Whig of '88,' he used to call himself. But he was in favour of the Reform Bill, which was enough for my father, who lectured him about loyalty, and opening the flood-gates to revolution; and used to call up old Burt from the kitchen, where he was smoking his pipe, and ask him what he used to think of the Radicals on board ship; and Burt's regular reply was—

"'Skulks, yer honour, regular skulks. I wouldn't give the twist of a fiddler's elbow for all the lot of 'em as ever pretended to handle a swab, or hand a topsail.'

"The Vicar always tried to argue, but, as Burt and I were the only audience, my father was always triumphant; only he took it out of us afterwards at the Greek. Often I used to think, when they were reading history, and talking about the characters, that my father was much the most liberal of the two.

"About this time he bought a small half-decked boat of ten tons, for he and Burt agreed that I ought to learn to handle a boat, although I was not to go to sea; and when they got the Vicar in the boat on the summer evenings (for he was always ready for a sail, though he was a very bad sailor), I believe they used to steer as near the wind as possible, and get into short chopping seas on purpose. But I don't think he was ever frightened, though he used sometimes to be very ill.

"And so I went on, learning all I could from my father, and the Vicar, and old Burt, till I was sixteen. By that time I had begun to think for myself; and I had made up my mind that it was time I should do something. No boy ever wanted to leave home less, I believe; but I saw that I must make a move if I was ever to be what my father wished me to be. So I spoke to the Vicar, and he quite agreed with me, and made inquiries amongst his acquaintance; and so, before I was seventeen, I was offered the place of under-master in a commercial school, about twenty miles from home. The Vicar brought the offer, and my father was very angry at first; but we talked him over, and so I took the situation.

"And I am very glad I did, although there were many drawbacks. The salary

was 35*l.* a year, and for that I had to drill all the boys in English, and arithmetic, and Latin, and to teach the Greek grammar to the five or six who paid extra to learn it. Out of school I had to be always with them, and was responsible for the discipline. It was weary work very often, and what seemed the worst part of it, at the time, to me was the trade spirit which leavened the whole of the establishment. The master and owner of the school, who was a keen vulgar man, but always civil enough to me, thought of nothing but what would pay. And this seemed to be what filled the school. Fathers sent their boys, because the place was so practical, and nothing was taught (except as extras) which was not to be of so-called real use to the boys in the world. We had our work quite clearly laid down for us; and it was, not to put the boys in the way of getting real knowledge or understanding, or any of the things Solomon talks about; but to put them in the way of getting on.

"I spent three years at that school, and in that time I grounded myself pretty well in Latin and Greek—better, I believe, than I should have done if I had been at a first-rate school myself; and I hope I did the boys some good, and taught some of them that cunning was not the best quality to start in life with. And I was not often very unhappy, for I could always look forward to my holidays with my father.

"However, I own that I never was better pleased than one Christmas, when the Vicar came over to our cottage, and brought with him a letter from the Principal of St. Ambrose College, Oxford, appointing me to a servitorship. My father was even more delighted than I, and that evening produced a bottle of old rum, which was part of his ship's stock, and had gone all through his action, and been in his cellar ever since. And we three in the parlour, and old Burt and his wife in the kitchen, finished it that night; the boatswain, I must own, taking the lion's share. The Vicar took occasion, in the course of the evening, to hint that it was only poor men who took these places at the University; and that I might find some inconvenience, and suffer some annoyance, by not being exactly in the same position as other men. But my dear old father would not hear of it; I was now going to be amongst the very pick of English gentlemen—what could it matter whether I had money or not? That was the last thing which real gentlemen thought of. Besides, why was I to be so very poor? he should be able to allow me whatever would be necessary to make me comfortable. 'But, Jack,' he said suddenly, later in the evening, 'one meets low fellows everywhere. You have met them, I know, often at that confounded school, and will meet them again. Never you be ashamed of your poverty, my boy.' I promised readily enough, for I didn't think I could be more tried in that way than I had been already. I had lived for three years amongst people whose class notoriously measured all things by a money standard; now that was all over, I thought. It's easy making promises in the dark. The Vicar, however, would not let the matter rest; so we resolved ourselves into a Committee of Ways and Means, and my father engaged to lay before us an exact statement of his affairs next day. I went to the door with the Vicar, and he told me to come and see him in the morning.

"I half guessed what he wanted to see me for. He knew all my father's affairs perfectly well, and wished to prepare me for what was to come in the evening. 'Your father,' he said, 'is one of the most liberal men I have ever met; he is almost the only person who gives anything to the schools and other charities in this parish, and he gives to the utmost. You would not wish him, I know, to cut off these gifts, which bring the highest reward with them, when they are made in the spirit in which he makes them. Then he is getting old, and you would never like him to deny himself the comforts (and few enough they are) which he is used to. He has nothing but his half-pay, ——*l.* a year, to live on; and out of that he pays

——*l.* a year for insurance; for he has insured his life, that you may have something besides the cottage and land when he dies. I only tell you this, that you may know the facts beforehand. I am sure you would never take a penny from him if you could help it. But he won't be happy unless he makes you some allowance; and he can do it without crippling himself. He has been paying off an old mortgage on his property here for many years, by instalments of 40*l.* a-year, and the last was paid last Michaelmas, so that it will not inconvenience him to make you that allowance. Now, you will not be able to live properly upon that up at Oxford, even as a servitor. I speak to you now, my dear Jack, as your oldest friend (except Burt), and you must allow me the privilege of an old friend. I have more than I want, and I propose to make up your allowance at Oxford to 80*l.* a year, and upon that I think you may manage to get on. Now, it will not be quite candid, but I think, under the circumstances, we shall be justified in representing to your father that 40*l.* a year will be ample for him to allow you. You see what I mean?'

"I remember almost word for word what the Vicar said, for it is not often in one's life that one meets with this sort of friend. At first I thanked him, but refused to take anything from him. I had saved enough, I said, to carry me through Oxford. But he would not be put off, and I found that his heart was as much set on making me an allowance himself as on saving my father. So I agreed to take 25*l.* a year from him.

"When we met again in the evening to hear my father's statement, it was as good as a play to see the dear old man with his spectacles on, and his papers before him, proving in some wonderful way, and without making the least misstatement, that he could easily allow me at least 80*l.* or 100*l.* a year. I believe it cost the Vicar some twinges of conscience to persuade him that all I should want would be 40*l.* a year; and it was very hard work, but at last we succeeded, and it was so settled. During the next three weeks the preparations for my start occupied us all. The Vicar looked out all his old classics, which he insisted that I should take. There they stand on that middle shelf—all well bound, you see, and many of them old college prizes. My father made an expedition to the nearest town, and came back with a large new portmanteau and hat-box, and the next day the leading tailor came over to fit me out with new clothes. In fact, if I had not resisted stoutly I should have come to college with half the contents of the cottage, and Burt as a valet; for the old boatswain was as bad as the other two. But I compromised the matter with him by accepting his pocket compass, and the picture of the brig which hangs there; the two things, next to his old wife, which he values, I believe, most in the world.

"Well, it is now two years last October since I came to Oxford as a servitor; so you see I have pretty nearly finished my time here. I was more than twenty then; much older, as you know, than most freshmen. I dare say it was partly owing to the difference in age, and partly to the fact that I knew no one when I came up, but mostly to my own bad management and odd temper, that I did not get on better than I have done with the men here. Sometimes I think that our college is a bad specimen, for I have made several friends amongst out-college men. At any rate, the fact is, as you have no doubt found out—and I hope I haven't tried at all to conceal it—that I am out of the pale, as it were. In fact, with the exception of one of the tutors, and one man who was a freshman with me, I do not know a man in college except as a mere speaking acquaintance.

"I had been rather thrown off my balance I think at the change in my life, for at first I made a great fool of myself. I had believed too readily what my father had said, and thought that at Oxford I should see no more of what I had been used to. Here I thought that the last thing a man would be valued by would be the length of his purse, and that no one would look down upon me because I performed some services to

the college in return for my keep, instead of paying for it in money.

"Yes, I made a great fool of myself, no doubt of that; and what is worse, I broke my promise to my father—I often *was* ashamed of my poverty, and tried at first to hide it, for somehow the spirit of the place carried me along with it. I couldn't help wishing to be thought of and treated as an equal by the men. It's a very bitter thing for a proud, shy, sensitive fellow, as I am by nature, to have to bear the sort of assumption and insolence one meets with. I furnished my rooms well, and dressed well. Ah! you may stare; but this is not the furniture I started with; I sold it all when I came to my senses, and put in this tumble-down second-hand stuff, and I have worn out my fine clothes. I know I'm not well dressed now. (Tom nodded ready acquiescence to this position.) Yes, though I still wince a little now and then—a good deal oftener than I like—I don't carry any false colours. I can't quite conquer the feeling of shame (for shame it is, I am afraid), but at any rate I don't try to hide my poverty any longer, I haven't for these eighteen months. I have a grim sort of pleasure in pushing it in everybody's face. (Tom assented with a smile, remembering how excessively uncomfortable Hardy had made him by this little peculiarity the first time he was in his rooms.) The first thing which opened my eyes a little was the conduct of the tradesmen. My bills all came in within a week of the delivery of the furniture and clothes; some of them wouldn't leave the things without payment. I was very angry and vexed; not at the bills, for I had my savings, which were much more than enough to pay for everything. But I knew that these same tradesmen never thought of asking for payment under a year, oftener two, from other men. Well, it was a lesson. Credit for gentlemen commoners, ready-money dealings with servitors! I owe the Oxford tradesmen much for that lesson. If they would only treat every man who comes up as a servitor, it would save a deal of misery.

"My cure was completed by much higher folk, though. I can't go through the whole treatment, but will give you a specimen or two of the doses, giving precedence (as is the way here) to those administered by the highest in rank. I got them from all sorts of people, but none did me more good than the lords' pills. Amongst other ways of getting on, I took to sparring, which was then very much in vogue. I am a good hand at it, and very fond of it, so that it wasn't altogether flunkeyism, I'm glad to think. In my second term two or three fighting men came down from London, and gave a benefit at the weirs. I was there, and set to with one of them. We were well matched, and both of us did our very best; and when we had had our turn we drew down the house, as they say. Several young tufts and others of the faster men came up to me afterwards and complimented me. They did the same by the professional, but it didn't occur to me at the time that they put us both in the same category.

"I am free to own that I was really pleased two days afterwards, when a most elaborate flunkey brought a card to my door inscribed, 'The Viscount Philippine, Ch. Ch., at home to-night, eight o'clock—sparring.' Luckily I made a light dinner, and went sharp to time into Christ Church. The porter directed me to the noble Viscount's rooms; they were most splendid certainly—first-floor rooms in Peckwater. I was shown into the large room, which was magnificently furnished and lighted. A good space was cleared in the centre; there were all sorts of bottles and glasses on the sideboard. There might have been twelve or fourteen men present, almost all in tufts or gentlemen-commoners' caps. One or two of our college I recognised. The fighting man was also there, stripped for sparring, which none of the rest were. It was plain that the sport had not begun; I think he was doing some trick of strength as I came in. My noble host came forward with a nod, and asked me if I would take anything, and, when I declined, said, 'Then will you put on the gloves?' I looked at him rather surprised, and

thought it an odd way to treat the only stranger in his own rooms. However, I stripped, put on the gloves, and one of the others came forward to tie them for me. While he was doing it I heard my host say to the man, 'A five-pound note, mind, if you do it within the quarter-of-an-hour.' 'Only half-minute time then, my lord,' he answered. The man who was tying my gloves said, in a low voice, 'Be steady, don't give him a chance to knock you down.' It flashed across me in a moment now why I was there; but it was too late to draw back, so we stood up and began sparring. I played very steadily and light at first, to see whether my suspicions were well founded, and in two minutes I was satisfied. My opponent tried every dodge to bring on a rally, and when he was foiled, I could see that he was shifting his glove. I stopped and insisted that his gloves should be tied, and then we went on again.

"I kept on the defensive. The man was in bad training, and luckily I had the advantage by an inch or so in length of arm. Before five minutes were over, I had caught enough of the bystanders' remarks to know that my noble host had betted a pony that I should be knocked down in a quarter-of-an-hour. My one object now was to make him lose his money. My opponent did his utmost for his patron, and fairly winded himself in his efforts to get at me. He had to call time twice himself. I said not a word; my turn would come, I knew, if I could keep on my legs, and of this I had little fear. I held myself together, made no attack, and my length of arm gave me the advantage in every counter. It was all I could do, though, to keep clear of his rushes as the time drew on. On he came time after time, careless of guarding, and he was full as good a man as I. 'Time's up; it's past the quarter.' 'No, by Jove, half a minute yet; now's your time," said my noble host to his man, who answered by a last rush. I met him as before with a steady counter, but this time my blow got home under his chin, and he staggered, lost his footing, and went fairly over on to his back.

"Most of the bystanders seemed delighted, and some of them hurried towards me. But I tore off the gloves, flung them on the ground, and turned to my host. I could hardly speak, but I made an effort, and said quickly, 'You have brought a stranger to your rooms, and have tried to make him fight for your amusement; now I tell you it is a blackguard act of yours—an act which no gentleman would have done.' My noble host made no remark. I threw on my coat and waistcoat, and then turned to the rest and said, '*Gentlemen* would not have stood by and seen it done.' I went up to the sideboard, uncorked a bottle of champagne, and half filled a tumbler before a word was spoken. Then one of the visitors stepped forward and said, 'Mr. Hardy, I hope you won't go; there has been a mistake; we did not know of this. I am sure many of us are very sorry for what has occurred; stay and look on, we will all of us spar.' I looked at him, and then at my host, to see whether the latter joined in the apology. Not he; he was doing the dignified sulky, and most of the rest seemed to me to be with him. 'Will any of you spar with me?' I said tauntingly, tossing off the champagne. 'Certainly,' the new speaker said directly, 'if you wish it, and are not too tired. I will spar with you myself; you will, won't you, James?' and he turned to one of the other men. If any of them had backed him by a word I should probably have stayed. Several of them, I learnt afterwards, would have liked to have done so, but it was an awkward scene to interfere in. I stopped a moment, and then said with a sneer, 'You're too small, and none of the other gentlemen seem inclined to offer.'

"I saw that I had hurt him, and felt pleased at the moment that I had done so. I was now ready to start, and I could not think of anything more unpleasant to say at the moment; so I went up to my antagonist, who was standing with the gloves on still, not quite knowing what to be at, and held out my hand. 'I can shake hands with you at any rate,' I said; 'you only did what

you were paid for in the regular way of business, and you did your best.' He looked rather sheepish, but held out his gloved hand, which I shook. 'Now I have the honour to wish you all a very good evening;' and so I left the place and got home to my own rooms, and sat down there with several new ideas in my head. On the whole the lesson was not a very bitter one, for I felt that I had had the best of the game. The only thing I really was sorry for, was my own insolence to the man who had come forward as a peacemaker. I had remarked his face before. I don't know how it is with you, but I can never help looking at a tuft—the gold tassel draws one's eyes somehow: and then it's an awful position, after all, for mere boys to be placed in. So I knew his face before that day, though I had only seen him two or three times in the street. Now it was much more clearly impressed on my mind; and I called it up and looked it over, half hoping that I should detect something to justify me to myself, but without success. However, I got the whole affair pretty well out of my head by bedtime.

"While I was at breakfast the next morning, my scout came in with a face of the most ludicrous importance, and quite a deferential manner. I declare I don't think he has ever got back since that day to his original free-and-easy swagger. He laid a card on my table, paused a moment, and then said, 'His ludship is houtside waitin', sir.'

"I had had enough of lords' cards; and the scene of yesterday rose painfully before me as I threw the card into the fire without looking at it, and said, 'Tell him I am engaged.'

"My scout, with something like a shudder at my audacity, replied, 'His ludship told me to say, sir, as his bis'ness was very particular, so hif you was engaged he would call again in half an hour.'

"'Tell him to come in, then, if he won't take a civil hint.' I felt sure who it would be, but hardly knew whether to be pleased or annoyed, when in another minute the door opened, and in walked the peacemaker. I don't know which of us was most embarrassed; he walked straight up to me without lifting his eyes, and held out his hand, saying, 'I hope, Mr. Hardy, you will shake hands with me now.'

"'Certainly, my lord,' I said, taking his hand; 'I am sorry for what I said to you yesterday, when my blood was up.'

"'You said no more than we deserved,' he answered, twirling his cap by the long gold tassel; 'I could not be comfortable without coming to assure you again myself, that neither I, nor, I believe, half the men in Philippine's rooms yesterday, knew anything of the bet. I really cannot tell you how annoyed I have been about it.'

"I assured him that he might make himself quite easy, and then remained standing, expecting him to go, and not knowing exactly what to say further. But he begged me to go on with my breakfast, and sat down, and then asked me to give him a cup of tea, as he had not breakfasted. So in a few minutes we were sitting opposite one another over tea and bread and butter, for he didn't ask for and I didn't offer anything else. It was rather a trying meal, for each of us was doing all he could to make out the other. I only hope I was as pleasant as he was. After breakfast he went, and I thought the acquaintance was probably at an end; he had done all that a gentleman need have done, and had well-nigh healed a raw place in my mental skin.

"But I was mistaken. Without intruding himself on me, he managed somehow or another to keep on building up the acquaintance little by little. For some time I looked out very jealously for any patronizing airs, and even after I was convinced that he had nothing of the sort in him, avoided him as much as I could, though he was the most pleasant and best-informed man I knew. However, we became intimate, and I saw a good deal of him, in a quiet way, at his own rooms. I wouldn't go to his parties, and asked him not to come to me here, for my horror of being thought a

tuft-hunter had become almost a disease. He was not so old as I, but he was just leaving the University, for he had come up early, and lords' sons are allowed to go out in two years;—I suppose because the authorities think they will do less harm here in two than three years;—but it is somewhat hard on poor men, who have to earn their bread, to see such a privilege given to those who want it least. When he left, he made me promise to go and pay him a visit—which I did in the long vacation, at a splendid place up in the North, and enjoyed myself more than I care to own. His father, who is quite worthy of his son, and all his family, were as kind as people could be. Well, amongst other folk I met there a young sprig of nobility who was coming up here the next term. He had been brought up abroad, and I suppose knew very few men of his own age in England. Well, he was not a bad style of boy, but rather too demonstrative, and not strong-headed. He took to me wonderfully, was delighted to hear that I was up at Oxford, and talked constantly of how much we should see of one another. As it happened, I was almost the first man he met when he got off the coach at the 'Angel,' at the beginning of his first term. He almost embraced me, and nothing would serve but I must dine with him at the inn, and we spent the evening together, and parted dear friends. Two days afterwards we met in the street; he was with two other youngsters, and gave me a polished and distant bow; in another week he passed me as if we had never met.

"I don't blame him, poor boy. My only wonder is, that any of them ever get through this place without being thoroughly spoilt. From Vice-Chancellor down to scout's boy, the whole of Oxford seems to be in league to turn their heads, even if they come up with them set on straight, which toadying servants take care shall never happen if they can hinder it. The only men who would do them good up here, both dons and undergraduates, keep out of their way, very naturally. Gentlemen-commoners have a little better chance, though not much, and seem to me to be worse than the tufts, and to furnish most of their toadies.

"Well, are you tired of my railing? I daresay I am rabid about it all. Only it does go to my heart to think what this place might be, and what it is. I see I needn't give you any more of my experience.

"You'll understand now some of the things that have puzzled you about me. Oh! I know they did; you needn't look apologetic. I don't wonder, or blame you. I am a very queer bird for the perch I have lit on; I know that as well as anybody. The only wonder is that you ever took the trouble to try to lime me. Now have another glass of toddy. Why! it is near twelve. I must have one pipe and turn in. No Aristophanes to-night."

CHAPTER IX.

"A BROWN BAIT."

Tom's little exaltation in his own eyes consequent on the cupboard smashing escapade of his friend was not to last long. Not a week had elapsed before he himself arrived suddenly in Hardy's room in as furious a state of mind as the other had so lately been in, allowing for the difference of the men. Hardy looked up from his books and exclaimed:—

"What's the matter? where have you been to-night? You look fierce enough to sit for a portrait of Sanguinoso Volcanoni, the bandit."

"Been!" said Tom, sitting down on the spare Windsor chair, which he usually occupied, so hard as to make it crack again; "been! I've been to a wine party at Hendon's. Do you know any of that set?"

"No, except Grey, who came into residence in the same term with me; we have been reading for degree together. You must have seen him here sometimes in the evenings."

"Yes, I remember; the fellow with a stiff neck, who won't look you in the face."

"Ay, but he is a sterling man at the bottom, I can tell you."

"Well, he wasn't there. You don't know any of the rest?"

"No."

"And never went to any of their parties?"

"No."

"You've had no loss, I can tell you," said Tom, pleased that the ground was clear for him. "I never was amongst such a set of waspish, dogmatical, overbearing fellows in my life."

"Why, what in the name of fortune have they been doing to you? How did you fall among such Philistines?"

"I'm such an easy fool, you see," said Tom, "I go off directly with any fellow that asks me; fast or slow, it's all the same. I never think twice about the matter, and, generally, I like all the fellows I meet, and enjoy everything; but just catch me at another of their stuck-up wines, that's all."

"But you won't tell me what's the matter."

"Well, I don't know why Hendon should have asked me. He can't think me a likely card for a convert, I should think. At any rate, he asked me to wine, and I went as usual. Everything was in capital style (it don't seem to be any part of their creed, mind you, to drink bad wine), and awfully gentlemanly and decorous."

"Yes, that's aggravating, I admit. It would have been in better taste, of course, if they had been a little blackguard and indecorous. No doubt, too, one has a right to expect bad wine at Oxford. Well?"

Hardy spoke so gravely, that Tom had to look across at him for half a minute. Then he went on with a grin.

"There was a piano in one corner, and muslin curtains—I give you my word, muslin curtains, besides the stuff ones."

"You don't say so?" said Hardy; "put up, no doubt, to insult you. No wonder you looked so furious when you came in. Anything else?"

"Let me see—yes—I counted three sorts of scents on the mantel-piece, besides eau de Cologne. But I could have stood it all well enough if it hadn't been for their talk. From one thing to another they got to cathedrals, and one of them called St. Paul's 'a disgrace to a Christian city.' I couldn't stand that, you know. I was always bred to respect St. Paul's; weren't you?"

"My education in that line was neglected," said Hardy, gravely. "And so you took up the cudgels for St. Paul's?"

"Yes, I plumped out that St. Paul's was the finest cathedral in England. You'd have thought I had said that lying was one of the cardinal virtues—one or two just treated me to a sort of pitying sneer, but my neighbours were down upon me with a vengeance. I stuck to my text though, and they drove me into saying I liked the Ratcliffe more than any building in Oxford; which I don't believe I do, now I come to think of it. So when they couldn't get me to budge for their talk, they took to telling me that everybody who knew anything about church architecture was against me—of course meaning that I knew nothing about it—for the matter of that, I don't mean to say that I do"—Tom paused; it had suddenly occurred to him that there might be some reason in the rough handling he had got.

"But what did you say to the authorities?" said Hardy, who was greatly amused.

"Said I didn't care a straw for them," said Tom; "there was no right or wrong in the matter, and I had as good a right to my opinion as Pugin—or whatever his name is—and the rest."

"What heresy!" said Hardy, laughing; "you caught it for that, I suppose?"

"Didn't I! They made such a noise over it, that the men at the other end of the table stopped talking (they were all freshmen at our end), and when they found what was up, one of the older ones took me in hand, and I got a lecture about the middle ages, and the monks. I said I thought England was well rid of the monks; and then we got on to Protestantism, and fasting, and apostolic succession, and passive obedience, and I don't know what all!

I only know I was tired enough of it before coffee came; but I couldn't go, you know, with all of them on me at once, could I?"

"Of course not; you were like the 6,000 unconquerable British infantry at Albuera. You held your position by sheer fighting, suffering fearful loss."

"Well," said Tom laughing, for he had talked himself into good humour again, "I dare say I talked a deal of nonsense; and, when I come to think it over, a good deal of what some of them said had something in it. I should like to hear it again quietly; but there were others sneering and giving themselves airs, and that puts a fellow's back up."

"Yes," said Hardy, "a good many of the weakest and vainest men who come up take to this sort of thing now. They can do nothing themselves, and get a sort of platform by going in for the High Church business from which to look down on their neighbours."

"That's just what I thought," said Tom; "they tried to push mother Church, mother Church, down my throat at every turn. I'm as fond of the Church as any of them, but I don't want to be jumping up on her back every minute, like a sickly chicken getting on the old hen's back to warm his feet whenever the ground is cold, and fancying himself taller than all the rest of the brood."

"You were unlucky," said Hardy; "there are some very fine fellows amongst them."

"Well, I haven't seen much of them," said Tom, "and I don't want to see any more, for it seems to me all a Gothic-mouldings and man-millinery business."

"You won't think so when you've been up a little longer," said Hardy, getting up to make tea, which operation he had hardly commenced, when a knock came at the door, and in answer to Hardy's "Come in," a slight shy man appeared, who hesitated, and seemed inclined to go when he saw that Hardy was not alone.

"Oh, come in, and have a cup of tea, Grey. You know Brown, I think?" said Hardy, looking round from the fire, where he was filling his teapot, to watch Tom's reception of the new comer.

Our hero took his feet down, drew himself up and made a solemn bow, which Grey returned, and then sidled nervously on to a chair and looked very uncomfortable. However, in another minute Hardy came to the rescue and began pouring out the tea. He was evidently tickled at the idea of confronting Tom so soon with another of his enemies. Tom saw this, and put on a cool and majestic manner in consequence, which evidently increased the discomfort of Grey's seat, and kept Hardy on the edge of an abyss of laughter. In fact, he had to ease himself by talking of other indifferent matters and laughing at nothing. Tom had never seen him in this sort of humour before, and couldn't help enjoying it, though he felt that it was partly at his own expense. However, when Hardy once just approached the subject of the wine party, Tom bristled up so quickly, and Grey looked so meekly wretched, though he knew nothing of what was coming, that Hardy suddenly changed the subject, and turning to Grey said—

"What have you been doing the last fortnight? You haven't been here once. I've been obliged to get on with my Aristotle without you."

"I'm very sorry indeed, but I haven't been able to come," said Grey, looking sideways at Hardy, and then at Tom, who sat regarding the wall, supremely indifferent.

"Well, I've finished my Ethics," said Hardy; "can't you come in to-morrow night to talk them over? I suppose you're through them too?"

"No, really," said Grey, "I haven't been able to look at them since the last time I was here."

"You must take care," said Hardy. "The new examiners are all for science and history; it won't do for you to go in trusting to your scholarship."

"I hope to make it up in the Easter vacation," said Grey.

"You'll have enough to do, then," said Hardy; "but how is it you've dropped astern so?"

"Why the fact is," said Grey, hesitatingly, "that the curate of St. Peter's has set up some night-schools, and wanted some help. So I have been doing what I could to help him; and really," looking at his watch, "I must be going. I only wanted to tell you how it was I didn't come now."

Hardy looked at Tom, who was taken rather aback by this announcement, and began to look less haughtily at the wall. He even condescended to take a short glance at his neighbour.

"It's unlucky," said Hardy; "but do you teach every night?"

"Yes," said Grey. "I used to do my science and history at night, you know; but I find that teaching takes so much out of me, that I'm only fit for bed now. However, I'm so glad I've told you. I have wanted to do it for some time. And if you would let me come in for an hour directly after hall, instead of later, I think I could still manage that."

"Of course," said Hardy; "come when you like. But it's rather hard to take you away every night, so near the examinations."

"It is my own wish," said Grey. "I should have been very glad if it hadn't happened just now; but as it has, I must do the best I can."

"Well, but I should like to help you. Can't I take a night or two off your hands?"

"No!" said Tom, fired with a sudden enthusiasm; "it will be as bad for you, Hardy. It can't want much scholarship to teach there. Let me go. I'll take two nights a week, if you'll let me."

"Oh, thank you," said Grey; "but I don't know how my friend might like it. That is—I mean," he said, getting very red, "it's very kind of you, only I'm used to it; and—and they rely on me. But I really must go; good night;" and Grey went off in confusion.

As soon as the door had fairly closed, Hardy could stand it no longer, and lay back in his chair laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks. Tom, wholly unable to appreciate the joke, sat looking at him with perfect gravity.

"What can there be in your look, Brown," said Hardy when he could speak again, "to frighten Grey so? Did you see what a fright he was in at once, at the idea of turning you into the night-schools? There must be some lurking Protestantism in your face somewhere, which I hadn't detected."

"I don't believe he was frightened at me a bit. He wouldn't have you either, remember," said Tom.

"Well, at any rate, that don't look as if it were all mere Gothic mouldings and man-millinery, does it?" said Hardy.

Tom sipped his tea and considered.

"One can't help admiring him, do you know, for it," he said. "Do you think he is really thrown back now in his own reading by this teaching?"

"I'm sure of it. He is such a quiet fellow, that nothing else is likely to draw him off reading; and I can see that he doesn't get on as he used, day by day. Unless he makes it up somehow, he won't get his first."

"He don't seem to like the teaching work much," said Tom.

"Quite the contrary, as far as I can see."

"Then it is a very fine thing of him," said Tom.

"And you retract your man-millinery dictum, so far as he is concerned?"

"Yes, that I do, heartily; but not as to the set in general."

"Well, they don't suit me either; but, on the whole, they are wanted, at any rate, in this college. Even the worst of them is making some sort of protest for self-denial and against self-indulgence, which is nowhere more needed than here."

"A nice sort of protest—muslin curtains, a piano, and thirty-four claret."

"Oh, you've no right to count Hendon among them; he has only a little hankering after mediævalism, and thinks the whole thing gentlemanly."

"I only know the whole clamjamfery of them were there, and didn't seem to protest much."

"Brown, you're a bigot. I should never have thought you would have been so furious against any set of fellows. I begin to smell Arnold."

"No, you don't. He never spoke to me against anybody."

"Hallo! It was the Rugby atmosphere, then, I suppose. But I tell you they are the only men in this college who are making that protest, whatever their motives may be."

"What do you say to yourself, old fellow?"

"Nonsense! I never deny myself any pleasure that I can afford, if it isn't wrong in itself, and doesn't hinder any one else. I can tell you I'm as fond of fine things and good living as you."

"*If* it isn't wrong, and you can afford it, and it don't hurt anybody! Just so; well, then, mustn't it be right for you to have? You wouldn't have it put under your nose, I suppose, just for you to smell at it, and let it alone?"

"Yes; I know all that. I've been over it all often enough, and there's truth in it. But, mind you, it's rather slippery ground, especially for a freshman; and there's a great deal to be said on the other side—I mean, for denying oneself just for the sake of the self-denial."

"Well, they don't deny themselves the pleasure of looking at a fellow as if he were a Turk, because he likes St. Paul's better than Westminster Abbey."

"How that snubbing you got at the Ecclesiological wine-party seems to rankle—There now! don't bristle up like a hedgehog. I'll never mention that unfortunate wine again. I saw the eight come in to-day. You are keeping much better time; but there is a weak place or two forward."

"Yes," said Tom, delighted to change the subject, "I find it awfully hard to pull up to Jervis' stroke. Do you think I shall ever get to it?"

"Of course you will. Why, you have only been pulling behind him a dozen times or so, and his is the most trying stroke on the river. You quicken a little on it; but I didn't mean you. Two and five are the blots in the boat."

"You think so?" said Tom, much relieved. "So does Miller, I can see. It's so provoking—Drysdale is to pull two in the races next term, and Blake seven, and then Diogenes will go to five. He's obliged to pull seven now, because Blake won't come down this term; no more will Drysdale. They say there will be plenty of time after Easter."

"It's a great pity," said Hardy.

"Isn't it?" said Tom; "and it makes Miller so savage. He walks into us all as if it were our faults. Do you think he's a good coxswain?"

"First rate on most points, but rather too sharp-tongued. You can't get a man's best out of him without a little praise."

"Yes, that's just it; he puts one's back up," said Tom. "But the Captain is a splendid fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes; but a little too easy, at least with men like Blake and Drysdale. He ought to make them train or turn them out."

"But whom could he get? There's nobody else. If you would pull now—why shouldn't you? I'm sure it would make us all right."

"I don't subscribe to the club," said Hardy; "I wish I had, for I should like to have pulled with you and behind Jervis this year."

"Do let me tell the Captain," said Tom; "I'm sure he'd manage it somehow."

"I'm afraid it's too late," said Hardy; "I cut myself off from everything of the sort two years ago, and I'm beginning to think I was a fool for my pains."

Nothing more was said on the subject at the time, but Tom went away in great spirits at having drawn this confession out of Hardy—the more so, perhaps, because he flattered himself that he had had something to say to the change in his friend. From this time he set himself to work on the problem of getting Hardy into the racing boat of St. Ambrose's College.

To be continued.

SEA DREAMS. AN IDYLL.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

A CITY clerk, but gently born and bred;
His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child—
One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three years old:
They, thinking that her clear germander eye
Droopt in the giant-factoried city-gloom,
Came, with a month's leave given them, to the sea:
For which his gains were dock'd, however small:
His gains were small, and hard his work; besides,
Their slender household fortunes (for the man
Had risk'd his little) like the little thrift,
Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep:
And oft, when sitting all alone, his face
Would darken, as he cursed his credulousness,
And that one unctuous mouth which lured him, rogue,
To buy wild shares in some Peruvian mine.
Now seaward-bound for health they gain'd a coast,
All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning cave,
At close of day; slept, woke, and went the next,
The Sabbath, pious variers from the church,
To chapel; where a heated pulpiteer,
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated
Against the scarlet woman and her creed:
For sideways up he swung his arms, and shriek'd
'Thus, thus with violence,' ev'n as if he held
The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself
Were that great Angel; 'Thus with violence
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea;
Then comes the close.' The gentle-hearted wife
Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world;

He at his own: but when the wordy storm
Had ended, forth they moved and paced the sand,
Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,
Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce believed
(The sootflake of so many a summer still
Clung to their fancies) that they saw, the sea.
So now on sand they walk'd, and now on cliff,
Lingering about the thymy promontories,
Until the sails were darken'd in the west
And rosed in the east: then homeward and to bed:
Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope
Haunting a holy text, and still to that
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,'
Said, 'Love, forgive him:' but he did not speak;
And silenced by that silence lay the wife,
Remembering our dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide
Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost rocks
Touching, upjetted in spirts of wild sea-smoke,
And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell
In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon
Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs
Heard thro' the living roar. At this the babe,
Their Margaret cradled near them, wail'd and woke
The mother, and the father suddenly cried,
'A wreck, a wreck!' then turn'd, and groaning said,

'Forgive! How many will say, "forgive," and find
A sort of absolution in the sound
To hate a little longer! No; the sin
That neither God nor man can well forgive,
Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.
It is not true that second thoughts are best,
But first, and third, which are a riper first;
Too ripe, too late! they come too late for use.
Ah love, there surely lives in man and beast
Something divine to warn them of their foes:
And such a sense, when first I lighted on him,
Said, "trust him not;" but after, when I came
To know him more, I lost it, knew him less;
Fought with what seem'd my own uncharity;

Sat at his table ; drank his costly wines ;
Made more and more allowance for his talk ;
Went further, fool ! and trusted him with all,
All my poor scrapings from a dozen years
Of dust and deskwork : there is no such mine,
None ; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,
Not making. Ruin'd ! ruin'd ! the sea roars
Ruin : a fearful night ! '

'Not fearful ; fair,'
Said the good wife, 'if every star in heaven
Can make it fair : you do but hear the tide.
Had you ill dreams ? '

'O yes,' he said, 'I dream'd
Of such a tide swelling toward the land,
And I from out the boundless outer deep
Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd one
Of those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs.
I thought the motion of the boundless deep
Bore through the cave, and I was heaved upon it
In darkness : then I saw one lovely star
Larger and larger. "What a world," I thought,
"To live in !" but in moving on I found
Only the landward exit of the cave,
Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond :
And near the light a giant woman sat,
All over earthy, like a piece of earth,
A pickaxe in her hand : then out I slipt
Into a land all sun and blossom, trees
As high as heaven, and every bird that sings :
And here the night-light flickering in my eyes
Awoke me.'

'That was then your dream,' she said,
'Not sad, but sweet.'

'So sweet, I lay,' said he,
'And mused upon it, drifting up the stream
In fancy, till I slept again, and pieced
The broken vision ; for I dream'd that still
The motion of the great deep bore me on,
And that the woman walk'd upon the brink :
I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her of it :
"It came," she said, "by working in the mines :"

O then to ask her of my shares, I thought;
And ask'd; but not a word; she shook her head.
And then the motion of the current ceas'd,
And there was rolling thunder; and we reach'd
A mountain, like a wall of burs and thorns;
But she with her strong feet up the steep hill
Trod out a path: I follow'd; and at top
She pointed seaward: there a fleet of glass,
That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me,
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud
That not one moment ceased to thunder, past
In sunshine: right across its track there lay,
Down in the water, a long reef of gold,
Or what seem'd gold: and I was glad at first
To think that in our often-ransack'd world
Still so much gold was left; and then I fear'd
Lest that gay navy there should splinter on it,
And fearing waved my arm to warn them off;
An idle signal, for the brittle fleet
(I thought I could have died to save it) near'd,
Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and vanish'd, and I woke,
I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see
My dream was Life; the woman honest Work;
And my poor venture but a fleet of glass
Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold.'

'Nay,' said the kindly wife to comfort him,
'You raised your arm, you tumbled down and broke
The glass with little Margaret's medicine in it;
And, breaking that, you made and broke your dream:
A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.'

'No trifle,' groan'd the husband; 'yesterday
I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd
That which I ask'd the woman in my dream.
Like her, he shook his head. "Show me the books!"
He dodged me with a long and loose account.
"The books, the books!" but he, he could not wait,
Bound on a matter he of life and death:
When the great Books (see Daniel seven, the tenth)
Were open'd, I should find he meant me well;
And then began to bloat himself, and ooze
All over with the fat affectionate smile
That makes the widow lean. My dearest friend,
Have faith, have faith! We live by faith," said he;

"And all things work together for the good
Of those"—it makes me sick to quote him—last
Gript my hand hard, and with God-bless-you went.
I stood like one that had received a blow:
I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,
A curse in his God-bless-you: then my eyes
Pursued him down the street, and far away,
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee.'

'Was he so bound, poor soul?' said the good wife;
'So are we all: but do not call him, love,
Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, forgive.
His gain is loss; for he that wrongs his friend
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
A silent court of justice in his breast,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd:
And that drags down his life: then comes what comes
Hereafter: and he meant, he said he meant,
Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well.

'"With all his conscience and one eye askew"'—
Love, let me quote these lines, that you may learn
A man is likewise counsel for himself,
Too often, in that silent court of yours—
"With all his conscience and one eye askew,
So false, he partly took himself for true;
Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,
Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye;
Who, never naming God except for gain,
So never took that useful name in vain;
Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,
And snakelike slimed his victim ere he gorged;
And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest
Arising, did his holy oily best,
Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,
To spread the word by which himself had thriven."
How like you this old satire?'

'Nay,' she said,
'I loathe it: he had never kindly heart,
Nor ever cared to better his own kind,

Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it.
But will you hear my dream, for I had one
That altogether went to music? still,
It awed me. Well—I dream'd that round the north
A light, a belt of luminous vapour, lay,
And ever in it a low musical note
Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd, a ridge
Of breaker came from out the belt, and still
Grew with the growing note, and when the note
Had reach'd a thunderous fullness, on these cliffs
Broke, mixt with awful light (the same as that
Which lived within the belt) by which I saw
That all these lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,
But huge cathedral fronts of every age,
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,
One after one: and then the great ridge drew,
Lessening to the lessening music, back,
And past into the belt and swell'd again
To music: ever when it broke I saw
The statues, saint, or king, or founder fall;
Then from the gaps of ruin which it left
Came men and women in dark clusters round,
Some crying, "Set them up! they shall not fall!"
And others "Let them lie, for they have fall'n."
And still they strove and wrangled: and I grieved
In my strange dream, I knew not why, to find
Their wildest wailings never out of tune
With that sweet note; and ever when their shrieks
Ran highest up the gamut, that great wave
Returning, tho' none mark'd it, on the crowd
Broke, mix'd with awful light, and show'd their eyes
Glaring, and passionate looks, and swept away
The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,
To the waste deeps together: and I fixt
My wistful eyes on two fair images,
Both crown'd with stars and high among the stars,—
The Virgin Mother standing with her child
High up on one of those dark minster-fronts—
Till she began to totter, and the child
Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry
Which mix'd with little Margaret's, and I woke,
And my dream awed me:—well—but what are dreams?
Yours came but from the breaking of a glass,
And mine but from the crying of a child.'

'Child? No!' said he, 'but this tide's roar, and his,
Our Boanerges with his threats of doom,
And loud-lung'd Antibabylonianisms
(Altho' I grant but little music there)
Went both to make your dream: but were there such
A music, harmonizing our wild cries,
Sphere-music such as that you dream'd about,
Why, that would make our Passions far too like
The discords dear to the musician. No—
One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of heaven:
True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune
With nothing but the Devil!'

'"True" indeed!
One of our town, but later by an hour
Here than ourselves, spoke with me on the shore;
While you were running down the sands, and made
The dimpled flounce of the sea-furbelow flap,
Good man, to please the child: she brought strange news.
I would not tell you then to spoil your day,
But he, at whom you rail so much, is dead.'

'Dead? who is dead?'

'The man your eye pursued.
A little after you had parted with him,
He suddenly dropt dead of heart-disease.'

'Dead? he? of heart-disease? what heart had he
To die of? dead!'

'Ah, dearest, if there be
A devil in man, there is an angel too,
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart. But your rough voice
(You spoke so loud) has roused the child again.
Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will she not sleep
Without her "little birdie?" well then, sleep,
And I will sing you "birdie."'

Saying this,
The woman half turn'd round from him she loved,
Left him one hand, and reaching through the night
Her other, found (for it was close beside)

And half embraced the basket cradle-head
With one soft arm, which, like the pliant bough
That moving moves the nest and nestling, sway'd
The cradle, while she sang this baby song.

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

'She sleeps: let us too, let all evil, sleep.
He also sleeps—another sleep than ours.
He can do no more wrong: forgive him, dear,
And I shall sleep the sounder!'

Then the man,
'His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.
Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound:
I do forgive him!'

'Thanks, my love,' she said,
'Your own will be the sweeter,' and they slept.

THE LATE DR. GEORGE WILSON, OF EDINBURGH.

BY THE REV. JOHN CAIRNS, D.D.

When the name of Dr. George Wilson appeared in the first number of this Magazine in connexion with a paper ranging in his own original and delightful way over all styles from genial humour to pathetic solemnity, it little occurred to any reader that the latter strain was prophetic, and that before another issue he should be numbered with the dead. A melancholy interest now attaches to this last production of its gifted author's mind; and we claim the privilege of paying a special tribute of regret and sorrow to his memory. It is difficult to estimate the whole extent of the blank made by his removal in the scientific, literary, and Christian world. Ours shall be the humbler office of recording a few leading incidents in his too short career, and of sketching rapidly the more salient features of his character and genius. The simplest recital will reveal a life as truly heroic as his writings have been brilliant and attractive.

George Wilson was born at Edinburgh, on the 21st of February, 1818. He had a twin brother of fine promise, who was cut off in opening manhood. The family into which he was born was the abode of Christian virtue, and of refined taste and culture; but its members could be started in life with little other inheritance than a good name and liberal education. At a public educational meeting held in Edinburgh some years ago, George Wilson gratefully commemorated the resolve of his father to give him the best possible education; and these efforts were more than seconded by the energy of his mother, to whose qualities of mind and heart the sacredness of living grief forbids more than a brief allusion. Under this roof were reared with George Wilson an elder brother,—Dr. Daniel Wilson, of University College, Toronto, the well-known Scottish archæologist,—and three sisters, two of whom survive [five of the family died in infancy], as also a family of cousins, orphan children of the Rev. John Russell, minister of the parish of Muthil, in Perthshire. In pursuance of his parents' resolution, George Wilson attended till fifteen the High School of Edinburgh, where he not only distinguished himself in his classes, but formed one of a little society meeting at his home, which published a manuscript weekly newspaper. His inherent love of literature broke out in verse as well as prose, his first effusion being in the form of an address of thanks by a butterfly to himself for having rescued it from drowning in a pool of water. The tender heart which was afterwards to plead so earnestly with medical students against the cruelty of reckless vivisection was here revealed; and many other touching instances of humanity, noble in a child, and associated with much forethought and self-denial, could be recited. Natural science was at this time his favourite study; and he selected the profession of medicine, with no view to practice, but as an introduction to physical research. He entered the University of Edinburgh in 1833, and completed the usual medical studies by graduation in 1839. Four years were spent by him as a medical apprentice in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh; and having meanwhile turned the bent of his genius towards chemistry, he prosecuted this study for eighteen months under Mr. Kenneth Kemp, whose praise he loved to repeat, in the laboratory of Professor Christison, and afterwards for six months as assistant to Professor Graham, now Master of the Mint, in London. Here his future eminence was recognised; and it happened that many years afterwards he was reminded by Dr. Livingstone that that great traveller and himself had been contemporaries in the same laboratory.

On his return to Edinburgh, his chief associates were his fellow students, Samuel Brown, Edward Forbes, and John Goodsir; and in the company of these original minds he prosecuted with intense eagerness not only chemistry, but the cognate sciences. Ardent in temperament, buoyant with youth, and elastic in body as in mind, with gay humour, keen repartee, flashing fancy, and profuse literary as well as scientific faculty, under the presidency of a clear judgment and a strong will, he seemed formed to cut his way to the rapid eminence and brilliant success after which he eagerly panted. A totally different path was marked out for him; and in this contrast lies the moral interest and pathos of his life. Overexertion in a pedestrian excursion with one of his cousins,—a student of the brightest promise, too soon eclipsed,—brought on a severe illness, under the depressing influence of which his first course of lectures, in 1840, was to himself fraught with much weariness and exhaustion. The shadow of disease deepened; and for eighteen months his struggle was to ward off death. His life was saved by partial amputation of the left foot, leaving him thus permanently lame, and with his whole system shattered beyond recovery. Extraordinary physical courage sustained him in this agony [it was before the days of chloroform]; and he deliberately resolved to undergo the operation, with hardly the knowledge of a single relative. But he had found a better resource than stoical endurance; and whoever reads his deeply touching narrative of the life of Dr. John Reid, will recognise the vivid lines of an autobiography painted on another canvas. For him, too, Christian faith—the noblest and purest—rose amid the dark and terrible shadows of suffering; and after a tedious and imperfect convalescence, he came forth with a spirit strengthened from heaven to bear the life-long burden of a feeble body, and to accept life on the most disadvantageous terms as a blessed and divine ministry. The inward man had gained infinitely more than the outward man had lost; and, with all his originally noble qualities exalted, there was found a humility, a gentleness, a patience, a self-forgetfulness, and a dedication of life to Christian ends and uses, which henceforth made every place and work sacred.

He resumed his lectures on chemistry in 1842, with all the ardour of his first choice, and calmly faced the hard and tedious ascent which was before him. The elasticity of his mind and the brightness of his humour returned; pupils gathered; and his voice began to be heard beyond the lecture-room in the arena of scientific debate. He became an authority in the controversy which distracted Edinburgh in 1843 as to the validity of Dr. Samuel Brown's processes for "the transmutation of carbon into silicon." His first appeal on Dr Brown's side attracted the notice of Lord Jeffrey, who became his fast friend; and when in the following year he narrated to his class the laborious experiments which compelled him to change his view of Dr. Brown's success, he had the presence of Dr. Chalmers and Sir William Hamilton. Lectures to working men in the School of Arts, and to pupils in the Veterinary College, were added in 1844 to his prelections in the School of Medicine; and by and by, the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh supplied an additional public, beyond the student circle, capable of appreciating his mastery of exposition and experiment, his rich fancy, and his skill in imparting to science human warmth and tenderness. His reputation was diffused by a series of essays in the *British Quarterly Review*, begun in 1845, and continued till 1849, which are in point of style as successful as anything he ever wrote. The paper on Chemistry and Natural Theology boldly grapples with the difficulty arising from the presence of evil as well as good in the manifestations of design, and contains a vivid reflection of his own experience of suffering; while the scientific memoirs on Dalton, Cavendish, Black, Priestley, Wollaston, and Boyle show a range of reading and a power of eluci-

dation not often combined in the treatment of any science. Only a chemist can speak critically of his original papers, published from 1839 onwards in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and other societies; but to a non-professional eye their great research is apparent, and not less the good taste which dictated a total absence of the ornaments of fancy or eloquence so liberally employed in more popular discussions. An elementary Text-Book in Chemistry, published in 1850, soon reached a very wide circulation; and in 1851 the Cavendish Society employed him to write the life of Cavendish, which he executed with a fine biographical instinct, and at the same time the vigour of scientific inquiry into the controverted discovery of the composition of water. The struggle of lecturing, however, still continued; and in addition to necessary labours, he subjected his feeble frame to others merely honorary or philanthropic, such as addresses to medical students on the spirit in which they should prosecute their studies, and on the sacredness of medicine as a profession. No door of entrance opened for him into any university, from his inability to take with a good conscience the requisite test; and the unfairness of that arrangement, which he helped so much to reform, was never more strikingly illustrated than by the exclusion of a man whose religious belief embraced the whole vital substance of the Scottish confession, and who daily translated it into action. Meanwhile, his researches on "Colour-Blindness," published in 1852-3, extended his reputation, containing not only original discoveries, but applications of science to the safety of human life. After fifteen years of extra-academical labour, the Government at length recognised his services by founding an Industrial Museum of which he was appointed Director, and creating for him the Chair of Technology in the University of Edinburgh. When afterwards the Chemistry Chair in the same University—the highest post of the kind in Scotland—was, by universal consent, within his reach, he preferred, at the strong instance of Government, to remain in his first position. The conflict of life seemed over, or only maintained in the zeal and energy with which he subjected the wide range of arts and manufactures to fresh study for the purpose of instruction, or in the glowing and earnest strain of occasional lectures, in which he summoned all public bodies to help him in the work of making the national institution over which he presided worthy of the age, and a fitting watch-tower of civilization and philanthropy. Unexpected embarrassments and delays arose year after year; and they were only beginning to be surmounted, and some reward presented in no remote future for his incessant anxieties and labours in connexion with this enterprise, when the summons suddenly came that called him away. His health had been for years so utterly broken, that, in his own words, he was "resigned to live," rather than to die. Bleeding from the lungs was frequent; and blisters, so long indispensable to his freedom from pain, he called, with his unconquerable gaiety of heart, his "bosom-friends." Yet his death came with the shock of a surprise, so full was his life of visible work, and of public appearances that seemed to himself and others surrounded with every association of light and gladness. The end of such a life was in harmony with its course, full of that peace which had been his strength in every labour, and his stay in every trial. He died on the 22d November, 1859, and was interred in the Old Calton burying-ground, having received the honour of a public funeral, with singular testimonies of respect from all classes. Scotland could ill afford such a loss; and there was something rare and touching in the homage with which Edinburgh — the least demonstrative of cities—followed him to the grave.

No sketch of his personal qualities will be recognised by his intimate friends as full and adequate. An overflowing benignity and geniality of nature, at once tender and playful, and which opened the hearts of men like sunshine,

were united to a manly decision and loftiness of moral aim, which inspired unfailing respect, and, in the graver passages of his life, reverential admiration. Perfect in all the courtesies of society, and able to delight the most refined circles with his exquisite wit and knowledge, he could turn with still greater relish to correspond with children, or to enjoy the wonder of some ragged city mission audience at a voluntary scientific lecture. A more pure and unselfish nature never struggled under the burden of philanthropy; and his visits to the sick and suffering, and appeals and speeches on behalf of the ignorant and neglected, were only limited by the fragility of a body which they perpetually overtasked. This tribute is due to the man before we speak of the philosopher, for to him knowledge—dear for its own sake—was ever dearer as the handmaid of love.

The time has not yet come to measure his scientific work—to separate it from that of other labourers, and to imprint on it the stamp of his name. Here, at least, it cannot be done by one who has no call to such an office, or fitness for it. Men of science will do justice to one who spent weary days and nights in judging of the discoveries of others, without ever parading or asserting his own. The strength of the scientific faculty within him could be seen without any special acquaintance with his own department; and this lay more, perhaps, in wide, clear views, searching analysis, and sagacious induction, than in the sudden and rapid guesses and combinations which might have been expected from a preponderant fancy. He had vigour of judgment in such degree as to counterbalance this tendency; and hence, one of the most vivid of expositors was one of the most cautious of reasoners and sober of critics.

His gifts of exposition and illustration were perfectly wonderful. A scientific clearness of conception and expression hardly to be surpassed, with fulness of knowledge, ranging over a vast surface of inquiry, were in him combined with a freshness of fancy that seized on the most unexpected analogies and contrasts; an exuberant humour that gave zest and relief to the hardest and gravest subjects; and a high strain of moral eloquence that linked every topic with man's joys, and sorrows, and deep, enduring interests. It would not be easy to name examples of exposition more admirable and delightful than his statement of the atomic theory, in his paper on "John Dalton," his various essays on "The Electric Telegraph," and his "Five Gateways of Knowledge." His most hasty occasional lectures run into shapes of inimitable grace and beauty, extracted often by the plastic hand of the artist from the most intractable materials. One great charm of all his writings is their radical simplicity and truthfulness. The eyes of science precede and guide everywhere the wings of fancy. No original scientific man, with so much of the genius of the poet, had ever so little of the exaggeration of the rhapsodist.

The effort of his life was to render science at once more human and more divine. His heart was strung throughout in sympathy with the touching prayers of the *Novum Organon*, that all science may become a healing art; and his last public office was regarded by him with special affection, as ministering to industrial progress and happiness. He sought, however, not less to link science with religion; and that not so much with the cold and comparatively unsatisfactory results of natural theology, as with the warmth and life of the Christian faith. No scientific writer of our day has so habitually and lovingly quoted the Bible, from his essay on Dalton, whom he represents as proving that God literally "weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance," down to his last paper, which closes with remarking the identity of Professor Thomson's astronomical proof of the evanescence of the heavens with the words of the 102d Psalm. He hoped to live to write a "Religio Chemici," corresponding to Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," and em-

bracing, amongst other topics of discussion, the doctrine of the resurrection.

His life—bright with rare virtues—was the only "Religio Chemici" given him to finish. This was higher than the contemplated work, or all which preceded. To have moved amidst the altitudes and solitudes of science with a humble and loving heart; to have spoken out words on the sacredness of medicine as a profession and scientific life in general, more lofty than have almost been heard even from the pulpit, and to have illustrated them in practice; to have enforced the subjection of all knowledge to one Name, the highest in earth and heaven; to have conquered by faith in a life-long struggle with pain and suffering; and to have wrought out the work of the day placidly and devoutly till the night came;—these, in any, and especially in the leaders of science, are processes and results greater than can be described in the transactions of any society, or preserved in any museum. The last published words of George Wilson—"It is the writer "that shall be immortal, not the writ-"ing"—are now the best consolation to the wide circle who lament his sudden departure and unaccomplished aims, and the strongest incentive to pursue and aspire after the same Christian immortality.

AMERICAN HUMOROUS POETRY.[1]

BY F. G. STEPHENS.

If the mirror-holding power of observation, freaked with jest, and existing only in an atmosphere of pathetic thought, be true humour, then the Americans, although eminently a humorous people, seem to show least of it in their poetry. We can find no more than three writers who have any pretension to the title of humorous poets. They are Holmes, Saxe, and Lowell. It would appear that, being heirs with ourselves in the works of Chaucer, Shakespere, Butler, and Pope, and copartners in possession of those masterpieces which have sustained the character of the older country in what is really almost a national peculiarity, they have rested content to share with us; for even of these three, but one, the last, can be considered as an eminently national and original writer of the kind in question.

There are, indeed, amongst the American poets many who, like weakly exotics, seem to be kept warm in ethic stoves, and toasted over slow fires of sentimentality. Most of these delicate seedlings will vanish with the progress of a national literature. How great the promise of that is, let the historians and men of science be quoted as examples. It must be patent to every one how much American poetry in general comes short in manliness and "muscularity." Even the majority of their prose writers fail in this respect, and their humourists are even more remarkably deficient. Of these, Poe, the most notable of the men of inventive faculty, failed almost entirely as a humourist, not so much from the want of power, but from being more strongly attracted to the dramatic and picturesque element of tale-writing, wherein he has hardly a rival for wealth of invention of a peculiar order. Parts of these tales, which we need not further name, will support our estimate of him as an uncultivated rather than a barren humourist. Hawthorne is a genuine

[1] Poems of John G. Saxe. Third Edition. Boston, U.S.: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1851.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Sampson Low, Son, and Co. London: 1858.

O. W. Holmes's Poetical Works. Routledge and Co. London: 1852.

The Biglow Papers. By J. R. Lowell. Trübner and Co. London: 1859.

humourist, for the "House of the Seven Gables" is, despite the brooding nightmare that hangs over the story, replete with humour and grim fun. We exclude Judge Haliburton from the category of American humourists, simply because there is a deeper dash of the Englishman than the Statesman in his works, and a good deal of broad mother-wit (a thing very distinct from humour), which alone would put him out of the list, especially as we propose to treat of humorous poetic rather than of prose writing. Irving is out of our subject in point of time.

A great work makes a class by itself; and we cannot forbear taking the "Biglow Papers" as a type of pure and genuine American poetry, very simply and strongly national; indeed, in this intense character of nationality the excellence of the book consists, and therein lies the chance that it shall become a book, in the truest sense of the word—a thing that shall remain, and be a picture or reflecting mirror to the future of the times that exist around us. Without, of course, instituting anything like a comparison, we may remind the reader that the best works yet produced have had this character of nationality as one of their chief points. How intensely Greek is Homer, how Eastern the Scriptures, how much of the Italian of the middle ages would be lost to us with Dante! Who would interest us in the Spaniard of the sixteenth century if "Don Quixote" were lost? Could any other corner of the earth have produced Burns than that angle of Scotland—south Scotland, be it noted—which was his birthplace? Our interest in a whole people will lie with a great writer; and we are much mistaken if the "Biglow Papers" do not tell the future more about the souls and lives of Americans of the middle of the nineteenth century than any State-paper that may survive in the Capitol or the Record Chamber of New York. Let not the reader cry out, "Why all this fuss about a book of humorous poems?" To this we must reply, that the pen which wrote a phrase such as this, when speaking of a private soldier's share of glory, is no plaything:—

"Ef you should multiply by ten the portion o' the brav'st one,
You wouldn't git more'n half enough to speak of on a grave-stun;
We git the licks,—*we're jest the grist thet's put into war's hoppers;*
Leftenants is the lowest grade thet helps pick up the coppers."

Thus premising our conviction of the importance of national individuality in a poem, we will consider the works of the two poets before named, John G. Saxe and Oliver Wendell Holmes. A very short examination will deprive them of much of the above quality, and allow us to do justice to their merits in other respects. In America, Saxe is probably the most popular humourist, and his volume of "Poems" has there reached three or four editions. This may be accounted for partly from a certain scholastic elegance and finish of style they possess, and still more through the very scope and generality of treatment in which he indulges; for no man feels himself hit when a whole class is attacked, and the blows which are distributed over the whole body politic cause but little wincing. The most important of his works is "Progress: a Satire" on the moral and political condition of the States; and from this a brief quotation will display the style of the writer, suggest to English readers the source of that style, and illustrate our remark on the want of directness discernible in the application of his wit. The subject is a *fracas* in Congress.

"Here rural Chathams, eager to attest
The 'growing greatness of the mighty West,'
To make the plainest proposition clear,
Crack Priscian's head, and Mr. Speaker's ear;
Then closing up, in one terrific shout
Pour all their 'wild cats' furiously about!
Here lawless boors with ruffian bullies vie,
Who last shall give the rude, insulting 'lie;'

While 'Order! order!' loud the
chairman calls,
And echoing 'Order!' every member
bawls;
Till, rising high in rancorous debate,
And higher still in fierce envenomed
hate,
Retorted blows the scene of riot
crown,
And big Lycurgus knocks the lesser
down!"

This is unexceptionable English, and "very neat verses," but, after all, contains no more than many a newspaper report on such incidents. "The Proud Miss Macbride"—a palpable imitation of Hood, by the way—contains a witty and neatly expressed rebuke to snobbish pride of blood. The remainder of the volume painfully suggests the inspiration of Hood and Pope. The subjects are chiefly didactic, and sentimental in treatment. The best long poem is "The Times;" but as this presents few salient points, we shall quote no farther.

There is more nationality in the works of Holmes. His most notable volume, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," is so deeply imbued with poetic thought, and indeed interspersed with verse, that we may treat it as a book of poetry. It possesses a keen, clear, sly style, and humour slides through the entire work, oftentimes too occult and continuous for quotation, yet subtle and fine enough to mark the genius of the writer to be more on a par with our own old humourists than anything we have met with in modern American works. The plot of the book is novel, presenting to us the lucubrations of a cultivated and thoughtful man delivered conversationally at the breakfast-table of a boarding-house, and containing some vivid hits at character in the personages who surround him. He treats of a variety of themes, and is especially rich in literary life and men. Thus:—

"I never saw an author in my life—"saving, perhaps, one—that did not "purr as audibly as a full-grown do-"mestic cat (*Felis Catus*, Linn.), on "having his fur smoothed in the right "way by a skilful hand. But let me "give you a caution. Be very careful "how you tell an author that he is *droll*. "Ten to one he will hate you; and, if "he does, be sure he can do you a mis-"chief, and very probably will. Say "you *cried* over his romance or his "verses, and he will love you and send "you a copy. You can laugh over that "as much as you like—in private."

Holmes has some royal ideas on the subject of reading by deputy; for after premising that society is a strong solution of books—"It draws the virtue out "of what is best worth reading, as hot "water draws the strength of tea-leaves. "If I were a prince I would hire, or "buy, a literary tea-pot, in which I "would steep all the leaves of new books "that promise well. I would have a "person whose sole business should be "to read day and night, and talk to me "when I wanted him to." This book contains some witty sarcasms that are almost Swiftean in intensity and vigour. Its geniality, finish, and elegance of style, render it just what the title suggests—a companion for the breakfast-table; and so far as these qualities pertain to easy-chair sentiment, we know no volume more fitted to facilitate digestion. Neither intellect nor memory are taxed severely; and it would be difficult to find anything very exciting in its graceful flow of fancies and balanced words. The verses are so little humorous that we may look for that quality in the prose alone.

There is more vigour in the volume entitled "The Poetical Works of O. W. Holmes," wherein, if we recognise the inspiration of Pope in the writings of Saxe, is equally discernible the polished and more nervous style of Dryden, which has been adopted more successfully than is the case with the former poet. Parts of his "Terpsichore" are not unworthy even of that master hand. Thus, in the following example he is satirizing the puerile imitators of the German transcendentalists:—

"A weak eclectic, groping vague and
dim,
Whose every scruple is a half-starved
whim,

Blind as a mole, and curious as a lynx,
Who rides a beetle, which he styles a sphinx.
And, O what questions asked in club-foot rhyme,
Of Earth the tongueless and the deaf-mute Time!
Here babbling 'Insight' shouts in Nature's ears
His last conundrum of the orbs and spheres;
There Self-inspection sucks his little thumb,
With 'Whence am I?' and, 'Wherefore did I come?'

"Astrea" and "Urania" are two powerful humorous satires on the vices of civilized life, far more special in their application to American society than those of Saxe, although not remarkably national in their modes of thought and expression. We shall pass a number of lyrics which are tasteful, to quote from the "Music Grinders" some lively verses upon the Italian torture-men:—

"You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.
But hark, the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound."

We now come to a consideration of Lowell's remarkable work, in which a comparison with "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is inevitable, as the only other contemporaneous American book of humour. The last is rather a string of ingenuities quaintly put together on a novel plan, than a thorough-going book directed to a positive end. The "Biglow Papers" is singularly direct and purposeful, aiming vigorously at the great vices of Transatlantic society—the slave-trade, corrupt election practices, stump orators, and other rank growths which develop themselves in such communities. A fidgety hankering after war is the strong reprobation of Lowell. Nor is much of the satire inapplicable to our own country, when dealt at the follies and crimes of civilized society. The reader at once perceives the manliness of the book, wherein Hudibrastic Lowell stands drum-major of American satire, a stalwart, stern, earnest figure, cat-o'-nine-tails in hand, who, before laying on, draws his fingers through the thongs and balances the handle; and we can well conceive the getting together of the disobedient, the impudent, and the other stupidities who merit the lash;—would we could hear the screams of the culprits!

The main attack being directed at the slave trade, the republication of this book in England is well timed when the question of compulsory labour is getting sophisticated, and one of the grandest things our country has done is like to be filched away. For we shall ever consider the payment of twenty millions sterling by the last generation, as well as the efforts made by ourselves, for the extinction of slavery, to be one of the grandest things done by this country. Talk of fighting for an idea, why we have fought for half a century for this idea; besides, every one likes fighting for its own sake, but who likes paying for its own sake, and how many other nations among men would pay half a year's income for an idea?

The extraordinary vigour, intensity, and diversity displayed in this remarkable work is without parallel in the language since "Hudibras" appeared, and between the last and the "Biglow Papers" there is much in common in style; for a marked delight in idiomatic terms and forms of speech, as well as quaint and racy thoughts, is noticeable, and to a certain extent the same scope of illustrative reading has been employed in both. The selfishness and greediness of Hudibras has some resemblance to that of the immortal Birdofredum Sawin,—a totally new character whom Lowell has created, as original in his way as Becky Sharp was in hers. The humour of

both Lowell and Butler is mainly in the ironic vein, and in both is trenchant as a sword-cut. One of the remarkable qualities of these books is the creation of such entirely novel characters, and in this Lowell is quite equal to the Englishman. Individuality and truth of portraiture, those grand elements of fiction, are to be found in abundance in the Biglow Papers, from the personages who introduce the nine poems to the reader, to the varied characters who appear in their progress. A word on these ushers of the text. The most approximating to us is one Columbus Nye, "pastor of a church in Bungtown Cor-"ner," a very indolent individual, who in ten lines informs us that his friend, the Rev. Homer Wilbur, suffering from illness, requests him to see the book through the press, which he judiciously does by printing everything. The Rev. H. Wilbur is a pedantic but clear-headed old gentleman, strong in morality, to whom Hosea Biglow, the author, submits the poems with a view to their publication; and he, feeling more of a call to deal with the subject than his friend Nye, edits them, appending reflections and illustrations which at times are as humorous and pregnant as the poetical outpourings of Hosea himself. Wilbur rightly leaves the provincialisms of the Yankee dialect in which the latter are composed, untouched; so we get them in their native raciness, admirably contrasted with the operose and scholastic lucubrations of the parson.

The provincialisms are quaint but never coarse, nor is the free and daring manner in which the author deals with Scriptural personages ever irreverent or inappropriate. The reader must be miserably straitlaced indeed who finds irreverence in this extract from Hosea's first letter, an outpouring against unjust war:—

"'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
'Taint your follering your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru',
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,
God'll send the bill to you."

Besides the persons who jointly introduce the book, we have the father of Hosea, one Ezekiel Biglow, who enclosed the first of his son's productions to the editor of the *Boston Courier*, with a letter provocative of the broadest grins. In so managing his subject Lowell has the opportunity of putting before us, one after another, new individualizations, and displays his power of portraiture to admiration. This old Ezekiel is a "cute" agriculturist, seventy-six years old "cum next tater digging," and who says for himself, "thair aint no wheres "'a kitting spryer 'n I be;" despite which astuteness, he admits himself never to have heard of such a person as "Simplex Mundishes"—his son's mis-hearing of the Horatian hemistich applied by Parson Wilbur to the style of the poem in question, as an apology for its publication in the Yankee dialect; an apology utterly needless from us on introducing the following lamentation over the subserviency of the Northern States to the Southern in the matter of the slave trade.

"We begin to think it's nater
To take sarse and not be riled;—
Who'd expect to see a tater
All on eend at bein' biled?"

This point will introduce the subjects to which Hosea Biglow and Parson Wilbur have applied the lash of their wit. The political events and personages descanted upon are now some years past away; many of the latter are dead, and a great change has taken place in the course of the former. That subserviency to which we alluded no longer exists, and the feelings of the Northern States upon the great point of slavery are allowed their utterance, or break out in flashes of fire, such as the late Harper's Ferry affair, which will one day cause a settlement of the vexed question. Notwithstanding that some of the themes

the author has chosen are thus obsolete, there is need of very small knowledge of American politics on the part of any reader to enter into the spirit of the book, and most fully enjoy its raciest wit. An election squabble is one of the most ephemeral of human affairs, and the name of Palfrey has been forgotten on this side of the water, but there was a time when it was familiar in our mouths; and now it may be recalled to English readers by Lowell's fourth poem, which expresses the opinions of Increase D. O'Phace, Esq. "delivered at "an extrumpery caucus in State Street, "and reported by Hosea Biglow," wherein the orator avows his indignation at the conduct of Mr. Palfrey, Member of Congress for Massachusetts, in refusing to vote for a Whig Speaker, he having been elected by the Whig interest. It requires no knowledge of that incident, to enjoy the wit of this message of wrath against Mr. Palfrey's principles, which is put into the mouth of the time-server, D. O'Phace.

"What wuz ther in them from this vote to pervent him?
A marciful Providunce fashioned us holler
O' purpose thet we might our principles swaller;
It can hold any quantity on 'em, the belly can,
An' bring 'em up ready for use like the pelican."

No more is required to enjoy the satire of the time-server's apology for turning his coat, which follows, when he pleads the laws of supply and demand, by asserting—

"—*thet everythin' 's nothin' except by position,*
Ez, fer instance, that rubber-trees fust began bearin'
Wen p'litickle conschunces come into wearin';—
That the fears of a monkey, whose holt chanced to fail,
Drawed the vertibry out to a prehensile tail."

This is an application of the development theory that was not contemplated by the author of "Vestiges of Creation." The whole of this poem is full of pungent humour and powerful satire on election morality and manners, from the passage which describes the passion of stump-orators to "let off the speeches they're ferful 'ill spile," which speeches contain the conventional tropes about Plymouth Rock, the American Eagle, etc., to the effect of the same upon the people who—

"March in percessions, and git up hooraws,
An' tramp thru the mud for the good o' the cause,
An' think they're a kind o' fulfillin' the prophecies,
Wen they're only jest changin' the holders of offices"—

until the stump-orator himself, moved by the sound of his own voice, and carried away by his devotion to humbug, forgets himself, and talks a mad rhapsody in favour of the Mexican war, which may not be, he says, the thing most pleasing to God, but

"It makes us thought highly on *elsewhere* abroad;"

and he calculates the effect of the same upon the European nations, picturing how the Russian black eagle would look blue, and shake both his heads, "Wen he hears o' Monteery"; and how our own Queen would be thus engaged:

"—In the Tower Victory sets, all in a fluster,
When she heard of the skirmish of Cherry Buster."

As an example of Lowell's power of individualization, we cannot do better than quote the character of Birdofredum Sawin. He is an idle scamp who had enlisted in the Mexican expedition, and thus relates his disappointment:—

—"I wish thet I wus furder;
Ninepence a day for killin' folks come kind o' low for murder."

After a moan over the changed demeanour of the "military ossifers," who are not so civil in Mexico as at home, he closes the letter with—

"Wal, taint no use a jawin;
I'm safe enlisted fer the war. Yourn
Birdofredum Sawin."

This hero appears again in the eighth poem, at least what is left of him does; for the loss of one leg, one eye, four fingers of his right and the whole of his left arm, to say nothing of six broken ribs, leaves him minus some important elements. Of a cheerful spirit, despite these little shortcomings, he makes the most of what remains with the reflection, "I aint so 'xpensive now to keep ez wut I used to be," and desires Hosea to convey that comfort to his wife at home, whose existence is recalled to him by the vain effort to count on his lost fingers how many ribs had been broken. The loss of the leg brings him comfort, as the liquor can't get into the new wooden one as it would into the old; and,

"—Besides, a feller couldn't beg
A greater blessin' then to hev one
ollers sober peg."

Moreover,

"— The leg thet's wooden
Can be took off an' sot away wenever
there's a puddin."

Mere accidental losses like these do not affect his equanimity so much as the shaking fever, ague, he got from the atrocious "clymit." But even therein is this merciful consideration—

"It's reggilar employment, though, an'
thet aint thought to harm one,
Nor't aint so tiresome ez it wuz with
t'other leg an' arm on."

These substantial losses discourage his hopes of the unsubstantial item glory, and he gives this up as the perquisite of the officers (while the privates get "jest the murder"); and looking round for employment for the remainder of his carcase, resolves to start in "the can'idatin' line," and offers himself in the first case as President of the United States, for which he conceives himself particularly qualified by his dismemberment, and still more so by a total want of principles. To what end the author directed this attack it is needless to say. The occasion has passed away; and while we can be content to enjoy his broad humour and perfect realization of character, it will be well to forget the veiled personality in which he indulges. After all, the general tendency of the work is so noble, that we must allow weight to an ironical apology for such personalities which appears in another part of the book—

"I'm willin' a man, should go tollable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, fer that kind o' wrong
Is ollers unpop'lar an' never gits pitied,
Because it's a crime no one never committed;
But he mus'n't be hard on partickler sins,
'Coz then he'll be kickin' the people's own shins."

After laying special stress upon these non-qualifications, the former of which he judges from experience of a recent date to be effective as an appeal to the popular fancy, Birdofredum says:—

"Then you can call me 'Timbertoes'—
that's wut the people likes;
Sutthin' combinin' morril truth with
phrases sech as strikes;"

and irresistible "to that valooable class o' men who look thru brandy-toddy."

Another indispensable qualification is the ownership of negroes, and this difficulty he proposes to vanquish by the assistance of his friends, who "might raise funds enough for me to buy a low-priced baby."

The ninth poem is a letter from Birdo-

fredum, in which he gives his reasons for avoiding to divide popular enthusiasm with General Taylor in the presidential elections on a system which looks very like turning himself inside out. One conviction remains unchanged, and that is respecting the destiny and perfect fitness of the "niggers" for slavery. A little bit of personal experience had made him confident. It was this: desiring to possess that qualification for office, a slave, he went into the bush with a gun, proposing to catch a runaway; after a journey he came upon a hut where were "as many as six woolly-headed cubs," whom at first he thought of shooting, but is deterred by the reflection of "how temptin' all on "'em would look upon an auction-"stand." The return of the father makes him also a captive. (All this part is admirably described). Elated with his prizes, Sawin starts for home. Noon finds him tired, so he sits "under a magnoly tree;" unstraps his wooden leg, and "supposin' all wuz safe"—

'I made my darkies all set down around
me in a ring,
An' sot an' kin' o' ciphered up how
much the lot would bring."

This blissful picture was not destined to be realized, for while he was thus absorbed in contemplation, Pompey came behind him and seized the wooden leg, thus disabling his captor, who was compelled to become prisoner in turn, giving up the weapons.

"At fust I put my foot right down an'
swore I wouldn't budge.
'Jest ez you choose,' sez he, quite
cool; 'either be shot or trudge.'
So this black-hearted monster took an'
act'lly druv me back
Along the very feetmarks o' my happy
mornin' track,
An' kep' me pris'ner 'bout six months,
an' worked me, tu, like sin,
Till I hed gut his corn an' his Carliny
taters in;
He made me larn him readin' tu
(although the crittur saw
How much it hirt my morril sense to
act agin the law),
So 'st he could read a Bible he'd gut;
an' axed ef I could pint
The north star out; but there I put
his nose some out o' jint,
For I weeled roun' about sou' west,
an' lookin' up a bit,
Picked out a middlin' shiny one, an'
toll him thet wuz it.
Fin'lly he took me to the door, an'
giving me a kick,
Sez, 'Ef you know wuts best fer ye,
be off, now, double quick;
The winter-time's a comin' on, an',
though I gut ye cheap,
You're so darned lazy, I don't think
you're hardly wuth your keep;
Besides, the childrin's growin' up, an'
you aint jest the model
I'd like to hev 'em immertate, an' so
you'd better toddle!'"

With bitter reflections on the nature of slaves, Birdofredum closes his letter, and we shall leave him thus dissatisfied with his experiment in catching a Tartar.

"The Pious Editor's Creed" is the ast of these poems we shall notice, and contains the convictions of one of those whom the Rev. Homer Wilbur, in his prelection to the verses—which by the way is a splendid lay sermon—says is the type of the Yankee editor. His political and moral creed is one of selfishness and greed.

"I DU believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Paris is;
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infurnal Pharisees;
It's wal enough agin a king,
To dror resolves and triggers,
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers."

The fifth stanza states an opinion, for the working of which some of the reports of our Government Commissions afford examples enough in this country. We need not enlarge upon its bitter humour.

"I du believe in special ways,
O' prayin' and convartin';
The bread comes back in manny days
An' buttered, tu, for sartin;—

I mean in preyin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses."

"What John P. Robinson Thinks," is so characteristic of that we before referred to respecting Lowell's use of Scripture, and so perfectly humorous in itself, that we shall quote a portion. J. P. Robinson is a country lawyer who is leading his neighbours by the nose. The speaker is divided between allegiance to this worthy and habitual respect for Parson Wilbur.

"Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd
in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in
their swaller-tailed coats
An' marched round in front of a drum
an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some
on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down
in Judee."

With this we shall close our examination of this most pungently humorous and deep-meaning book, commending it as a perfect mine of wit. The reader will find no work coming from America so absolutely humorous and at the same time pathetic and full of purpose. As far as the adoption of the Yankee dialect goes, Lowell is of course not original. He is slightly indebted to "Major J. Downing's Letters," by Mr. Davis, a merchant of New York, which book appeared in 1834, ran through very many editions, and was republished here in 1835, by Murray. This book is a powerful satire in prose, on the management of the banking affairs, &c., of the United States, from which was borrowed the name, but no more, of Ezekiel Biglow.

ON THE SUBJECT OF CLOTHES:

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN;" A "LIFE FOR A LIFE," &c.

My sight not being so good as it was, my granddaughter is in the habit of reading the *Times* aloud to me daily. Possibly, this is not always a labour of love, I being a rather fidgety listener, nor, at the same time, one of those conceited old persons who consider that to minister unto them is to the young a privilege invaluable. There have been times when, perceiving Netty's bright eye wander, and her voice drop into a monotonous absent tone, I have inly sighed over those inevitable infirmities which render each generation in its turn dependent on the succeeding one; times when it would have been easier to me to get up a peevish "There, that will do," and forfeit my own undeniable pleasure, than thus to make a martyr of my little girl. But then, few can have lived to my length of days without being taught the blessedness of not only labours of love, but labours of duty; and I am glad, even at the cost of some personal pain, to see my grandchild learning this lesson after me; conquering her natural laziness, accommodating the frivolous tastes of youth to the prosy likings of old age, and acquiring, even in so small a thing as the reading of a newspaper, that habit of self-control and self-abnegation which we women have to practise, with or against our will, to the end of our lives.

So, after going steadily through the leading articles—by the way, what a curious fact of modern intellectual advance is that page of *Times* leaders, thought out with infinite labour, compiled with surpassing skill, influencing the whole world's destinies one day, to become the next mere waste paper—after this, I said to Netty, "Now, my dear, I leave the choice to you; read anything that you consider amusing."

"Amusing!" As if she doubted

whether anything in the *Times* could come under that head. But shortly her countenance cleared. "'An American Bridal Trousseau,' will that do, Grannie dear?"

I nodded, and she began to read.

"'Extraordinary Marriage Ceremony. Cuban Don—Young Lady of New York. Will no doubt amuse English ladies.' Why, I declare, it's a list of her clothes! And such a quantity; only hear:—'One blue silk, ruffled to the waist; 'one green and white double skirt, 'trimmed with black lace; one light 'blue silk chintz, flowers down the 'skirt, trimmed with deep fringe to 'match; one steel-coloured silk, with 'purple velvet flowers, trimmed with 'wide bands of purple velvet, edged 'with black lace; a surplus waist 'trimmed to match the skirt; one 'Swiss dress, the skirt formed with 'clusters of ruffles and tucks, the waist 'to match; one white Swiss muslin 'dress, five flounces, edged with narrow 'Valenciennes lace; one white Swiss 'dress skirt, with three flounces, three 'ruffles on each flounce, pink riband 'underneath; one Swiss dress tucked 'to the waist; six dresses of poplin, 'merino, and Ottoman velvet;'"—

"Stop, stop! let us take breath, child. Poplin, merino, Ottoman velvet; and how many more was it? Swiss muslin, silk chintz, and something with a 'surplus waist,' whatever that may be."

"Indeed, I don't know, Grandmamma," laughed the child; "though you do think me such an extravagant young lady. Not so bad as this one, any how. O, O, O! Just listen: 'Eighteen street 'dresses, of rich, plain, and figured 'silks, double skirt and two flounces; 'also moiré antique, made in the newest 'and most fashionable style; twelve 'afternoon dresses, consisting of grena-'dines, organdies and tissue, all varied 'in styles of making; twelve evening 'dresses, one pink embossed velvet, 'trimmed with the richest point de 'Venise; one white silk tunic dress, 'skirt embroidered and trimmed with 'blonde lace; one pearl-coloured silk, 'double skirt, with bouquets of em-'bossed velvet; three white crape 'dresses, ornamented with bunches of 'raised flowers; three white tulle 'dresses, with coloured polka spots of 'floss silk, to be worn over white silk 'skirts; six dinner dresses, one white 'silk embroidered with gold; one pink 'moiré antique, very elegant side 'stripes; one blue silk, with lace 'flounces; one amber silk, with black 'lace tunic dress; one black moiré 'antique, trimmed with velvet and 'lace; one white moiré antique, with 'puffings of illusion, and the sleeves 'made in Princess Clothilde style; 'twelve muslin dresses, made with 'flounces and simple ruffles;'"—

"That's a mercy, girl. I began to think the only 'simple' article the lady possessed was her husband."

"Grandmamma; how funny you are! Well, will you hear to the end?"

"Certainly. One is not often blessed with such valuable and extensive information. Besides, my dear, it may be of use to you when the Prince comes."

(This is the name by which we have always been accustomed to talk openly of Netty's possible, doubtless *she* thinks certain, lover and husband. Consequently, to no ignorant lady's-maid or silly young playfellow, but to her sage old grandmother, has my child confided her ideas and intentions on this important subject, including the imaginary portrait, physical and mental, of "the Prince," what she expects of him, and what she means to be towards him. Also, in no small degree, what they are both to be towards their revered grandmamma. Poor little Netty, she little knows how seldom is any dream fulfilled! Yet, if never any more than a dream, better a pure than a base, a high than a low, a wise than a foolish one.)

"When the Prince comes," said the little maid, drawing herself up with all the dignity of sixteen; "I hope I shall think a great deal more of him than of my wedding, and that he will think more of me than of my wedding clothes."

"Very well. Now, go on."

She did so; and I here cut it out of the newspaper entire, lengthy as the paragraph is, to prove that I have not garbled a line; that I do "nothing "extenuate, nor aught set down in "malice," with regard to this young American bride, whose name is not given, and of whom I know no more than the man in the moon:—

"Three riding habits, one black "Canton crape, trimmed with velvet "buttons; one green merino, English "style; one black cloth, trimmed with "velvet; three opera cloaks, one white "merino double cape, elegantly em- "broidered and trimmed with rich "tassels; one white cashmere, trimmed "with blue and white plaid plush; one "grenadine, with riband quilling; "twenty-four pairs of varied coloured "satin slippers, richly embroidered; "twelve pairs of white satin and kid "slippers, plain; twelve pairs of white "satin and kid slippers, trimmed with "riband; six pairs of mouse-embroi- "dered slippers, one pair of kid India "mouse, embroidered; one green and "grey chenille, embroidered; one purple "and black silk, embroidered; two pairs "of brown Morocco plain French, all "made *à la Turque;* six pairs of slip- "pers, variously embroidered in various "colours for the toilet; twelve pairs of "silk and satin Français, dress, habit, "and walking gaiters; six pairs of walk- "ing and winter gaiters, double soles; "six street bonnets, made of the most "*recherché* Swiss straws, trimmed with "handsome riband; one opera bonnet, "made of white lace and long fancy "marabout feathers; one black and "white royal velvet bonnet, trimmed "with cluster of pink roses, intermingled "with black velvet leaves; six rich "head dresses, consisting of chenille, "pearl and gold, and other rich mate- "rials; six sets of hairpins, of coral, "turquoise, pearl, and gold ornaments; "six brettel capes of white tulle, trim- "med in various styles of fancy velvet, "chenille, and riband; one Bruxelles "point appliqué cape, trimmed with "puffings of illusion and riband; one "dozen of French embroidered handker- "chiefs, with initials richly embroidered "in the corner; one dozen of real point "lace handkerchiefs; one dozen of gui- "pure lace handkerchiefs; one dozen of "pine-apple handkerchiefs, embroidered "and trimmed with lace; one dozen of "fancy illusion sleeves for evening "dresses, made flowing *à la favorite;* "two dozens of glove tops to match "sleeves; one pair of glove tops of point "d'Alençon, trimmed with orange blos- "soms; six sets of fancy wristlets, made "of velvet and laces; six French para- "sols, made of the most magnificent "embossed velvet, with rich Chinoise "carved handles; also three coquette "parasols, simple and elegant; twelve "pairs of open-worked and embroidered "China silk hose; twenty-four pairs "plain silk hose; twelve pairs Balmoral "hose; twelve pairs of Paris thread "hose, open-worked; twelve pairs of "Paris thread hose, plain; twenty-four "pairs of rich French embroidered "elastics; twelve pairs of China silk "under-vests; twelve dozens of French "kid gloves, of various colours; twelve "pairs of gauntlets, buckskin and kid; "twelve pairs of travelling gloves, "gauntlet tops. The trousseau lace dress "was the exact pattern of that used by "the Princess Clothilde at the selection "of the Empress Eugénie, having been "reproduced in Europe expressly for "this occasion. The lace is point plat, "point aiguille, Chantilly, and Brus- "sels—in fact, a combination of the "most valuable lace known. Among "the handkerchiefs were two of point "d'Alençon lace, valued at 200 dollars "each, and one Valenciennes, worth 250 "dollars, the richest ever imported."

Ending, my granddaughter regarded me with a puzzled air—"Well?"

"Well, my dear?"

"What do you think about it all?"

"I was thinking what a contrast all these gowns are to the one the lady must some day, may any day, put on—plain white, 'frilled,' probably, but still plain enough; since after her first dressing, or rather being dressed, in it, no one will ever care to look at it or her any more."

Netty started — "Grandmamma, you don't mean a *shroud?*"

"Why not, child?—when, flounce and furbelow as we may, we shall all want a shroud some time."

"But it is so dreadful."

"Not when one approaches as near to the time of wearing it as I do. Nor, at any age, is it half so dreadful to think of oneself, or of any fair body one loves, wrapped up in this garment,—as I wrapped your mother up when you were still a baby,—as to think of it decked out like that young creature whose 'trousseau' forms a feature in the public newspapers. She apparently comes to her husband so buried in 'clothes' that he must feel, poor man, as if he had married a walking linen-draper's shop instead of a flesh and blood woman, with a heart and a brain, a sweet human body, and a responsible immortal soul;—ask yourself, would you wish to be so married, Netty, my dear?"

A toss of the curls, a flash of the indignant young eyes—

"Grannie, I'd rather be married like —like—Patient Griseldis!"

Suggesting that, out of the region of romance, Griseldis' costume might be, to say the least of it, cold—I nevertheless cordially agreed with my little girl, as a matter of principle. And I half sighed, remembering what was said to me about forty years ago, when I came, with only three gowns, one on and two off, a moderate store of linen, and five golden guineas in my pocket, to the tender arms that would have taken me without a rag in my trunk, or a penny in my purse—ay, and been proud of it too! I did not tell Netty her grandfather's exact words;—but when she questioned, I gave her a full description of the costume in which I walked down the aisle of that village church with young Doctor Waterhouse—my dear husband that was then,—and is now, though his tablet has been in the said church aisle for twenty-two years.

When Netty was gone to her music lesson, I sat thinking—you hardly know how much we old folk enjoy thinking; the mere act of running over mentally times, places, people and things—moralizing upon past, present, and future, and evolving out of this undisturbed quietude of meditation that wisdom which is supposed to be the peculiar quality of old age. May I be allowed to take it for granted, therefore, that I am a little wiser than my neighbours, if only because I have more opportunity than they to ponder over what comes into my head during the long solitudes that any age may have, but old age must have? A solitude that ripens thought, smooths down prejudice, disposes to kindness and charity, and, I trust, gradually brings the individual nearer to that wide-eyed calm of vision with which, we believe, we shall all one day behold all things.

I could not get her out of my head—this New York belle, with her innumerable quantity of clothes. For, disguise them as you will into "dresses," "costumes," "toilettes," they all resolve themselves into mere "clothes"—used for the covering and convenience of this perishable machine of bone, muscle, sinew, and flesh—the temporary habitation of that "ego"—the true "me" of us all. One is tempted to inquire, viewing with the mind's eye such a mountain of millinery, what had become of this infinitesimal "me"—the real woman whom the Cuban gentleman married? If it were not crushed altogether out of identity by this fearful superincumbent weight—the weight—vide *Times*—of 16,400 dollars' worth of clothes?

The result of my thoughts is, if an old woman may speak her mind, rather serious: on this as well as the other side of the Atlantic. For, not to lay the whole burden on our Yankee sister—poor girl, how do I know that she may not be at heart as innocent a child as my Netty?—here is a paragraph I cut out of another paper—headed—"*Dress at Compiègne.*"

"Four toilettes a day are about the "general requirement, though there are "days when only three are necessary; "the invitations are for eight days, and "no lady is expected ever to be seen "twice wearing the same gown. Count "up this, and you will find an average of

"thirty-two toilettes to be carried to "the Court. Suppose a female *invitée* "to have a daughter or two with her, "you come at once to ninety or ninety-"six dresses! Now, the average of these "gowns will be 250 francs (10*l.*), and "you reach for each person the figure of "300*l.* or 320*l.*; if two persons, 640*l.*; "if three, 960*l.*"

And all for one week's clothes!!

Far be it from me to undervalue dress. I am neither Quaker, Puritan, nor devotee. I think there is not a straw to choose between the monk of old, whose washing days occurred about twice a lifetime, and the modern "saint," who imagines he glorifies God by means of a ragged shirt and a dirty pocket-handkerchief; they are both equal, and equal fools. Scarcely less so is the "religious" woman who makes it a matter of conscience to hide or neutralize every physical beauty with which Nature has endowed her; as if He, who "so clothes the grass of the field" that even the meanest forms of his handiwork are lovely beyond all our poor imitating, were displeased at our delighting ourselves in that wherein He must delight continually. As if "Nature" and "grace" were two opposite attributes, and there could be any beauty in this world which did not proceed direct from God.

No; beauty is a blessing; and everything that innocently adds thereto is a blessing likewise, otherwise we should never have advanced from fig-leaves and beasts' skins to that harmony of form and colour which we call good "dress," particularly as applied to women. From the peach-cheeked baby, smiling from behind her clouds of cambric, or her swansdown and Cashmere—fair as a rose-bud "with all its sweetest leaves yet folded"—to the picturesque old lady with her silver-grey or rich black silks, her delicate laces and her snowy lawns—there is nothing more charming, more satisfactory to eye and heart, than a well-dressed woman. Or man either. We need not revive the satire of Sartor Resartus, to picture what a ridiculous figure some of our honourable and dignified friends would cut on solemn occasions, such as a Lord Mayor's Show, a University procession, or a royal opening of Parliament, if condemned to strut therein after the fashion of their ancestors, simply and airily attired in a wolf-skin, a blanket, or a little woad and red ochre, and a necklace of beads,—to be quite convinced of the immense advantages of clothes.

No; whatever Netty may think when I check her occasional outbursts of linen-drapery splendour, I do not undervalue dress either in theory or practice; nor, to the latest hour of conscious volition, shall she ever see her grandmother looking one whit uglier than old age compels me to look. But every virtue may be exaggerated into a vice; and I often think the ever-increasing luxury of this century is carrying to a dangerous extreme a woman's right of making herself charming by means of self-adornment.

First, it seems to me that the variety exacted by fashion is a great evil. Formerly, our ancestresses used to dress richly, handsomely; but it was in a solid, useful style of handsomeness. Gowns were not made for a month or a year; they were meant to last half a lifetime, or, perhaps, two lifetimes; for they frequently descended from mother to daughter. The stuffs which composed them were correspondingly substantial; I have a fragment of my grandmother's wedding-dress—stripes of pale satin and white velvet, with painted flowers—which might have gone through every generation from her to Netty without being worn out. This permanence of costume, both as to form and material, besides saving a world of time and trouble, must have given a certain solidity to female tastes very different from the love of flimsy change which is necessarily caused by the ever-shifting fashions and showy cheapnesses of our day. I may have an old woman's prejudice in favour of the grave rather than the gay; but Netty never takes me with her to choose her "summer dresses," that amidst all the glittering display I do not heave a sigh for the rich dark

satins of my youth, that "stood alone," as dressmakers say—fell into folds, like a picture; and from month to month, and year to year, were never taken out of the drawer without seeming to dart from every inch of their glossy surface the faithful smile of an old friend—"Here I am, just as good as ever; I *can't* wear out."

Looking the other day at the exquisite architecture, without as within, of Westminster Abbey, and thinking what infinite pains must have been bestowed upon even every square yard, I could not but contrast that century-grown, grand old building, in which each builder, founder, or workman was content to execute his small fragment, add it to the slowly-advancing magnificent whole, and, unnoted, perish;—I could not, I say, help contrasting this with the Sydenham glass palace, the wonder of our modern day; but fifty years hence, where will it be? No less the difference between those queenly costumes made permanent on canvas or in illuminated missals—rich, sweeping, majestic; conveying, not the impression of a gown with a woman inside it, or a woman used as a peg whereon to hang a variety of gowns, but a woman whose gown becomes a portion of herself—a half invisible yet important adjunct of her own grace, sweetness, or dignity, though it would never strike one to criticise it as fashionable or unfashionable: certainly never to ask the address of her mantua-maker.

And this, it appears to me, is the limit at which expensive dress becomes, in every rank and degree, first a folly and then a sin—namely, when the woman is absorbed in, and secondary to, the clothes. When the planning of them, the deciding about them, and the varying them, occupy so much of her time or attention that dress assumes an importance *per se*, and she consequently, in all circumstances and societies, is taught to think less of what she is than of how she is attired. This, without distinction of station or wealth;—for the maid-servant, sitting up of nights to put a flounce to her barège gown, or stick artificial flowers under her tiny bonnet, is just as culpable as the Empress Eugénie, wearing and exacting four new *toilettes* per diem. And equally does one grieve to contemplate the American belle, taking out of her youthful love-dreamings, or her solemn meditations on the state which, as *Juliet* says,

"Well thou knowest, is full of cross and sin"—

the time required merely to choose and order those fourscore dresses, which, granted that she is rich enough to afford them, she can never possibly wear out before fashion changes. Lucky will be her lady's-maid, or maids, for she must require as many "dressers" as a royal personage; and lucky the New York buyers of cast-off garments for years to come.

Then—the packing! Even should the "Cuban don" travel in the style of a hidalgo, he cannot fail to be occasionally encumbered by the multiplicity of boxes which accompany his fair lady. And arrived at home—if he may hope for such a word—will it not take an entire suite of rooms in which to stow away that fearful amount of finery. "My love," we can imagine the poor gentleman saying, when fairly distracted by the goodly array, "get rid of it anywhere you like; I don't care; I married *you*, and not your clothes."

A sentiment not uncommon to the male species. If women who are supposed to dress to please this sex did but know how much valuable exertion in that line is entirely thrown away upon them—how little they care for "white "tulle with coloured polka spots"—"moiré antique with puffings of illu-"sion,"—a poor illusion, indeed,—and how indifferent they are to the respective merits of "*point plat*," "*point aiguille*," Brussels and Valenciennes! Even in his most rapturous moment of admiration, a man is sure to say, generalizing, "How lovely you look!" never, "What a sweet pretty dress you have on!"—The *tout ensemble* is all he notices. Most likely, he will approve more of your neat gingham or snowy muslin—or per-

haps your rich dark silk with a bright ribbon that catches his eye and pleases his sense of colour—than he will for your *toilette* most "*soignée*," with all its extravagance of trimmings and ornaments. Especially if he sees upon you that ornament which all the milliners cannot sell, nor all the beauties buy—"a meek and quiet spirit," which is, in the sight not only of God but man, "of great price."

"My poor New York bride," moralized I; "I wonder if, among your innumerable ornaments, you have ever dreamed of counting *that!*"

Viewed in this mood, the clothes question becomes a serious thing. It is not merely whether or no a lady is justified in spending so much money upon dress alone—or even the corresponding point, whether or no such ultra expense on costume be "good for trade." It becomes less a social and political than a moral question. Even though this extravagant personal luxury be temporarily beneficial to commerce, to countenance it is most assuredly "doing evil that good may come;" injuring fatally the aggregate morals of a country, and lowering its standard of ideal right—the first step in its decadence and ultimate degradation. For what sort of men and women are likely to grow up from the children of a generation which has its pocket-handkerchiefs of "point d'Alençon, valued at 200 dollars each, and "Valenciennes, worth 250 dollars—the "richest ever imported"? O, my sisters over the water, these were not the sort of brides who became Cornelias, Volumnias, and mothers of the Gracchi!

Perhaps there was some foundation in the cry set up and laughed down, a while ago, that the terrible commercial crisis of 1857 was caused by the extravagance of women's dress, especially American women. Even with us here, many prudent, practical young fellows, not too deeply smitten to feel "all for love, and the world well lost," yet secretly craving for home, and its comforts and respectabilities, and acute enough to see that a bachelor is never worth half so much, either to himself, society, or the State, as a man who is "married and settled," may yet often be deterred from that salutary duty by—what? A vague dread of their wives' clothes.

Not quite without reason. No wonder that when he comes home from the blaze of an evening party to his Temple chambers or the snug solitudes of his Fellow's den, the worthy gentleman shivers inwardly at the idea of converting himself into a modern Orestes, haunted by winged Eumenides of milliners' bills—of having a large proportion of his hard-earned family income frittered away in "loves of laces," "exquisite ribbons," and all the fantasies of female dress which a man's more solid taste generally sets down at once as "rubbish." In which, not seldom, he is quite correct.

Women's modern propensities in this line might advantageously be restrained. It is frequently not the dress which costs so much as its extras; which rarely add to the effect, but often quite destroy that classic breadth and unity which, to my old-fashioned eyes, is one of the greatest charms in any costume. It is astonishing how much may be saved in the year by this simple rule, Never buy fripperies.

I have one more word to say, and then I have done.

A woman should always remember that her clothes should be in expense and quantity proportioned to her own circumstances, and not those of her neighbour. The mingling of classes is good—that is, the frequent association of those persons who in effect form one and the same class, being alike in tastes, sympathies, moral purpose, and mental calibre,—however various be their degrees of annual income, worldly station, profession, trade, or unemployed leisure. Provided always that the one meeting-point, which likewise can alone be the fair point of rivalry, lies in themselves and not their externals. How can I, who have but 200*l.* a-year, dress like my friend Mrs. Jones, who has 2000*l.*?—but is that any reason why I, who am, I hope, as true a gentlewoman as she is, should eschew her very pleasant society, or, out of mere cowardice, ruin

myself by mimicking her in the matter of clothes?—Nothing is so fatal as the ever-increasing habit that I notice, of each class dressing, or attempting to dress, in a style equal to the class above it—the maid imitating her mistress, the young shop-girl the woman of fortune, and so on. Even mothers of families one sees continually falling into this error, and wearing gowns, shawls, &c., that must of necessity have pinched the family income for many a day. My dear ladies, will you not see that a good daily joint of meat on your table is far more conducive to the health and happiness of those sitting round it, than the handsomest silk gown placed at the head of it? that a good, well-paid domestic servant (and you cannot expect a good one unless well-paid) is of more worth to you and yours, in absolute comfort, than the very grandest of milliners or dressmakers?

I have lived long, my dears, and worn out a considerable quantity of linen-drapery in my time; but I can fearlessly assert that, at every age, as a young girl at home, a matron in her own house, and an old lady free to spend her income in her own way—the one economy which I have always found safest to practise, as being least harmful to oneself, and least annoying to other people, was—"clothes." And I shall try, if possible, to teach it to my granddaughter. Not that mean economy which hides poor materials by a tawdry "making-up"—disguising cheap silks, coarse linen, and flimsy muslin by a quantity of false lace, sham jewellery, dirty ribbons, and *un*-natural flowers,—but that quiet independence with which, believing that the woman herself is superior to anything she wears, we just wear fearlessly what suits our taste and our pocket—paying a due regard to colours, fashions, freshness, and cleanliness—but never vexing ourselves about immaterial items, and as happy in a dress of last year's fashion as if we had at command the whole establishment of the renowned Jane Clarke, who, they say,—but for the credit of womanhood I hope it is untrue,—ordered herself to be buried in a point lace shroud.

Ay, as I reminded my little Netty—we must all come to this last garment. To an old woman—who never will put off her black gown except for that white one—the matter of clothes seems often a very trivial thing, hardly worth, indeed, the prosy dissertation I have been led to give upon it. Let us only so clothe ourselves, that this frail body of ours, while it does last, may not be unpleasing in the sight of those who love us; and let us so use it in this life that in the life to come it may be found worthy to be "clothed upon" with its Maker's own glorious immortality.

SCIENTIFIC HOAXES.

Sitting down, in all gravity, to define our term, we found it not so easy as we expected to say what a *hoax* is. The learned have discussed the word in that first of *What-nots*, the *Notes and Queries;* and the suggestion of Tillotson seems to find most favour, namely, that *Hocus-pocus*, from the first word of which *hoax* is a corruption, was itself a corruption of the *Hoc est corpus* of the mass. But definition by etymology is digging at the foundation of a house to find out the name of the tenant. What then is a hoax, on none but above-ground considerations?

Is it a successful attempt to deceive, without any motive but fun? This would throw out a very famous instance, De Foe's story of the apparition of Mrs. Veal, written to sell Drelincourt on Death. That precise circumstantiality—inimitably narrated—of the washed silk gown in which the dead lady appeared to the living one who did not know that her friend had had her gown washed, convinced all the ladies, not only that the story was true, but that the evidence was for them alone to judge of. Come now, don't *you* pretend to know about washed silk, said a lady to

her husband, when he laughed at the ghost.

Again, do the intention and the success constitute the hoax, even though the story should happen to be true? When Flamsteed was pestered by an old woman to know where her lost bundle of linen was, he drew a square in a circle, and, after pondering the diagram, pronounced that the stars said it was in a certain ditch—and there it was found, to the horror of the poor Astronomer-Royal, who could in no wise persuade his client that it was all luck. We believe it to be the law that a person who on April-fool day speaks the truth by accident, intending to deceive, is himself ruled to be the fool. Again, Pons, the comet finder, wrote to his friend Baron Zach, in despair, saying that the comets were all gone, and that he had not had one for many months. Zach, who was a sly joker, an astronomical Voltaire, wrote back that *he* had seen the sun clear of spots for just as long a time; but that his friend might be sure that the comets and the spots would return together. And so he, Zach as aforesaid, lived quietly on in the happiness of having quizzed a friend: but his placid enjoyment became quite a sensation when, a few months afterwards, Pons wrote again in triumphant rapture to tell him that he was quite right, for that there had come two large spots on the sun and a comet the next evening. Suppose it should turn out that the spots *have* some connexion with comets. Who would have supposed they have anything to do with the magnetic state of the earth? And yet this is proved, and, as Dogberry says, will go near to be thought so shortly. Should solar spots and comets be in some concatenation accordingly, which was hoaxed, Zach or Pons?

Perhaps a hoax must be a deception supported by evidence such as the hoaxee thinks he can appreciate, or wishes to appear to understand, showing willingness to be himself a voucher for the accuracy of the statement. Accordingly, the editor of a newspaper who publishes a letter from a correspondent is not fairly hoaxed, unless he add some assent. When Sheridan completed the Greek sentence brought against him, which the country members had cheered, because it came on the right side, and put them down by telling them that the passage ought to have been continued to the end, and giving them a screed of Irish and asking them what they said to *that*—the country gentlemen were fairly hoaxed. And so was the editor of the morning paper, when Mr. Goulburn was a candidate for Cambridge, and was sneered at for want of science, and defended by the journalist in question. Wicked wranglers made him print that the charge was notoriously false, for that Mr. Goulburn was well known to be the author of a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* on the accurate rectification of a circular arc, and the discoverer of the equation of the lunar caustic—a great problem in nautical astronomy. Had the wags said that he had *squared the circle*, they would have been detected immediately: but the professional skill of the phrase, "the accurate rectification of a circular arc," put them beyond discovery. And the *lunar caustic* too! We can imagine the editor rather in two minds about the good faith of his correspondents,—going to one of his books of reference to clear away the doubt about the caustic which actually and physically burns the fingers,—finding out that a caustic is a curve formed by the ultimate intersections of reflected or refracted rays—and blessing himself that he did not reject science upon vulgar appearances, like the inquisitors.

A hoax may be produced by a remark upon any circumstance which the person addressed must take in the wrong sense. A young gentleman of superfluous aspirating power was demonstrating a proposition in a university lecture-room: "let A B," said he, "be produced to L"—"Not quite so far, Mr. ——," said the tutor: to the utter bewilderment of the pupil, whose intention it was not to take any liberty with Euclid's permission to lengthen a straight line *indefinitely*. Again, when to the re-

mark, "I thought this room was larger than it is," it was answered by some one, "If that were the case, it would be smaller than it is"—this, though logical consequence, was nothing but a hoax on the speaker's meaning, and puzzled him much.

We are glad that we are not bound to find out very precisely the essence of a hoax, and still more that we have not to point out the shades of meaning which separate the hoax, the hum, the bam, the flam, and the bite. Taking it to emerge from our preliminary inquiries that a hoax is a hoax, our affair is with the scientific hoax, intelligibly divisible into that which a man of science plays upon his brethren, and that which he plays upon the world at large.

When a naturalist, either by visiting such spots of earth as are still out of the way, or by his good fortune, finds a very queer plant or animal, he is forthwith accused of *inventing* his game: the word not being used in its old sense of *discovery*, but in its modern sense of *creation:* that is to say, what would have been called *poetic* licence, if *this* word had kept its meaning. As soon as the creature is found to sin against preconception, the great (mis?) guiding spirit—*à priori* by name—who furnishes philosophers with their omniscience *pro re natâ*, whispers that no such thing *can be*, and forthwith there is a charge of hoax. Sometimes the opponent spirit—*à posteriori* they call him—produces a specimen. This Manichæan contest may go on a long time: and it is really difficult to say who is right.

It is otherwise when a mathematical hoax is attempted. For these same mathematics possess the peculiar property of being as definitely wrong, when they are wrong, as they are definitely right when they are right. An error can have its results predicted with as much certainty as a truth. There was an astronomer in the last century, otherwise a worthy and useful man, who had, as we may say, a desire to drive his own comet: he wanted one all to himself. Accordingly, he published his discovery, original observations, deduced orbit, prediction of return, all right, regular, and formal. The astronomers were thoroughly hoaxed. But some of the more curious, on closely examining his places and his orbit, found, to their excessive astonishment, not only that the places would not give *the* orbit, but that they would not give any orbit whatever. They disagreed with one another to an extent which prevented any imaginable ellipse from taking them all in with any moderate degree of nearness. There was no possible way out of this except one: the astronomer must have chosen his orbit at pleasure, have calculated the places at which a comet ought to be in that orbit at certain times, committing some error in the figures, and then have hoaxed the world by making his process stand topsy-turvy, representing his calculated places as observations, and his orbit as a deduction. A certain astronomer set himself to be the detective policeman: and his sagacity discovered by trial that the asserted places could be exactly deduced from the orbit, on the supposition that one particular logarithm had been taken out wrongly, and used with one and the same error throughout. This is not exactly what astronomers now call determining the *probable error*, but it is a problem which seems to come under the name, and of a variety which is not likely to occur again.

The heavens themselves have been charged with hoaxes. When Leverrier and Adams predicted a planet by calculation, it was gravely asserted in some quarters that the planet which showed itself very near the place which had been calculated was not *the* planet, but another, which had clandestinely and improperly got into the neighbourhood of the true body. The disposition to suspect hoax is stronger than the disposition to hoax. Who was it who first announced that the classical writings of Greece and Rome were one huge hoax, perpetrated by the monks in what the announcer would be as little or less inclined than Dr. Maitland to call the dark ages? Certainly the middle ages did perpetrate one or two things of the kind; as the poem "De Vetula," attri-

buted to Ovid, probably written in the thirteenth century. The hoaxer made Ovid talk of *algebra*, then known by name, and made him insinuate that nothing except want of room prevented him from writing on the subject. As few persons have heard of and fewer seen this production, we quote the lines —and very Ovidian they are, to be sure!

Sed quia de Ludis fiebat sermo, quid illo
Pulchrius esse potest exercitio numerorum,
Quo divinantur numeri plerique per unum
Ignoti notum, sicut ludunt apud Indos,
Ludum dicentes Algebræ, Almucgrabalæque?
Inter arithmeticos ludos pulcherrimus hic est
Ludus, arithmeticæ praxis: descriptio cujus
Plus caperet quam sufficiat totus liber iste.

Which may be translated as follows:—

Seeing that games are talked of, what can be
Finer than that same exercise of numbers,
By which a set of numbers are inferred
Through one that's known—which game its Indian players
Name Algebra and Almucgrabala?
'Mid games of arithmetic 'tis the first;
'Tis arithmetic's praxis: to describe it
Would take more space than all this bulky book.

Almucgrabala, attributed to Ovid, is as sweet a hoax as we remember: the old name of algebra—for the modern name much resembles *hocus pocus* shortened into *hoax*—was *al geber e al mokabala*, restoration and reduction. This is a sufficient answer to those who say that *algebra* is a corruption of *all gibberish;* and indeed the word has been seriously derived from Geber, the Arabian astronomer, who has been erected into an inventor.

The occurrence which has called forth all the preceding jumble of remarks is the republication, in the United States, of a clever hoax which had decided success. It is now reprinted under the title of "The Moon Hoax." When, five and twenty years ago, Sir John Herschel made his astronomical voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, there soon appeared in a New York paper a very detailed account of plants, brutes, and men, discovered on the surface of the moon. This tract was either first published, or republished, in France and in French. The whole purported to be taken from the supplement to the *Edinburgh Journal of Science;* but when a reprint was made in England, this reference was judiciously omitted. There was no author's name to the original work, we believe; certainly none to the English reprint. In the recent reprint the title-page has the name of Richard Adams Locke. Whether this be a pseudonym or not we do not know; we proceed to state all we have heard about the authorship, premising that we do not vouch for a syllable of it.

At the time of perpetration, the hoax was attributed to the late M. Nicollet; and a recent edition of Gorton's Dictionary makes this attribution in positive terms. Nicollet was a French astronomer, employed in the Paris Observatory; he was patronised by Polignac and Laplace, and was a strong legitimist. After 1830 he fled to America. There he wrote this hoax, somewhat leaning to a desire to raise the wind, but also, it is said, to take in Arago, who he knew would open his ears. And there were those who said that Arago did receive it, to the extent at least of regarding it with eager curiosity, and talking of it everywhere. How much of this is true we know not: we publish it because we should like to know what is really said about the authorship in the United States. We are sure that it was written by some person not only familiar with science, but with European science and *savans*. Nicollet was an able man, known out of France; he was, for instance, an associate of our Astronomical Society.

With the reprint are given the con-

temporary testimonies of American journals. To the pure all things are pure; to the hoaxed all things are hoaxes. Are these opinions to be relied upon as true quotations? Unless the appendix be another hoax, the imposition was first palmed upon a newspaper, which it deceived, and many others after it. One of the followers said: "Sir "John Herschel has added a stock of "knowledge to the present age which "will immortalize his name, and place "it high in the page of science." But the original hoaxee printed the following:—

"Consummate ignorance is always "incredulous to the higher order of "scientific discoveries, because it cannot "possibly comprehend them. Its mental "thorax is quite capacious enough to "swallow any dogmas, however great, "that are given upon the authority of "names; but it strains most perilously "to receive the great truths of reason "and science. We scarcely ever knew "a very ignorant person who would "believe in the existence of those myriads of invisible beings which inhabit "a drop of water and every grain of "dust, until he had actually beheld "them through the microscope by which "they are developed. Yet these very "persons will readily believe in the "divinity of Matthias the prophet, and "in the most improbable credenda of "extravagant systems of faith. The "*Journal of Commerce*, for instance, "says it cannot believe in these great "discoveries of Dr. Herschel, yet it "believes and defends the innocence of "the murderer Avery. Those who in "a former age imprisoned Galileo for "asserting *his* great discoveries with the "telescope, and determined upon sentencing him to be burnt alive (!), "nevertheless believed that Simon Magus actually flew in the air by the "aid of the devil, and that when that "aid was withdrawn he fell to the "ground and broke his neck. Happily, however, those who impudently "or ignorantly deny the great discoveries of Herschel, are chiefly to be "found among those whose faith, or "whose scepticism, would never be "received as a guide for the opinions of "other men."

We shall now give a slight detail of these discoveries upon which, as the introduction says, man "may now fold "the zodiac round him with a loftier con"sciousness of his mental supremacy." Sir John Herschel, in conversation with Sir David Brewster, started the idea of a transfusion of artificial light through the focal object of vision: that is, the image formed by the object glass of the telescope. Sir David demurred, and Sir John continued to ask why the illuminated microscope, say the oxy-hydrogen, might not be applied. "Sir David "sprang from his chair in an ecstasy of "conviction, and leaping half way to the "ceiling, exclaimed, Thou art the man." After this cogent illustration of the proverb that great wits jump, the "co-operative philosophers" proceeded to make experiments. The Duke of Sussex subscribed 10,000*l.*; and the King, after being assured that the results would promote navigation, did better still, for he gave—*carte blanche*. Sir John Herschel (part of the hoax) was sent out to the Cape at the desire of the English, French, and Austrian Governments, to observe the transits of Mercury, which are especially valuable (another part) in lunar observations of longitude. He took out with him a lens of several tons, Dr. Andrew Grant, Lieut. Drummond (!), and a large party of mechanics. We pass over the structure of his instruments, which is minutely given, and proceed to the account of the discoveries. The first thing seen was basaltic rock profusely covered with the *Papaver Rhœas*, or rose-poppy; then came fields, and trees, and beaches, and tides, and everything but animals; then amethyst mountains and verdant valleys; then animals like bisons; then a unicorn-goat; then pelicans, cranes, &c. But still no men, though plenty of sheep for mutton. At last they saw some winged creatures alight upon the plain. "They "were first noticed by Dr. Herschel, "who exclaimed, Now, gentlemen, my

"theories against your proofs, which "you have often found a pretty even "bet, we have here something worth "looking at. I was confident that if "ever we found beings in human shape, "it would be in this longitude, and that "they would be provided by their "Creator with some extraordinary "powers of locomotion." And men they turned out to be. "In general symmetry "of body and limbs they were infinitely "superior to the orang-otang: so much "so, that, but for their long wings, "Lieutenant Drummond said they would "look as well on a parade-ground as "some of the old cockney militia." These wings were like those of bats, and the creature was christened on the spot the *Vespertilio-homo*, or man-bat. Their ways of conducting themselves were unpublishably singular, so that details were reserved for *Dr.* Herschel's great work; but several Episcopal, Wesleyan, and other ministers—it seems the show was not fit for the laity—were allowed a peep, under condition of secrecy. The mere details of the hoax have no great interest, unless we could give them at such length as to allow the scientific reader to enjoy the general goodness of the description, and the power of scientific idiom thus applied.

Sir John Herschel went to the Cape at his own expense, and for his own purposes; he is understood to have refused the pecuniary indemnification which the Government offered him on his return. His great work has since appeared, but not a trace of living creatures in the moon is to be found in it. It is for those who choose, to suspect that he really saw these wonders, sent them to America to try the pulse of the English public by a circuit which would not compromise him, and finally kept them to himself when he found no hope of being believed. It would be a rich finish to the whole hoax if a small sect should be found to maintain this.

The idea of looking into what the man in the moon is about has of course been entertained ever since the invention of the telescope; we have even heard that a proposal was made to communicate with the Lunarian men of science. It was suggested—the men of science in the moon being assumed—to plant on some enormous flat open country in the heart of Africa—access to which was also taken for granted—magnificent rows of trees, representing the diagram of the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid. Nothing was wanted except a space about as big as an English county on which trees could grow, but on which they had not grown, and telescopes in the moon good enough, however it might be managed, to see through our atmosphere. When the lunar philosophers became aware what we were at, and were certified that we terrestrials were up to the square of the hypothenuse, they were to answer by rigging up some other diagram, in such material as they found best adapted. But, perhaps, despising us as no doubt they do—if, indeed, they admit the possibility of such beings—they would have treated our diagram as a mere freak of nature.

Are we ever to discover organized bodies in the moon? If there be none there, probably not: we say this because discovery is not always limited to what there is to discover. But if the moon really abound with life, the increase of optical means may show it. From the naked eye to Lord Rosse's telescope is probably a great deal more than half the whole way. Let the time come, if it be to come, when the first creature with a will of his own is seen jumping, swimming, or walking upon the moon, and he will certainly be voted a creation of the observer's brain. The people who will not look, or looking will not see, or seeing will not confess, were not a species limited to the day of Galileo. But in the mean time, what are plain people to do in a country in which accounts like this hoax are circulated with every appearance of authenticity? In the present case any one will say that they ought to have waited till they saw Sir John Herschel's declaration: but then it is easily answered, that if the hoaxer had known such a thing would be wanted, nothing would have been more

easy than to affix the requisite signature. What can we do but return to the opinion of an old sage :—

Periculosum est credere et non credere.

Or, more at large, in English :—

'Tis unsafe to believe, and unsafe not.
Belief in the step-dame brought Hippolitus to rot ;
Unbelief in Cassandra sent Ilion to pot.
Look out sharp for the truth over every spot,
Lest your silly noddle should make a bad shot.

In such a case as the one before us, the ridicule which falls upon the hoaxees turns entirely upon the plain, intelligible, unscientific character of the asserted facts. Sir John Herschel is reported as saying that the man in the moon has a bat's wings! Let it turn out that he said no such thing, and how we do laugh! But is there nothing which Sir John Herschel—or others, if not he, for in truth we know nothing of his opinions on the point—has stated or implied, in reference to the moon, as a thing known by men, and which is of quite as specific a character as the bat's wings? Examine well the discussion about the plurality of worlds, and see if it do not contain the postulate, very positively reasoned from, that the planets consist of matter having the same chemical qualities as the matter of our earth. The moon has no atmosphere: Why? Because any of our atmospheric materials would give appearances, or prevent appearances, which are not seen, or are seen, in the moon. But may there be an atmosphere consisting of a gas which we have not, and which, from its qualities, we cannot have? Oh no!—law of parsimony—law of analogy—law of confusion between "we do not know that there is" and "we know that there is not"—law of "We'll call you *unphilosophical* if you allow the possibility of the moon having a spoonful of anything but what we have here!" It would be a good thing if we could say to the philosopher what Hotspur said to his wife when, meaning to be very satirical, he paid her the following compliment :—

Thou wilt not tell that which thou dost not know,
And thus far may we trust thee.

The problem of lunar chemistry, of lunar inhabitants, and of all that is lunar except light, gravitation, tides, and queer mountains and hollows, requires to be treated with a large infusion of the caution which the following consideration may suggest. We *have* the proverb that the second blow begins a fray; we *want* the proverb that the second instance begins an induction. So long as we have only one example, knowledge of resemblance or difference has not commenced. Because lunar matter gravitates, and reflects and polarizes light, we assume that the various elements of lunar matter are those, and no others, which are found on our globe. Nay, even those who argue against the assumption of lunar and planetary inhabitants, and who show a full sense of the great negative argument—that we know nothing about it—will also attempt something positive on their own side, founded on some such assumption as the chemical unity of all the bodies in our system. The inference from ignorance, the contrary of knowledge, to the *knowledge of the contrary*, is a mode of proceeding which much resembles the fallacy of a certain old story :—

"I say," said a worthy fellow to his friend, "do you know that —— said you were not fit to clean his shoes?" "Did he?" was the reply, "I hope you defended me." "Yes; that I did!" "Well, how did you do it?" "Of course I said you were!" Now, *mutato nomine*, &c. :—"What do you think —— says? he says there are men in the moon with bat's wings." "Does he? I hope you checked his presumption." "I did, indeed!" "Well, and how?" "Of course I said there were no such things!"

A. De M.

WHEWELL'S "PLATONIC DIALOGUES FOR ENGLISH READERS."[1]

Of all the famous men of ancient Athens, the one whose life, character, and physiognomy still fascinate the memory of the human race most strongly, is Socrates. He was the son of Sophroniscus, an Athenian sculptor, and of Phænarete, a midwife; and his life extended from B.C. 468 to B.C. 399. So far as he had a profession, it was that of a sculptor; but his life was spent in a manner peculiar to himself. "Socrates," says Dr. Whewell, "was a private Athenian "citizen, who like other citizens had "served in various public offices; served "too as a soldier and served well; and "whose favourite and constant employ-"ment it was to spend his time in the "streets, in the market-place, in the "open shops, wherever the Athenians "lounged and gossiped. There he got "hold of one person after another, and "questioned and cross-questioned him, "and argued with him in the most per-"tinacious and unsparing manner. His "appearance gave point to his copious "and eager speech. His countenance "was plain, amounting to grotesque, "but vigorous, vivacious, and good-"humoured in a striking degree; his nose "was flat, his mouth wide, his lips "large, his forehead broad, with strong "arches of wrinkles over each eyebrow, "giving him a look of humorous ear-"nestness; his figure solid but un-"graceful, and his dress of the plainest "materials. Why should the elegant "and fastidious gentlemen of Athens "care to listen to the talk of such a "garrulous oddity of the streets?" Simply because his talk was such as to *make* them listen to him. The most famous description of it is that put into the mouth of his disciple Alcibiades in the *Symposium* of Plato. Alcibiades is represented as coming drunk into a company where Socrates is present, and bursting forth in his praises. "Gentlemen, unless "I were a great deal too drunk, I would "tell you on oath how I have been "affected and am affected even now by "the discourses of this man. When I "hear Pericles, and other orators, I think "indeed that they speak well, but I "never had such a feeling of disturb-"ance, my soul was never made to feel "so indignant with itself, as if it were "in a state of slavery, as it does when I "listen to Socrates. By him I am often "so affected that life seems not tolerable "to me if I am to continue as I am." In the continuation of the same Dialogue, Alcibiades gives additional particulars as to the nature of Socrates's talk. "So strange is the character of "this man, both in himself and his dis-"courses, that no one will by searching "discover any man approaching near to "him, either among those living now "or those of the olden time. Should "any one hear his discourses, they will "appear to be very ridiculous at first; "with such rough nouns and verbs, as "with the hide of a Satyr, do they en-"velope externally his meaning. For he "speaks of panniered asses, and of cop-"per-smiths, and leather-cutters and tan-"ners, and he appears to be always "saying the same things upon the same "subjects; so that whoever has neither "skill nor sense will laugh at his words. "But he who beholds his discourses "when opened up, and gets within them, "will find, in the first place, that they "alone of all discourses possess an in-"ternal meaning, and, in the next place, "that they are most divine, and hold the "most numerous images of virtue, and "extend to the farthest point, or rather "to everything, which it is fitting for a "man to consider who intends to become "accomplished and good." What Alcibiades is here made to say seems to have been but a version of the general impression. All Athens knew Socrates. The greatest men in Athens were in relations

[1] The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers. By William Whewell, D.D. Vol. I. Dialogues of the Socratic School, and Dialogues referring to the Trial and Death of Socrates. Macmillan & Co. 1859.

with him; and, in the end, he had a retinue of admiring disciples, chiefly young men—some of whom became illustrious in public life, while others devoted themselves to that life of philosophy or the pursuit of speculative and practical wisdom of which he had made them enamoured. His own teaching was partly negative — consisting in a systematic tearing down, by a remorseless method of cross-examination, of all that his hearers supposed they knew; a systematic emptying of the mind of every one who came near him of all its most cherished opinions as so much mere phraseology picked up at random and incapable of standing the test of reason. Thus the first great effect of his teaching was to beget a habit of *scepticism*, in the original sense of that word—of doubt as to everything supposed to be known; nay, of uncertainty whether anything could be really known. When Socrates was pronounced by the oracle at Delphi to be "the wisest of men," he himself interpreted this to mean that, resembling other men in knowing nothing, he was wiser than they only in knowing that he knew nothing. That, notwithstanding this, there was a large positive element in his teaching—that he did not only unsettle men's minds, but threw into them, in their state of perturbation, notions and sentiments which knit them up again, and made them stronger, manlier and more noble —rests on abundant evidence. Indeed, there seemed to be two parts in the man —one grotesque, humorous, homely and sarcastic, which made him followed as an interesting oddity; the other supernatural and awful, converting laughter or mere intellectual delight into fear or reverence. This double aspect of the man is recognised in all the stories of him. He had an extraordinary tolerance —associating alike with all kinds of men, the openly dissolute as well as the respectable; or, if he had a preference, showing it for those who might be described by the word "genial," as being, despite vices or other drawbacks, the most hopeful human subjects. He never willingly went beyond the walls of Athens—professing jocularly that, if any one wanted to get him out into the country, the only way was to begin a *logos* or discourse with him, and then walk backwards, like a roper, keeping up the argument till the country was reached. He was the hardiest of men, and could endure fatigue, or hunger, or cold, better than anybody else. Habitually temperate, he could, on occasion, drink more than the most practised toper, and remain the only sober person in the company. His courage, both physical and moral, was talked of as wonderful; and it was one of the stories of Alcibiades how once, in a forced retreat, Socrates had conducted himself so deliberately, and withdrawn, looking quietly backwards to the pursuers, with a countenance of such unmistakeable meaning that they saw even afar off that whoever touched that man would have a Tartar to deal with. Then he was liable to strange fits of absence or reverie. Once, when out on a campaign, he was seen to stand, rapt and motionless, in the same spot in front of the camp, for twenty-four hours, thinking of something. All day the soldiers watched him, and all through the cold of next night; and only at sunrise did he come to himself, look about, and walk off. Moreover, it was known that he himself believed that in one respect he was an abnormal person—in respect, namely, that he had a demon attending him, warning him by a prophetic voice, when he himself or any of those about him intended to do anything which would end ill; but never thrusting him forward. This consciousness of something abnormal in his constitution, had consequences described in language very like that of modern mesmerism. His intellectual influence, it was said, was strongest with many when they were in his presence; it was strongest of all when they actually touched him; and, when they remained away from him for some time, the virtue seemed to die out of them. These, and a thousand other stories, had made Socrates for many years the most remarkable character in Athens and in all Greece, when (B. C. 399) a feeling against

him, which had been long growing in certain classes of the citizens, took the form of a public accusation of disrespect to the gods and of corrupting the Athenian youth, and he was condemned to death. His conduct in his last hours was worthy of his whole preceding life; and, long after he was dead, those who remembered him would speak of him as "of all the men whom they had known "the best, the wisest, and the most just."

Socrates left no writings; and all our knowledge of the man and of his teaching is derived from the writings of others. In the first place, there were memoirs or reminiscences of the ordinary kind—actual accounts of the man and his conversation, prepared from recollection, or from notes taken at the time after the Boswell fashion. Of this kind are the memoirs by Xenophon, respecting which the most competent opinion is that they are a faithful and affectionate representation of Socrates, by a man who understood him only in part. Of a very different kind from such memoirs are the so-called Socratic Dialogues, or dialogues in which Socrates figures as the chief speaker; which form of literature, though it may have begun in actual memoir or reminiscence, and though actual reminiscence was always mixed up with it, became gradually a sort of normal form of philosophical writing among the followers of Socrates, as if on the understanding that it was a just compliment to the man who had originated philosophy, to retain him in imaginary life as the vehicle of the best philosophical opinion, and so represent all progress in speculation as Socrates still philosophising. Of this species of literature, by far the greatest practitioner, if not the real inventor, was Plato.

Long a disciple of Socrates, Plato was in his thirtieth year at the time of his master's death, and was prevented from being present on that occasion only by illness. He lived more than fifty years afterwards, in Athens or elsewhere, teaching philosophy, or applying it in large affairs in which he was consulted, and dying, at the age of eighty-one, B.C. 347—at which time Aristotle, who had been his pupil, was thirty-seven years old, and far on in a philosophy of his own. All the voluminous writings which Plato left, with scarce an exception, were in that form of Socratic Dialogue which we have described—imaginary conversations of real persons, with Socrates figuring in the midst, and with reminiscence intermixed. Hence arises a very difficult question respecting these Dialogues—the question, how much in them is Socrates, and how much in them is Plato. On the whole, the conclusion seems to be that—while the character of Socrates and many of the facts of his life are given in them with all the faithfulness of biography, but with a depth of biographic power far beyond what Xenophon possessed,—yet the sum-total of the matter is so far from a mere exposition of what Socrates taught, so much a development of it and superaddition to it by an independent intellect at once magnificently speculative and sumptuously poetical, that Socrates, invested with such new associations, comes before us inevitably as an idealized Socrates, and it requires Xenophon's help and a process of disentanglement to get back to the real one. We have to fancy Plato in his youth as the most splendid intellect in contact with Socrates, interested in him, and following him about, not rapturously, but reverently, and with a kind of large inquisitive composure. As the dramatic faculty is strong in him, he occupies himself even then in composing Dialogues in which the conversations of Socrates are partly represented, partly worked out and expanded—one of which, at least, Socrates is said to have seen. The habit, once formed, was kept up; and, though he survived Socrates for half a century, saw changes and revolutions in the Greek world, and went on filling his mind with new experience and masses of new acquisition to be involved in his speculative system, yet he wrote nothing, or almost nothing, except as Socratic Dialogue. What he did leave in this form is such that, even after the largest deduction

that on any supposition could be made on behalf of Socrates as his teacher, the whole world has agreed to regard him as a man possessing a most consummate faculty of literary genius—as one of the most splendid practitioners of universal human speech that have lived, and as unquestionably the master of the richest and sublimest style of extant Greek prose. Nor is this all. Every man, said Coleridge, is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian; which was a lax way of saying that there are and have been but two Philosophies in the world, which are eternally reproducing themselves, and of one or the other of which every man is an adherent, whether he knows it or not. The one of these refers all knowledge to Sense, recognises no certainty which does not come from the world of experience, makes Matter the original, and sees all existence as but Matter whirling through Time and assuming changes; the other refers all to Thought, realizes an eternal unseen world of Ideas, makes Mind or Will or Divinity the original, and traces in the very structure of human nature principles, rules, or recollections, derived from its supernatural connexion, and by which it grips, understands and pernavigates experience. Of this last Philosophy Plato, with all allowance for his Polytheistic phraseology and images, is considered the noblest uninspired expounder—the man who has argued it most thoroughly, and expressed it in the most gorgeous and beautiful symbolisms. Hence the adjective "Platonic," applied to this day as descriptive of a certain highly-elevated mode of thought, and of a certain order of minds which have at all times been notable in the world—that order of minds of which Michael Angelo, Milton, Sir Thomas Browne, and Wordsworth are well-known types. Respecting many men of this order it is known that they drank so deeply of Plato as even to call themselves Platonists. It is known also that there have been marked eras of the revival of Platonism in the intellectual world, and that these eras have exhibited certain strong and peculiar characteristics.

Only of late years, and, indeed, chiefly since the publication of Mr. Bohn's cheap edition of a literal English translation of Plato's works, have English readers had easy opportunity of becoming acquainted for themselves with these celebrated writings. The effect, however, has been already very perceptible. Plato in any kind of English has been a boon so highly appreciated by many to whom it was new, that, if Keats's famous sonnet "On First Looking into Chap-"man's Homer" were turned into a sonnet "On First Looking into Bohn's Plato," it would not exaggerate their wonder or their sense of obligation. Following up what has been done, and improving on it by presenting Plato in a shape adapted to a still wider class of the English public, and with scholarly accompaniments and in a style of translation which even those who know Plato in existing versions will find fitted to deepen their knowledge of him and make it more pointed and accurate, Dr. Whewell has sent forth the first volume of an intended edition of "The Pla-"tonic Dialogues for English Readers." The plan of the work is that of arranging the Dialogues in groups according to their chronological order in relation to Plato's mind. To make this plan possible, Dr. Whewell has had to come to conclusions for himself on the difficult questions of the chronology of the Dialogues and the rate and the amount of the Platonic development of the Socratic doctrine. In some of these conclusions he differs from previous authorities, and especially from the recent German commentators. Let it be assumed, however, that he is in the main right, and the result for the public is excellent. In the present volume two groups of the Dialogues are disposed of—the first containing *Laches*, *Charmides*, *Lysis*, *The Rivals*, *The First Alcibiades*, *The Second Alcibiades*, *Theages*, and *Clitophon*, associated together as "Dialogues of the Socratic School," under the idea that they were written, for the most part, while Socrates was alive, and present the Socratic Philosophy as first apprehended and digested by Plato;

the second containing *Meno, Euthyphro, The Apology of Socrates, Crito,* and *Phædo,* associated together as "Dialogues Referring to the Trial and Death of Socrates" under the idea that they were written at or about the time of these events, as an appeal to the Greeks on behalf of Socrates and a historical monument to his memory. To each of the Dialogues here enumerated there is prefixed a brief Introduction, explaining its tenor and the circumstances which gave rise to it; then follows the Dialogue itself, presented partly in abstract, partly in very clear and racy translation, with critical remarks interspersed—what is translated being distinguished from the rest by quotation-marks; and then at the end of each Dialogue is appended a brief statement of the reasons determining the place given to the Dialogue, with answers to objections. In the scheme and in its execution so far Dr. Whewell has done a good service. If, with such facilities afforded them, English readers of ordinary capacity of either sex do not find these celebrated writings to their taste—writings which, apart from the deeper and more solemn value of their matter, are "as good as a play" for rich and varied biographical, historical, and dramatic interest—it must be because their tastes in reading need improvement.

MOROCCO AND NORTHERN AFRICA:

SKETCH OF THEIR HISTORY FROM ROMAN TIMES TO THE PRESENT.

BY THE REV. J. W. BLAKESLEY.

Whenever some unexpected turn of good fortune happens to restore the impoverished descendant of an ancient family to a position of ease, it is almost invariably found that he at once launches out into a career of extravagance which speedily brings him back to his old life of shifts and embarrassment. A similar fate seems to be now impending over Spain. No sooner have her finances recovered something like a healthy condition, and her creditors ceased to plague her with their reproaches, than she has thought proper to enter upon a career of ambition which will most likely render her last state worse than the first. Invasion of Africa, pregnant with misfortune to her in her palmy days, is now repeated on a splendid scale, to terminate, in all probability, in calamity and disgrace. If it were possible to gain wisdom by the experience of others, the result of the French conquest of Algeria might have served as a warning. The occupation of that unenviable acquisition has probably cost the victors not less than sixty millions sterling up to the present time, and there is no near prospect of any diminution in the necessary expenditure. But Morocco would undoubtedly prove more difficult to conquer as well as more expensive to retain, than the French acquisitions, the largest part of which,—and singularly enough the most valuable—cost comparatively few sacrifices either of men or money. The cereal products of this portion,—the eastern province, of which Constantine (the Cirta of the times of Jugurtha) is the capital,—have increased to such a point that it is no longer necessary to import wheat from Europe to maintain the population of the others. Yet this result was not attained till the year before last, and it still remains, with the exception of a slight increase in the culture of olives and silk-worms, the sole material trophy which France has to show in return for all her expenditure of blood and treasure.

In the case of Morocco, the very causes which have operated to bring the present war upon the Emperor, will act as a hindrance to the invaders in their attempt to strike any decisive blow. The condition of the country is but little above the state of anarchy, and its physical configuration is such, that a small army would be unable to hold any considerable portion of it, while a large one would starve.

If the reader will cast his eye upon

any map of Northern Africa, he will observe a double line of mountains to which the name of Atlas has been given, marked as running in a general direction E.N.E. from about the 29° of latitude on the Atlantic seaboard to Cape Blanco in the Mediterranean, the northern extremity of the bay of Tunis. This apparent double-chain, of which the French conquest of Algeria has for the first time permitted any considerable part to be carefully examined, is, in reality, throughout the easternmost half of its extent, a highly elevated plateau, buttressed by mountains on both its northern and southern side, the former being the steeper. Between it and the Mediterranean lies a series of plains of varying extent, generally of great fertility, but cut off from all facility of land communication with one another, by steep off-shoots from the main range which run down into the sea. Immediately on the south side a rim of descending plateaux forms the frame-work of the great sandy desert of Africa extending from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, which is only interrupted by the thin line of the valley of the Nile. The elevated plains between the two edges just described are very cold in the winter, the snow lying on them for two or three months with but little interruption, while, at the same time, their southern latitude makes them extremely hot in the summer. Their soil is mainly a carbonate of lime, but this is interspersed with vast tracts of sand strongly impregnated with salt, and producing in the spring a herbage in which wormwood predominates. After the snows melt in March, the whole of the plains become rapidly covered with a profuse vegetation, and the surface of the country is populous with camps of scattered fractions of the nomad tribes, who come up from their winter quarters in the Sahara to take advantage of the fresh food which nature is furnishing to their flocks and herds. The traveller is struck with the picturesque sight of long strings of camels, some with their young by their side, others carrying the women of the tribe and the tents which are to be pitched when the grazing ground belonging to their owners is reached. After the camp is formed, the sheep and goats are led out every morning to eat the herbage down. They set about it in the most methodical manner, drawn up in a long line like an army advancing in battle array, and leaving nothing behind them as they move slowly forwards. At night-fall they are assembled together within a large circle formed by the tents of the tribe, the intervals being filled up with pack-saddles of the camels, or sometimes, especially when the neighbouring ruins of an ancient town furnish materials, with piled stones. This arrangement is for the sake of protection against wild animals, or nightly marauders, theft holding the same place in the popular code of these nomads that it did in the Spartan.

About eighty miles east of the meridian of Gibraltar, the mountainous edges of the Atlas plateau unite, and an entirely new character attaches to its continuation westwards. The elevated plains, which in some places have reached the breadth of 150 or 200 miles, are succeeded by mountain masses, of an altitude exceeding that which is attained by the ranges in any other part of North Africa, with the exception, perhaps, of the Aurès. From the highest valleys springs the stream, which, under the native name of Molochat—preserved to this day in the slightly modified form of Wadi Mulouga—formed the eastern boundary of Mauritania Tingitana in the time of the Roman geographers. Between it and the Tafna, which runs into the Mediterranean through French territory, is a mountain region inhabited by tribes of the aboriginal African race (generically called Berbers), who own an allegiance which is little more than nominal, some to the French, and some to the Emperor of Morocco. It was against the Beni-Znassen, the principal tribe among the latter, that the late expedition under Generals Martimprey and Durrieux, was undertaken; and some idea may be formed of the difficulty of operating in this country from the circumstance, that although both these

officers are notoriously men of consummate ability, the submission of Oujda, the market town, as it may be called, of the tribe, a very few miles from the French frontier, was not effected without the loss of more than 2,000 men by cholera alone, during the single month over which the operations extended.

From nearly the same region of the Atlas as the Mulouga, flows the Wadi Sebou, in a direction at right angles to the former, passing nearly under the walls of Fez, the northern capital of the Emperor, and falling into the Atlantic at Mehedieh. The range of mountains, which form the southern watershed of the valley of the Sebou, constitute an almost impassable barrier between the two halves of the empire; of which the northernmost is the rhomboidal space intercepted between the watershed just mentioned, and the Wadi Mulouga; and the southernmost an irregular triangle, of which this watershed, the seaboard of the Atlantic, and the prolongation of the Atlas in a S.W. direction, constitute the three sides. In this latter half lies the southern capital, Morocco; and so entirely are the two portions of the country separated from each other by physical obstacles, that in passing from one of his capitals to the other, the Emperor makes a circuit of twice the direct distance between the two, descending to the coast of the Atlantic, and proceeding along it for more than a hundred miles before turning again towards the interior. So little power does the government possess, that any more direct course would probably expose his *cortège* to attacks from the rude tribes through which he would have to pass; although they all the while acknowledge him as their sovereign.

In early times, the Carthaginians appear to have possessed factories along the coast of the Atlantic to a considerable distance to the south; but all these disappeared with the power of the mother state. In the time of Julius Cæsar the whole of the commercial civilization of the western part of Africa was extinguished. An attempt to revive it began under the reign of his successor. Augustus founded three colonies for the sake of the trade on the Atlantic. The first, Julia Constantia, twenty-five Roman miles to the south of Tangier, was a small settlement carved out of the territory of the native chiefs of Zeilis (a name of which a trace remains in the modern Arzilla). The second, Julia Campestris, was founded on the site of the native town, Babba. It was forty miles inland from the mouth of the river Wadi el Kous, which runs into the Atlantic at El Arash. The third, Banasa Valentia, perhaps a military position, was seventy-five miles from El Arash, and on the banks of a great river, the Subur. Thirty-five miles off this was a town called by the Romans Volubile, reputed to be equidistant from the Atlantic and the Mediterranean; and beyond this point, Roman commerce never extended into the interior. The Emperor Claudius established a new Roman colony at Tangier, and another at the embouchure of the river Kous; but so completely were all these settlements merely regarded as outlying factories of the Spanish trade, that the citizens of Julia Constantia are expressly stated to have been obliged to carry on their law-suits in the Spanish courts. This was probably the case with the other settlements; and thus may be explained the otherwise remarkable circumstance, that in the division of the African provinces in the time of the Emperor Theodosius, Mauritania Tingitana formed only a part of the Spanish province of Bœtica. Between Tingis (Tangier), and Rusadir—which was probably situated a little to the east of Cape Tres Forças—there was no land communication known to the Romans. The mountainous coast of the intervening space was occupied then, as it is now, by a race of hardy mountaineers of the aboriginal African race, cultivating the recesses of their rocky fortresses by hard labour, and eking out their scanty subsistence by the proceeds of wrecking and piracy. This is the race to which both the Riff pirates and the assailants of Ceuta belong; and it is their castigation which is the avowed object of the

present Spanish expedition. The authority of the Emperor of Morocco is about as much respected in this region, as that of the English law-courts was in Alsatia, in the time of the Stuarts.

The same aboriginal people has maintained itself in the masses of the Atlas, where the power of the Emperor is absolutely null; and the communication between Fez and the date-producing oases of Tafilat is altogether under their control. Their chiefs, through whose territory the caravans pass, treat the merchants very much as the mediæval barons on the Rhine did the market-boats which floated down that stream. Transit dues are enforced wherever there is an excuse for levying them, and throughout the whole of the domain, under the same jurisdiction, the cavalcade is forced to accept the company of a member of the tribe. When clear of the Atlas, the traveller is subjected to the same process of extortion under the name of protection, at the hands of other tribes in the Sahara, of which some still belong to the original African race, although the greater part in this particular region are Arabs. On the other hand, there are large numbers of the aborigines in the plain of Sous, and the neighbourhood of Taroudant, where they lead the life of herdsmen, and are not, like the inhabitants of the Riff and of the valleys of the Atlas peaks, cultivators of the soil. Taking the whole of the empire of Morocco, the latest calculations make the Arab population to consist of no more than three millions, out of a total of nearly eight, the remainder consisting (with the exception of a sprinkling of Jews) of a people who mainly inhabited the same localities, spoke as their mother tongue the same language, and practised the same modes of life when Carthage was founded.

An outline of the events which have affected the fortunes of Northern Africa since the days when it was full of Christian Churches, will perhaps be acceptable to the reader. We will make the attempt to furnish him with one, only premising that, except for a few determinate points, the historical materials are very scanty, and sometimes wanting for centuries together. St. Augustine gives us a lively and detailed picture of his own times, and Procopius a contemporaneous sketch of a century later; but after him there occurs a gap of nearly 300 years, before the Arabian writers come in with the new order of things, and carry us down into the region of modern history.

In the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era, Africa, so far as the Romans were concerned with it, was divided into six provinces, one of which, Mauritania Tingitana, was, as we have observed above, altogether insulated from the rest, and civilly connected with Spain. Of the others, taking them in order from west to east, the first was Mauritania Cæsariensis, so called from its principal town and port, Julia Cæsarea (the modern Cherchell). It extended along the coast from the mouth of the Mulouga to the valley of the Wadi Sahel, at the mouth of which formerly stood Salda, a Roman colony of great importance from its port. Salda however itself belonged to the next division, Mauritania Sitifensis, of which Sitifis, the modern Sétif, a town high up in the mountains, was the capital. This was a military colony; Mars was the patron deity of the settlement; and it appears from inscriptions found there, that a considerable portion of the population consisted of aborigines. The coast-limit of Mauritania Sitifensis was the mouth of the river Ampsaga, the Wadi el Kebir, which runs through the town of Constantine in a ravine of many hundred feet in depth, although in some parts only five or six yards across. Constantine itself (or Cirta, as it was generally called, even after its restoration by the first Christian emperor) was the capital of the next division, Numidia, which extended eastward as nearly as possible to the present boundary between the French possessions and the beylik of Tunis. Next to Numidia came the Proconsular province, to which the name of Africa was properly restricted, and after that, Byza-

cium. These two, although by far the smallest in area, were the most important as regards their produce. The former was nearly identical in extent with the rich valley of the Bagradas, the modern Majerda; the latter with the eastern slope of the mass of hills which runs out into the Dakhil Bashir —the promontory which bounds the Bay of Tunis to the east. The remaining division of Africa, Tripolis, was, at the time of which we are now speaking, sadly fallen from its former wealth.

The division just described was altogether the reverse of an arbitrary one. It is determined by the natural features of the country. The proconsular province with Byzacium correspond to the territory of Carthage in the palmy days of that city. This was very generally cultivated like a garden, being extremely well supplied with water—the first essential of fertility in Northern Africa. An inscription found at Tysdrus shows that water was in that city even laid on to private houses; and the astonishment of Regulus's soldiers at the sumptuous mansions and gardens of the Carthaginian merchants all along the line of the army's march, —a state of things which could not exist without artificial irrigation,—was such as might be excited in the breasts of a regiment of Zouaves quartered in the villas of Roehampton. From Carthage, subsequently to the time of Hadrian, the fleets which supplied Rome with corn used to set sail; and the greater part of this necessary supply was grown in the proconsular province and that of Byzacium. Numidia, although less fertile than these, had been likewise rendered by Massinissa a corn-growing country; and it, too, had its natural outlet at Hippo Regius (the modern Bona). So had Mauritania Sitifensis at Salda (the modern Boujie). Julia Cæsarea (Cherchell) is not an obvious outlet for the produce of the province named after it, but it was extremely important to the Romans as a military position.

But although the Roman dominion extended over so much of Africa as is comprised in the French province of Algeria, and the beylik of Tunis; and although extensive Roman remains exist to this day in many parts of this area, it would be a mistake to suppose either any great displacement of the native population, or that Christianity was the predominating religion of the country. This idea has come to be entertained mainly from the circumstance that the literary civilization of the country, at least subsequently to the times of Jugurtha, was exclusively Roman; so that all we directly learn of Africa is from Latin writers, who looked at everything from a Roman point of view, and exclusively with a regard to Roman interests. But how very inadequate an idea would be formed by our descendants of the native races of the Indian peninsula, if all they had to guide them was an account of the conquest of the country by the English, together with a collection of the reports of the Missionary Societies? Yet this is, in effect, very much the kind of materials from which we have all obtained our ideas of Roman Africa. Every English scholar who visits the country goes there with anticipations of what he is to find formed from the study of the ecclesiastical writers, and it is some time before he becomes fully aware how much allowance has to be made for their peculiar position. Even the learned and acute Dean Milman says that, "on the "whole, Christianity might seem more "completely the religion of the people "in Africa than in any other part of the "Roman empire." He is mainly induced to this judgment by the large number of bishops who were collected in the conference at Carthage, on the occasion of the Donatist disputes. But the bishoprics of the African Church corresponded more to modern incumbencies than anything else; and both the orthodox and the schismatical party, at the conference, reproached each other with appointing bishops in insignificant places, "in vills and hamlets," with the object of increasing the majority in favour of their own views. The whole number of sees mentioned by name, amounts to 133 in the Proconsular Pro-

vince, 135 in that of Byzacium, 152 in Numidia, 133 in Mauritania Cæsariensis, including a few from Mauritania Tingitana, and 46 in Mauritania Sitifensis. Besides these, there are seventy-eight of which it is doubtful to which province they should be assigned, and five from the province of Tripolis. Many of them were demonstrably mere villages, and some of them show by their name that they owed their existence to a military outpost. Wherever their site can be identified they are found to lie upon the great routes of communication, and the several ecclesiastical provinces to be coincident with the commercial circuits. If, now, these be followed up under the guidance of the Antonine and Theodosian Itineraries, a curious phenomenon presents itself. A series of stations, each of which appears from the lists of the ecclesiastical writers to be a bishop's see, is every now and then broken by a succession of names of places where there was no Christian Church; and in all these cases it is found that the latter lie in a country which, at the present day, is filled with the aboriginal population, and from its inaccessible character is likely at all times to have furnished them with a safe retreat. Thus, for instance, from Cartenna (the modern Tenez) every station along the coast, eastwards, was a bishop's see as far as Boujie. But between that place and Cullu (the modern Collo) there was none, the route passing through a mountainous region inhabited by Kabyles, as the Berbers of the coast are called. A similar break, and under precisely the same circumstances, is found between Philippeville (the ancient Rusicada) and Bona. Each of these was a bishop's see, the latter that of St. Augustine himself; but the interval between the two is now occupied by Kabyles, and was so in the time of the bishop of Hippo, as he himself informs us. It likewise appears from some passages in his writings, that while his own congregation were ignorant of the language of the natives, these could not comprehend the Latin of the bishop; and that he was, on occasions when his duties brought him into contact with them, obliged to make use of an interpreter. Altogether, the circumstances of the case were not very dissimilar from those of the present time under the French occupation, except that the natives were more reconciled to their rulers, and these had acquired their footing before the country had been desolated by centuries of anarchy. A strong military force was habitually maintained in important positions, such as Theveste, commanding the valley of the Bagradas, Lambesis (where the French Penitentiary has been erected), Cirta, Setifis, and Julia Cæsarea. Arrangements were entered into with the native chiefs, who in some instances are found to have accepted Roman dignities—just as in the present day they have the decoration of the Legion of Honour from the French—and even to have adopted Roman names; and by their agency the country was governed with tolerable advantage to Rome, although not without occasional revolts on the part of individual tribes against the imperial authority. The traffic between the interior and the coast followed certain definite tracks, sometimes passing through districts where the native tribes received the commodities, became responsible for their safe transit, and finally delivered them up into the hands of the consignees. The conduct of the native commerce, of course, necessitated the settlement of Roman traders in many places,—although several of these, by their name, show that they are of native origin; and of such merchants, of the government officials, and the agents of wealthy Romans who possessed large landed property in the country, the non-military Latin population appears to have been made up. The rude aborigines, living in the condition of serfs in the plains and of small agriculturists in the mountains, and speaking a language which was without a literature, and unrecognised either by the army, the law courts, or the Church, could not appear to the civilized Roman as anything better than a mere mass of men, destined for no other purpose than

that of producing the fruits of the earth, and swelling the number of races which obeyed the sway of the rulers of the world. That even of the Latin population of the towns the Christians formed a very small part, appears to follow from the vast proportion of Pagan tumulary stones, compared with those upon which any Christian symbols appear. As far as Algeria is concerned, it may be doubted whether, out of the great numbers which have come to light in all parts of the country to which the French have had access, more than four or five per cent. can by any possibility be regarded as Christian. And even this small fraction must not be taken as representing the proportion of Christians to the whole population, but only to that portion of it which spoke Latin.

But immediately after the persecution of Diocletian, conversions became very much more frequent, and in the time of Augustine the cause of Christianity received what appeared to be a great impulse in the strong support of the Roman officials. Augustine himself was by far the ablest man of his time, and his influence in high quarters procured the adoption of his views by most of the great functionaries in Africa. The perusal of his writings leaves the impression that he despaired of sustaining social order by any other machinery than that of a Christian Theocracy. There was, indeed, much to favour this view, irrespectively of the common delusion shared by him that the end of the world was approaching. The general turpitude of the magistrates stood in glaring contrast to the character of the clergy, to whom the people continually appealed as arbitrators in civil cases. Paganism was obviously falling to pieces. The votaries of Jupiter and Juno, of Vesta and Venus, became fewer and less zealous. Many of them were drawn away at this time to the worship of certain native deities; others, probably the great majority, became indifferent to any religious creed whatever. The domains attached to the Pagan temples were alienated with the connivance of the magistrate, whose religious zeal in some cases, or whose avarice in others, led him to regard the transaction with complacency. One obstacle alone seemed to stand in the way of the consummation to which all things were hastening,—the schism of the Donatists.

This community, which owed its origin to the indignation inspired by the supposed unworthy conduct of a Catholic bishop at the time of the persecution of Diocletian, had, during the first century of its existence, come to assume an attitude of irreconcileable hostility to the Church. The succumbing to the dread of persecution,—the crime imputed, although, as afterwards appeared, without sufficient evidence, to the bishop in question,—had inspired so much horror at the time, that the mere suffering of persecution, irrespectively of the cause, became in the common estimation of the party the true test of godliness. Wild in their fanaticism, the Donatists repudiated all connexion with the members of the Church which did not share their fury. They rejected their sacraments and disowned their orders, rebaptizing all converts to their own opinion, and, wherever they obtained possession of a Catholic church, purifying the altar as if it had been polluted, before using it for the celebration of the Holy Communion. They had appealed to the Italian bishops, and over and over again to the Emperor Constantine; and in every instance had received an adverse decision. But this ill-fortune only served to aggravate their hostility towards their adversaries, who, nevertheless, long bore with them, and abstained from any attempt to use force in return for the acts of violence and outrage to which the members of the Church—especially the clergy and the converts from Donatism—were habitually subjected. Augustine distinguished himself for a long time by a spirit of conciliation and tolerance worthy of the most enlightened times. But unhappily he, too, at last gave in to the narrow-minded policy of his brother bishops. Beginning with invoking the influence of wealthy members of the orthodox party over their Donatist serfs, he ultimately appears as

the formal defender of the cruel penal laws of Theodosius. No doubt the practice of toleration towards such insane zealots as the Donatists was not an easy virtue, any more than it is at this day towards Irish ultramontanists. So ardent was their thirst for any sort of martyrdom, that before the promulgation of the penal laws of the Emperors, they sought it by wilfully intruding in crowds into the pagan temples during the celebration of a festival, not (says Augustine naively) in order to break the idols to pieces, but to be destroyed themselves by the idol-worshippers. They would attack the Roman judicial functionaries in their circuits as brigands, in order to bring capital punishment upon their own heads on the spot. Self-murder was habitual with them, the most favourite forms being self-cremation or leaping from a precipice. Probably in these cases their desire was to make it appear that they had been driven to suicide in order to preserve themselves from the pollution of contact with the Catholics.

But the Donatist schism is chiefly interesting to us on the present occasion from its political bearings. Its history explains, what otherwise would be entirely inexplicable, the extraordinary success of the Vandal invasion, which, in its results, put an end for ever to civilization and Christianity in North Africa. The Donatist party had spread especially among the native population. Its tenets harmonised singularly with the fervid temperament of the African blood; and its voluntary martyrdoms were little more than a new version of the Moloch-sacrifices to which in times of excitement the Phœnician races eagerly resorted. It was the south of Numidia,—the mountain mass, that is, of the Aurès and the southern edge of the Atlas plateau,—that was the stronghold of the schism. Now this is the path which the Vandal invaders took. Crossing over from Spain to Tangier, they found a race identical with that inhabiting the regions just mentioned, and sympathising with it in hatred of the Roman rule, which now, since the penal legislation of Gratian and Theodosius, was identified with the cause of the much-hated Catholic Church. In the Berber language of the present day, the same word (*Iroumi*) is used to denote Roman and Christian; and the Vandal expedition was at once a revolt of aboriginal serfs against conquerors, a foray of rude mountaineers and herdsmen upon mercantile intruders, and a holy war between religious fanatics and what was regarded by them as an apostate communion. Except for the aid of the native population, it would have been perfectly impossible for the Vandals to have advanced as they did, as far as Hippo, without meeting a check. But it was easy enough for them in a friendly country to prepare to strike a blow in the enemy's vulnerable quarter. Debouching by way of Oujda into the Atlas plateau, they moved through the elevated plains by the same lines which Abd el Kader afterwards took, their host continually increasing by new accessions of strength, swept along the track, still thickly studded with the ruins of Roman cities, under the flanks of the Aurès, by Lambesis, Tamugadi, and Theveste (Tebessa), and found no adequate resistance till they reached Hippo. That city fell, Carthage soon followed, and the Roman dominion in Africa was ended for more than a century.

The recapture of Carthage by Belisarius, and the partial re-establishment of the power of the Byzantine emperors in Barbary, is familiar to everyone from the narrative of Gibbon. But it is not amiss to remark that the remains of antiquity which belong to the Byzantine period, indicate that most of the wealth and prosperity of the country had passed away in the interval. It was the policy of the Vandal conquerors to crush the commercial interest, which was identified with the supremacy of Rome. The walls of the flourishing cities were pulled down, those of Carthage (as the seat of government) being alone preserved. The ports on the coast no longer served as the havens for merchantmen, but as harbours for corsairs which pillaged the coasts of Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean. Many of the cities

were entirely dismantled, and the conduits which supplied them with water destroyed. The clumsy and partial restoration of some of these after the Byzantine reconquest contrasts with the effective arrangements which before existed, no less significantly than the architecture of the Byzantines does with the grand forms and solid masonry exhibited in the ruins belonging to the third and fourth centuries.

The principle upon which the Vandal dynasty governed the country was a feudal one as regards its own immediate followers—the successful soldiers who had shared in the invasion. The confiscated lands of Roman citizens, and probably also the domains of the towns, were parcelled out among them on a military tenure. The native chiefs readily transferred their allegiance to the new power, and received at the hands of Genseric and his successors the same insignia of investiture which they had been accustomed to seek from the emperor,—a silver rod, a head-dress of silver of peculiar shape (of which the turban is, perhaps, the modern representative), a white chlamys fastened with a gold buckle on the right shoulder, an embroidered burnous, and sandals inlaid with gold. The lower classes were encouraged in the practice of piracy, to which their adventurous spirit naturally inclined them, and which, as it was exercised against the commerce of their old Roman enemies, gratified their hatred while it filled their purses. Although the rapid success of Belisarius produced a sudden panic, and a momentary defection of aboriginal chiefs on a large scale took place, yet it is quite clear, from the general tenor of Procopius's narrative, that, on the whole, the "Moorish" population (by which he means the natives of the mountains and the interior) were strongly identified in feeling with the reigning Vandal dynasty; while, on the other hand, this latter was bitterly hated by the "Libyans," the relics of the mixed commercial population, surviving in the towns of the coast, who remained orthodox Christians, while Arianism generally prevailed among the others. This division it was which, in fact, ultimately determined the expedition under Belisarius, who set out on his voyage as upon a holy war, and was received with open arms by the "Libyans" when he reached Africa. But, brilliant as the success of the Byzantine general was, and excellently as it was followed up by the administration of his successor Solomon, the footing of the Roman imperial power in the country was never properly recovered. At the time of Justinian's death the whole of Mauritania, with the exception of Julia Cæsarea, remained in the power of the "Moors"; and though this town was itself Roman, it could only be approached by sea, the native tribes prohibiting all access to it by land. West of it, the Byzantines did not possess a foot of ground, and with the exception of Hippo and Carthage, no other port of any importance throughout the whole extent of the coast. A certain traffic continued to be carried on with the interior, for coins of Heraclius, and even of Constans II., are now found in the oases of the Zab; but this does not prove that the trade in which they were used was in the hands of Roman subjects. It may be fairly assumed that, at the time of the next great turning-point in African history, the whole of Barbary, as well as the skirts of the neighbouring desert, was overspread with a population mainly aboriginal, mixed in varying proportions with Vandals and other immigrant invaders, and with the descendants of fugitive slaves, to whom, for many generations, the inaccessible parts of the country must have constituted an asylum. Here and there still existed remnants of the early Greek, the Roman, and the more recent Byzantine commercial traders; but the bulk of the inhabitants were of the primitive race which the first adventurers from Hellas found upon the shores at which they touched. That they were partially Christianized is certain; but, from the reasons assigned above, it seems likely that their faith was much more generally inherited from Donatists or Vandal Arians, than

from the orthodox Churches. And they were most undoubtedly cut off from that habitual participation in the civilization of Europe which was enjoyed in the times before the Vandal conquest.

It was under these circumstances that the Arabian invasion of Africa took place in the middle of the seventh century of the Christian era, three years after the capture of Egypt by Amrou. The details of it are in the highest degree uncertain, for they rest upon authorities of which none are less than 400 years later, and which there are next to no means of checking. The slightest possible sketch, therefore, of the alleged train of events, will be sufficient to bridge over for the reader the chasm between the ancient and the modern times. It seems evident that the first inroads, which extended only to Tripoli and the eastern part of the beylik of Tunis, were more of the nature of forays than a regular invasion. The Roman towns still existing readily submitted to the brigand invaders, and bought an exemption from pillage at their hands. But in the fifty-fifth year of the Hedjra, Okba, the governor of Egypt, formed the plan of a settlement with a view to permanent occupation of the country. He determined to build a city which should be the future capital of Africa. Where Kairwan afterwards arose, there was at that time a forest, full of the most venomous reptiles and savage wild beasts. But Okba, like St. Patrick, exorcised these occupants of the site on which he had fixed, and, invoked in the name of the prophet, they withdrew at once far away into the desert, and left the new-comers to take possession. Like the thaumaturgic legends of the early Christian missionaries, this story probably indicates the commencement of a regular system of conversion attending on conquest; and, in fact, from this time forward the progress of Islam begins to be noted. Okba pressed on, taking the edge of the Atlas plateau —just as the Vandals had done when coming in the opposite direction,—into the empire of Morocco, and actually reached the coast of the Atlantic, both on the borders of the desert and at Tangier and Ceuta. But this expedition appears to have been intended as a *reconnaissance* only. On his way out, Lambesis (which was therefore still standing) refused to open its gates to him, and he was in too great haste to besiege it. The Christians (both *Romans* and Berbers) of the vicinity took refuge in the mountains of the Aurès; and on Okba's return from the West, he was attacked by a Berber chief, named Ksila, defeated and slain. Ksila followed up his success by taking Kairwan; but was soon after himself defeated by a fresh army, and the Berber insurrection put down.

A new attempt was made to resist the invader in the sêventy-fourth year of the Hedjra, by Kahina, a sort of African Boadicea, and, like Ksila, a chieftain of the Aurès. This heroine deserves mention on two accounts. She totally defeated Hassan, the Arabian general, who had destroyed Carthage; and she initiated a bold policy which, if it had been fully carried out, might possibly have altered the fortunes of North Africa. It was to destroy the yet remaining cities, and the cultivation in their neighbourhood, and thus deprive the invader both of the booty which attracted him, and of the resources which enabled him to form a permanent settlement. The policy proposed by Kahina was precisely the same as that adopted by Abd el Kader in the latter part of his struggle with the French, although in a different part of the country. Both schemes failed, as was not unlikely from the sacrifices which were demanded. The inhabitants of the cities of the Aurès preferred to join the invader against their exacting ally, just as many of the tribes in the vicinity of Oran submitted to the French, rather than obey the stern commands of the Emir to withdraw into the desert. Kahina was defeated and slain, and a colony of 20,000 Berbers, converted to the faith of Islam, transported to the territory of Morocco. The Arabian conquest now progressed steadily. The date country of Tafilat and the plain of Sous were occupied.

The conquerors pushed on to the north by the coast of the Atlantic and took Tangier, passed over into Spain, and even crossed the Pyrenees, and advanced as far as Carcasson in the south of France. At the expiration of the first century of the Hedjra, North Africa was completely subdued; far the greater part of the native population had embraced the Mahometan religion, and the rest were under tribute more or less severe.

But half a century later than this apparent triumph a reaction began. The native race gradually recovered their power, mainly owing to the dissensions of the conquerors. Identity of religion had favoured a mixture of blood, while the reverence paid to the prophet procured from all the recognition of his personal descendants, as possessing a paramount claim to their obedience. About the beginning of the 10th century,—in accordance, as it was said, with a prophecy that after 300 years from the rise of Islam the sun should rise in the west,—the whole of North Africa was united under one command, and all the high posts of government held by Berbers, although the supreme power was in the hands of an Arab, Obeid Allah, with the title of Commander of the Faithful. Fifty years afterwards a Berber force, sent by a successor of this individual, under the command of a Greek in his service, succeeded in temporarily occupying Egypt and taking Cairo. Soon after this we find a Berber chief, Youssouf-ben-Ziri-ben-Menad, invested with authority over all Africa except Tripoli, although in the character of a vassal of the Caliph at Cairo; but his son became the founder of an independent kingdom, of which Boujie was the capital; and of a dynasty that lasted 150 years. Another branch of the same family established itself at Tunis; and a third regal house, also belonging to a Berber tribe, reigned at Fez.

This must be considered as the most flourishing era of the Berber race since the commencement of the historical times; and it seems not unlikely that the general conversion to the faith of Islam, by producing a greater cohesion between the several tribes, was the proximate cause of their comparative prosperity. To this time is possibly to be attributed the massive masonry of the old walls of Tlemsen, and of the Mansourah in the neighbourhood of that city, as well as similar remains in the neighbourhood of Mostaganem. But the race never seems to have attained a native literature, or any original excellence in art. Even in their palmiest days, the Berber civilization cannot have been above the standard of the Turks of the present time. They cultivated the soil admirably,—for it is to them, not to the nomad Arabs, that the irrigating system of Barbary and Spain is due,—they traded with the interior of Africa, and (if we may judge from exotic words in their language) also with the Italian republics of the middle ages, through their ports on the north coast, as their ancestors had done with the Greeks before the time of Solon. But if religion had furnished them with a bond of union, fanaticism soon burst it asunder. The old Christian feud between Catholics and Donatists was paralleled by the Mahometan one between Sunnites and Shiites, and with similar disastrous effects. At Fez the population (belonging to the tribe of Zenata) were Shiites; at Boujie they were Sunnites. At Tunis both parties existed, but the Sunnites predominated, and in the year 1017, a St. Bartholomew massacre was perpetrated there, and the rival sect almost annihilated.

The Emir of Tunis a few years afterwards followed up this step by renouncing his allegiance to the Shiite caliph of Egypt. And now followed the last great change in the condition of Northern Africa. The Egyptian caliph, stung both by the personal insult and by indignation at the oppression of his co-religionists, induced the Arab tribes, then established in the deserts of Upper Egypt, to invade the countries of the West, encouraging them to the enterprize by the formal cession of the province of Barca, and by a bounty of a dinar a-head to all who should take part in the invasion.

A flood of savage barbarians responded to the appeal, while at the same time a Berber tribe of Sunnites burst into Morocco from the south-west, and Roger, King of Sicily, assisted by the Arabs, ravaged the northern coast of Barbary. It is unnecessary to trace in detail the advance of the invaders. By the middle of the twelfth century the whole of the province of Constantine between Collo and the capital, was in their possession, and wherever they went, they carried fire and sword before them. In this work of destruction they were assisted by some of the Berber tribes, who belonged to the Shiite sect. Other Arab hordes pushed on to the west, and established themselves in that part of Morocco called Dukkala. About the beginning of the thirteenth century, the native race began again to make head; but by this time religious dissensions had effectually precluded any permanent union, and although during the next 300 years individual tribes acquired from time to time predominant power like those of the Israelites, (during the period comprised in the Book of Judges), the character of the whole interval can only be described as one of absolute anarchy. Tunis, Fez, and Tlemsen, became temporarily centres of power, and the first at one time was considered the metropolis of Islam. The native race, as a whole, asserted its superiority to the Asiatic invaders, but the mutual jealousy of its chiefs induced them often to make common cause with the tribes of the latter against some hated rival. The Arabs did not fail to take advantage of this disunion, and during the fifteenth and first half of the sixteenth century, their revolts against the chiefs of the native race became more constant and more successful. At last, in the year 1535, Tunis was taken by Charles V. of Spain, with their assistance, and 70,000 of its inhabitants put to the sword; the Arabs, in their cruelty to their co-religionists, throwing into the shade the fury of the Christian victors. The capture of Tunis was the finishing stroke to all native power, and since that period the Turks in Algiers, and the Sheriffs in Morocco, have been the only representatives of regular government in Barbary.

The senseless proceedings of the present Spanish Government seem almost to have been adopted for the express purpose of organizing into something like compactness the chaotic elements of this turbulent population. The only point which all the tribes, Arab or Berber, have in common, is a fanatical regard for their religion; and this is exactly the principle to which the invaders have forced them to appeal. Berbers or Arabs, Sunnites or Shiites, all are willing to join in the issue which has been so gratuitously raised; and it is not impossible that if the new Emperor of Morocco be a man of genius, he may convert the temporary union resulting from the present exigency into a permanent bond. That the Spaniards will succeed in producing any impression upon Morocco by operations directed from the northern coast, is extremely improbable; and an attack in any other quarter will require far greater preparation than has yet been made. If the war should assume such proportions as to become decisive of the fate of the empire in either one way or the other, a fresh European complication is not unlikely to result. England would certainly not be content to see Spain powerful on both sides of the Straits; while, on the other hand, any great success on the part of the Moors would not fail to light up the flames of rebellion throughout Algeria, and thus bring France into the arena. Whichever way the eye turns, the political horizon at the present time looks overclouded and menacing, and confirms the wisdom of the resolution which the people of England have taken to put their own shores into a condition to brave the worst contingency.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1860.

LORD MACAULAY.

BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

THE suggestion that Lord Macaulay should be buried in Westminster Abbey, from whomsoever it proceeded, was at once hailed as a right and reasonable one by the English public. The national cemetery is to preserve the remains of those who have done any considerable work for the nation, who in any period have acted upon its mind, or represented its mind. The Dean and Chapter do not constitute a tribunal for judging what the form or quality of their influence has been, whether it has originated with them or has belonged to their circumstances, whether it is to last for all time or is limited to a particular time. They are not to pronounce on the right of this or that person to canonization, or to hear what an *Advocatus Diaboli* has to allege against him. They are merely to register facts which cannot be gainsayed. I say this, distinctly remembering that the Abbey is not a mausoleum, but a Christian church. Because it is that, it should contain a record of the men upon whom God has bestowed any remarkable gifts for the use of their generation; it should refer the powers with which men are endowed to their right source. It cannot bear any better witness against the misuse of them than this.

No doubt the functionaries of the Cathedral may have been thankful that in this instance no possible pretext could have been found for remonstrating against the honour, and that the reasons for bestowing it were so undeniable. Since no one charge has ever been brought against the personal or the political life of Lord Macaulay; since a circle of distinguished and irreproachable men called him friend; since, with strong Whig convictions, he was singularly free from asperity or unfairness towards men of the opposite school, and in his very latest Essay did signal justice to the memory of its favourite hero; since his accomplishments were most various, his memory vast, his scholarship real; since he did not betake himself to literature because he had failed as an orator or a statesman, but that he might make the powers which he had proved himself to possess in both capacities more generally and permanently useful; it would be difficult to conceive any one whose right to rest among the distinguished Englishmen of other days could be less easily or less fairly questioned.

I have said that this dignity ought to be conceded without any previous attempt to weigh the merits of a great man against his defects, the benefits which he may have conferred upon his country against any possible mischiefs which may have accompanied those benefits. It is equally obvious that it cannot preclude such an inquiry, or be assumed as in any degree prejudging the result of it. Nevertheless, it seems to me that we are taking the wisest as well

as the most graceful course if we resolve to give an account to ourselves of the good which we fancy we have gained from any man whom his contemporaries have delighted to honour before we make conjectures about the evil. Our credits and debts may be balanced hereafter. It is surely better and safer to be grateful before we complain, if it was only because the complaints themselves, supposing it is necessary to make any, become more intelligible by the contrast.

I cannot read Lord Macaulay's SPEECHES without feeling that they are more than mere brilliant compositions, such as every one will at once allow them to be. They are, I conceive, documents of very great value for that important portion of English history which is included between the latter years of George IV.'s reign, and the commencement of the reign of Queen Victoria. What questions were occupying people then, how they were viewed by those who were most in sympathy with the feelings and movements of the time, we learn from these speeches more than from any of those that were delivered by older men of his own side or of the other side, by the more advanced Liberals amongst his contemporaries, by those whom the House of Commons might regard as more accomplished debaters, by those who may be hereafter thought of as possessing a more philosophical insight or foresight. He appears to have had just that combination of knowledge of the past and sympathy with the present which enabled him to exhibit the middle-class movement in its most agreeable, historical, reasonable form, to bring the old aristocratical Whiggism into conformity with it, to hold it forth as the great protection against the perils which might be threatening from any other quarter. I do not say what M. Guizot and others may have been doing at the same time in France for this end and in this direction. But in England, I apprehend, no one will be found who has made and will make that particular form of thought and feeling which belongs to the crisis of the Reform Bill, so intelligible as Lord Macaulay—not only to persons who agree with his conclusions, but to those who, on one ground or other, dissent from them.

There was danger that a man taking up such a position would have cherished a merely cold balancing intellect, out of which no powerful eloquence can ever come. The passionate impulses which were urging men's minds during the Reform Bill agitation, might have saved any one who was still young from this peril. Lord Macaulay owed his deliverance from it, I think, also, to another cause, which ought never to be forgotten in estimating his influence upon his time. It is a great thing for a man to inherit a cause, to be quickened by the traditions of his infancy when he is likely to be cooled by the society into which he falls in his manhood. Lord Macaulay's first public appearance was at an anti-slavery meeting. It is impossible not to trace the effect of his early convictions upon that subject in all his after parliamentary discourses, though they might have no direct reference to Negroes. They gave that moral purpose to what would otherwise have been merely skilful intellectual efforts, which alone invests such efforts with any real power, which makes the contemplation of them even endurable when the temporary excitement which provoked them has passed away. The Whig politicians may have boasted that they had brought over a man from the ranks of the Saints to serve in their own ranks. They did not know how much more effectually he fought for them from the training he had received in the other camp.

Lord Macaulay began with a speech on slavery. One of his latest speeches, and the one which for the mere winning of votes is perhaps unparalleled in parliamentary history, was made in defending the privilege of the Master of the Rolls to sit in the House of Commons. The descent from a cause in which three Continents are interested to one which can have little more than an antiquarian interest for any one but the able judge whose seat was under discussion, is

significant, I conceive, of several things. The ability of Lord Macaulay was greater in the last period of his House of Commons' displays than in the first. His faculties were matured, the circle of his knowledge was wider. But the latter period had ceased to be *his* period as a statesman. All those questions which were raised by the year 1848, questions affecting the most practical details of existence, questions reaching into the very depths of social and personal life, were not his questions. The plummets which had been sufficient for the "three Days" and the Reform Bill, evidently failed in this new emergency. It ought to be received as another proof of Lord Macaulay's wisdom, that he understood clearly that he ought not to venture upon these, that he should be using his talent to far better purpose if he discoursed about the seat of the Master of the Rolls. Such sound judgment is itself a sign of his completeness within his own sphere. May not those young statesmen who must grapple with the subjects with which he felt that he was not intended to grapple, profit by his silence even more than they could by his speech? Will they not understand that something more is required from them than was possible even for the ablest of their predecessors? Will they think that they can be to the next time even as much as he has been to this, if they merely give themselves to cold speculations on the one hand, or to the most painful and praiseworthy diligence in details on the other? Do they not want more study of principles, more enthusiasm than were in him, that they may not be crushed under the weight both of speculations and details, that they may become neither metaphysicians nor plodders, but serious, warm-hearted, hopeful men?

The compositions of Lord Macaulay to which I have alluded, would never recall that illustrious Whig of the eighteenth century beside whose monument his remains are laid. His Essays make us think of Addison, though at first they rather suggest the amazing difference between the two men and the two periods. The *Spectator* and the *Edinburgh Review*—what two works in the same language were ever so utterly unlike? Nor is the contrast only between the founders of that celebrated journal or its Scotch contributors, who introduced such a new and dashing style of writing, and the most quiet, graceful, idiomatic of all Englishmen. It was scarcely less strong between him and the vigorous young man who revived an interest in the work when it was falling into decrepitude. Much as Lord Macaulay admired Addison, he had far too good sense to attempt an imitation of the forms of his thought, when he knew that in spirit they were so widely apart, and belonged to such dissimilar times. Nevertheless, there is a sense in which Lord Macaulay was influenced by his predecessor, and influenced, I conceive, most beneficially. The *Edinburgh Review* had established the *We* ascendancy more completely than it had ever been established before. The great talent and vivacity of the writers, of Lord Jeffrey and Sydney Smith especially, caused them to be recognised by degrees as individual men. As they became better known in other spheres of work, the veil grew every day more transparent. Still it *was* a veil. And the use of the *We* was more and more regarded as exceedingly clever, connected with a set of cant phrases which were appropriate to Reviews, and which young writers were eager to adopt. Ever and anon ridiculous contradictions mingled with this affectation. When the roar of the lion very much affrighted the ladies, Bottom the Weaver and Snug the Joiner had to announce that they were not lions at all, and meant no harm. Still there were too many reasons which made the disguise both agreeable and convenient for private and party uses, not to ensure its continuance. Many who had no such motives for concealment really shrank from what seemed to them the impertinence of the *I*, though they had often cause to confess afterwards that they had been guilty of impertinences under the cover of the *We*, which made

them profoundly ashamed when they were roused to a sense of their personal responsibility.

Lord Macaulay did very much to overthrow *Wedom.* From the moment that he began to write in the *Edinburgh Review*, he was recognised as a distinct person. No one set the least store by his plural. As long as he was half a boy, he had an evident pleasure in using it. When he became a man, and contrasted such language with that of the great writers of England, he must have perceived how far more genuine the *I* of the *Spectator* was. His articles might be published before or after those of Lord Jeffrey, of Sydney Smith, of Sir James Stephen. The appearance of all with the names of the authors was an indication of the same feeling, a confession of the same fact. The anonymous covering had worn itself out; the Review phraseology, being always artificial, had now become powerless. In many quarters it would still be prized; in some it might be still even desirable. But it was the figment of another time, which, if it was ever serviceable for good ends, had nearly done its work. These writers did not say that it should be dispensed with in the *newspaper.* They were, I conceive, witnesses that for the *Review* or the *Magazine* it is practically obsolete.

I believe I am doing no injustice to Lord Macaulay's Essays in fixing upon the general absence of reviewing cant as one of their best characteristics. Their positive merits are closely connected with that negative one. The writer is not one of a *clique* which holds itself bound to denounce all writers who transgress certain conventional canons of taste. If he succumbs to some of the traditional hates of the Review, he rebels against others. Southey's transgressions in his earliest and latest phases of opinion against the Whig standard of orthodoxy could not be forgiven; but Lord Macaulay has courage to avow himself almost a Wordsworthian: evidently regarding Jeffrey's balls as spent and harmless. I do not say that he belongs to another school of criticism from the Review; but I cannot help thinking he has prepared the way for another. Evidently there is no stopping where he stopped. Criticism must become an altogether different thing from that which it has been under the *We* sceptre, if that sceptre is broken. It is not the substitution of the singular number for the plural, of Christian name and surname for anonymous authority, which will make us just to our contemporaries or to the times gone by. Lord Macaulay had the merit that he dealt with the one and the other much in the same way. He was not at all harder upon Bentham than he was upon Bacon. But he did bring the habits of the Reviewer to bear upon both. In the presence of both he was the judge, not the learner. We ought not to copy him. We ought to learn from *him* all we can; not to set ourselves up to judge and condemn him. Then we shall find that there are a great many things which he does not teach us at all, and some which he would hinder us from learning. In general we shall be thankful to him for the persons he has taught us to respect and appreciate; not at all thankful to him where he has taught us to disparage and to dislike. For just so far as he has done this, he has helped to deprive us of our standard; so that if he praises any persons more than they deserve, or for qualities which do not deserve praise, we are unable to correct him; our judgment has become the mere tool of his.

Every one would consider it a fall to speak of the *Cato* after the *Spectator:* it is scarcely less a fall to speak of Lord Macaulay's BALLADS after his Essays. Still one cannot help admiring the judiciousness which chose that kind of poetry wherein an orator was capable of making an impression, avoiding all forms of poetry that demand the faculty divine in its higher sense. If he could not reach Addison's excellence in prose, he could escape his great error in attempting a drama or an epic. He had, no doubt, his age, and the severer demands which it makes upon those

who wander into these regions, in part to thank for this abstinence. But it is not every man with ambition and strong consciousness of power who finds out what he is capable of, even if his contemporaries have ever such severe rules and enforce them ever so strictly. Whether it was right or not to connect the romantic forms with the legends of ancient Rome, we must all, I should think, be glad to possess those rattling and spirited songs. They have contributed to the enjoyment of young readers, and they appear to show that there was a youthful heart in the writer.

And now, finally, about the HISTORY. What has that done for us? what may it do? We may ask this question in a vague sort of way, understanding by the word "us" all people except ourselves; trying to speculate upon the influence which the book may have exerted or may exert hereafter on that which we call *the public*. I do not take the words in that sense. I find in myself a great pleasure in reading this history; I suppose it is a pleasure of the same kind with that which other readers experience, and which has caused so many thousand copies of it to be circulated. If I give account to myself as well as I can of this satisfaction, I may also discover the secret of the *dissatisfaction* which I am conscious of, and which I suspect is as little peculiar, and may interpret some of the grumblings which our countrymen mingle with this, as they are wont to do with their other, feasts. I cannot attribute my agreeable sensations when I am looking over Lord Macaulay's narrative, merely to the vivacity of the style. Hume's is as transparent a medium for transmitting thoughts to the mind, and yet I suffer a certain annoyance when I read a chapter of Hume, which is wholly absent in the other case. It costs me an effort to do justice to the ability of Hume, great and evident as that is, whereas the homage to Lord Macaulay is altogether natural and spontaneous. I conclude, therefore, that I am more *en rapport* on some ground or other with the historian of the nineteenth than with him of the eighteenth century. Nor is it hard to discover why. Macaulay accepts much of what we have been slowly learning in the period since Hume's day. Those whom the sceptic thought merely ridiculous, are owned by his successor as men of real power and worth. Bunyan from a fanatic becomes a man of genius. All who disgusted the serene indifference of the older time, are assumed as having done a great work for ours. It is just to this point that we have most of us come by different routes; and the historian who goes along with us, if he has not a fourth of Lord Macaulay's talent, is inevitably a favourite. He would not, however, be a favourite long, if he merely affected this state of feeling out of deference to a general opinion. In Macaulay it was not the least affected or assumed. That advantage of education to which I have alluded in speaking of his political career, is even a more striking element in his success as an historian. He brought feelings with him which no man merely formed in a Whig school could have possessed. They were no doubt tempered by the atmosphere of that school, stript of all disreputable vehemence, turned into a graceful and not too condescending patronage of the uncourtly men whom we are bidden to admire. But all the homage which is withdrawn from them is in fact paid to us. We feel how very good we are for liking these good people, whose weaknesses we nevertheless see through and are free from. The historian does not mean to flatter us, but he does flatter us in the most delicate fashion. We are all sensible of it, and return his compliments in gratitude and respect.

This respect and gratitude dispose us to receive his portraits of those persons of whom we know less, or about whom we are more indifferent, with little questioning. It is always pleasant to surrender ourselves to an author when we feel we can do it safely. And into whose hands can we yield ourselves more safely than to one who evidently knows his subject so well; who speaks with such clearness and decision; who states the grounds of his judgments in a manner so intelligible to all of us; who appears to

examine every action by a strict moral rule, and yet by one which is not too high for us, which we can all recognise, which, in fact, is deduced for the most part from habits and practices wherewith respectable people in our century are in general conformity? What a sense of virtue and dignity it confers on us to feel that the statesmen, lawyers, divines, generals, of a former age are all brought to our bar, and that we can, through the mouth of a most learned and impartial judge, pronounce our sentence upon their shortcomings and misdoings!

I do not myself think that these reasons would be sufficient to explain the gratification which Macaulay affords us,—no, nor that all his great accomplishments would—if there had not been one character in his History which is set before us for our admiration, and not for our criticism. The reader of Lord Macaulay thanks him for his portrait of William III. on quite another ground from that on which he thanks him either for his Bunyan or his Marlborough. He feels that the historian looked up to *this* person as above himself, as possessing something of a gigantic and mysterious character. It is a real service to mankind, that the cold dry Dutchman of our boyish imagination should have acquired these new proportions and this richer colouring. If some dark features are kept hidden, if one evil deed is treated with the skill of a special-pleader rather than the fidelity of an earnest inquirer, one may easily forget such offences in consideration of the cordial attachment which the writer has conceived for his subject, and which in a measure he imparts to us. And this is an attachment which, though directed to the hero whom all Whigs would wish to extol, no mere Whig of Brookes's, not Charles James Fox, nor Lord John Russell, could possibly have felt. Lord Macaulay could perceive that the real sublimity of William's character lay in his predestinarian faith, in his acknowledgment of an eternal Will which was directing his purposes and movements. To them this faith would only have seemed one of the repulsive qualities of his mind, which ought to be overlooked because he had saved the British Constitution.

The importance of William's character to Macaulay's History, should make us deplore less, I conceive, the lost decades of that History. The book is more complete now than it could have been if it had been continued to the French Revolution. It derives a dramatic unity from the presence of the Prince of Orange, which it must have lost in the eighteenth century. Brilliant pictures there might have been in that century, such as we already have in the Essays, of particular men; but I do not see what could have connected those men together, or have given us the feeling that they were anything but actors, playing their parts and leaving the stage because others were waiting to fill it; what could have made us aware that the life of a Nation is a continuous life, and that there are permanent principles which bind the ages into one.

That Macaulay gives us so little help in realizing this sense of continuance, in discovering what that is which lasts on amidst all changes, is, I apprehend, the secret of the dissatisfaction which I said had been experienced by readers who were as ready as any to acknowledge how much pleasure he had afforded them. The Tudor times, as they present themselves to us in Mr. Froude's narrative, make us understand what the power of the Sovereign has been in English history; how in the exercise of that power the nation has recognised what is precious, divine, conservative of its liberties, helpful to reformation, more to be cared for than all sects and opinions. In the Stuart period, as Mr. Carlyle sets it forth, there rises up the vision of a kingdom of God which Independents, Quakers, Fifth Monarchy men are all seeking for, which Cromwell devotes all his spiritual energies and his great practical sagacity to substantiate. Each of these conceptions is assuredly imperfect. That which is strongest in the first seems weakest in the subsequent period. If Mr. Carlyle is right,

the highest object which it is possible for man to set before him, melted into thin air when Richard took the place of Oliver. We want some one to tell us what there is in common between these two apparently contradictory eras, and whether what Cromwell believed to be everlasting was dependent upon his not being stabbed. On such points as these Lord Macaulay tells us nothing. The facts upon which his contemporaries grounded their observations, were scarcely facts to him, or only such facts as could be accounted for in the simplest way and without any trouble. But if we ignore them or account for them in that way when we meet with them in the records of the past, what are we to do when they confront us in the experience of the present? These problems are not of yesterday but of to-day; they encounter us in every newspaper. Papal allocutions, imperial letters, all force them upon us. The solution must be sought, not that our theories may be more exact and complete, but that our practice may not be confused and monstrous.

My conclusion, then, is this. There was a remarkable harmony in the mind and purposes of Lord Macaulay. As statesman, critic, poet, historian, he exhibited the same character; he was working for the same ends. He could estimate with great sagacity, and state with exquisite clearness and force, what those changes in the government of the country are which the popular feeling demands and which cannot be denied. He could joyfully acknowledge the value of reforms which the toils and unpopularity of previous thinkers and doers had made inevitable. He could give us the most satisfactory arguments for believing that our time was better and happier than any that had preceded it. He could convince us to our great comfort, as no one else could, what sound standards for measuring events and characters we have attained. He could imitate in stirring and admirable verses those songs which had expressed the beliefs and feelings of a previous generation.

The tribute, then, that we, one and all, rendered to his abilities whilst he was amongst us, great as it may have been, was not marvellous. To after-times he will tell, better than all his contemporaries, what we thought of ourselves. We owed him all honours of sepulture, because so much is buried with him. He did all that he undertook to do perfectly. He has left no germs of thought to be developed hereafter. He defended no truths which were disputed in his own time, and which the experience of after-times may vindicate. His fields have been fought gallantly, his palms have been won. Let the young men of our day assure themselves that they cannot fight *those* fields or win *those* palms. If they try to copy him, they will copy badly, and they will dwarf their own souls in the effort. They must not affect contentment with all they see around them, for they feel discontent. They must not try to be complete, for their best strength lies in their aspirations after something which they have not reached. May God prevent their discontent from wasting itself in complaints of their time or of other men! May God give their aspirations an object that will satisfy them! Whatever Lord Macaulay may have done or may do for them, this, assuredly, he has not done and will not do.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER X.

SUMMER TERM.

How many spots in life are there which will bear comparison with the beginning of our second term at the University? So far as external circumstances are concerned, it seems hard to know what a man could find to ask for at that period of his life, if a fairy godmother were to alight in his rooms and offer him the usual three wishes. The sailor who had asked for "all the grog in the world," and "all the baccy in the world," was indeed driven to "a little more baccy" as his third requisition; but, at any rate, his two first requisitions were to some extent grounded on what he held to be substantial wants; he felt himself actually limited in the matters of grog and tobacco. The condition which Jack would have been in as a wisher, if he had been started on his quest with the assurance that his utmost desires in the direction of alcohol and narcotics were already provided for, and must be left out of the question, is the only one affording a pretty exact parallel to the case we are considering. In our second term we are no longer freshmen, and begin to feel ourselves at home, while both "smalls" and "greats" are sufficiently distant to be altogether ignored if we are that way inclined, or to be looked forward to with confidence that the game is in our own hands if we are reading men. Our financial position—unless we have exercised rare ingenuity in involving ourselves—is all that heart can desire; we have ample allowances paid in quarterly to the University bankers without thought or trouble of ours, and our credit is at its zenith. It is a part of our recognised duty to repay the hospitality we have received as freshmen; and all men will be sure to come to our first parties, to see how we do the thing; it will be our own faults if we do not keep them in future. We have not had time to injure our characters to any material extent with the authorities of our own college, or of the university. Our spirits are never likely to be higher, or our digestions better. These and many other comforts and advantages environ the fortunate youth returning to Oxford after his first vacation; thrice fortunate however, if, as happened in our hero's case, it is Easter term to which he is returning; for that Easter term, with the four days' vacation, and little Trinity term at the end of it, is surely the cream of the Oxford year. Then, even in this our stern northern climate, the sun is beginning to have power, the days have lengthened out, great-coats are unnecessary at morning chapel, and the miseries of numbed hands and shivering skins no longer accompany every pull on the river and canter on Bullingdon. In Christ Church meadows and the college gardens the birds are making sweet music in the tall elms: you may almost hear the thick grass growing, and the buds on tree and shrub are changing from brown, red, or purple, to emerald green under your eyes; the glorious old city is putting on her best looks and bursting out into laughter and song. In a few weeks the races begin, and Cowley marsh will be alive with white tents and joyous cricketers. A quick ear, on the towing-path by the Gut, may feast at one time on those three sweet sounds, the thud thud of the eight-oar, the crack of the rifles at the weirs, and the click of the bat on the Magdalen ground. And then Commemoration rises in the background with its clouds of fair visitors, and visions of excursions to Woodstock and Nuneham in the summer days—of windows open on to the old quadrangles in the long still evenings, through which silver laughter and

strains of sweet music, not made by man, steal out and puzzle the old celibate jackdaws peering down from the battlements with heads on one side. To crown all, long vacation, beginning with the run to Henley regatta, or up to town to see the match with Cambridge at Lord's, and taste some of the sweets of the season, before starting on some pleasant tour or reading party, or dropping back into the quiet pleasures of English country life! Surely, the lot of young Englishmen who frequent our universities is cast in pleasant places; the country has a right to expect something from those for whom she finds such a life as this in the years when enjoyment is keenest.

Tom was certainly alive to the advantages of the situation, and entered on his kingdom without any kind of scruple. He was very glad to find things so pleasant, and quite resolved to make the best he could of them. Then he was in a particularly good humour with himself; for, in deference to the advice of Hardy, he had actually fixed on the books which he should send in for his little-go examination before going down for the Easter vacation, and had read them through at home, devoting an hour or two almost daily to this laudable occupation. So he felt himself entitled to take things easily on his return. He had brought back with him two large hampers of good sound wine, a gift from his father, who had a horror of letting his son set before his friends the fire-water which is generally sold to the undergraduate. Tom found that his father's notions of the rate of consumption prevalent in the university were wild in the extreme. "In his time," the squire said, "eleven men came to his first wine party, and he had opened nineteen bottles of port for them. He was very glad to hear that the habits of the place had changed so much for the better; and as Tom wouldn't want nearly so much wine, he should have it out of an older bin." Accordingly the port which Tom employed the first hour after his return in stacking carefully away in his cellar had been more than twelve years in bottle, and he thought with unmixed satisfaction of the pleasing effect it would have on Jervis and Miller, and the one or two other men who knew good wine from bad, and guided public opinion on the subject, and of the social importance which he would soon attain to from the reputation of giving good wine.

The idea of entertaining, of being hospitable, is a pleasant and fascinating one to most young men; but the act soon gets to be a bore to all but a few curiously constituted individuals. With these hospitality becomes first a passion and then a faith—a faith the practice of which, in the cases of some of its professors, reminds one strongly of the hints on such subjects scattered about the New Testament. Most of us, I fear, feel, when our friends leave us, a certain sort of satisfaction, not unlike that of paying a bill; they have been done for, and can't expect anything more for a long time. Such thoughts never occur to your really hospitable man. Long years of narrow means cannot hinder him from keeping open house for whoever wants to come to him, and setting the best of everything before all comers. He has no notion of giving you anything but the best he can command, if it be only fresh porter from the nearest mews. He asks himself not, "Ought I to invite A or B? do I owe him anything?" but, "Would A or B like to come here?" Give me these men's houses for real enjoyment, though you never get anything very choice there,—(how can a man produce old wine who gives his oldest every day?)—seldom much elbow room or orderly arrangement. The high arts of gastronomy and scientific drinking, so much valued in our highly civilized community, are wholly unheeded by him, are altogether above him, are cultivated in fact by quite another set, who have very little of the genuine spirit of hospitality in them; from whose tables, should one by chance happen upon them, one rises certainly with a feeling of satisfaction and expansion, chiefly physical, so far as I can judge, but entirely with-

out that expansion of heart which one gets at the scramble of the hospitable man. So that we are driven to remark, even in such every-day matters as these, that it is the invisible, the spiritual, which after all gives value and reality even to dinners; and, with Solomon, to prefer to the most touching *diner Russe*, the dinner of herbs where love is, though I trust that neither we nor Solomon should object to well-dressed cutlets with our salad, if they happened to be going.

Readers will scarcely need to be told that one of the first things Tom did, after depositing his luggage and unpacking his wine, was to call at Hardy's rooms, where he found his friend deep as usual in his books, the hard-worked atlases and dictionaries of all sorts taking up more space than ever. After the first hearty greetings, Tom occupied his old place with much satisfaction.

"How long have you been up, old fellow?" he began; "you look quite settled."

"I only went home for a week. Well, what have you been doing in the vacation?"

"Oh, there was nothing much going on; so, amongst other things, I've floored my little-go work."

"Bravo! you'll find the comfort of it now. I hardly thought you would take to the grind so easily."

"It's pleasant enough for a spurt," said Tom; "but I shall never manage a horrid perpetual grind like yours. But what in the world have you been doing to your walls?"

Tom might well ask, for the corners of Hardy's room were covered with sheets of paper of different sizes, pasted against the wall in groups. In the line of sight from about the height of four to six feet, there was scarcely an inch of the original paper visible, and round each centre group there were outlying patches and streamers, stretching towards floor or ceiling, or away nearly to the bookcases or fireplace.

"Well, don't you think it a great improvement on the old paper?" said Hardy. "I shall be out of rooms next term, and it will be a hint to the College that the rooms want papering. You're no judge of such matters, or I should ask you whether you don't see great artistic taste in the arrangement."

"Why, they're nothing but maps, and lists of names and dates," said Tom, who had got up to examine the decorations. "And what in the world are all these queer pins for?" he went on, pulling a strong pin with a large red sealing-wax head out of the map nearest to him.

"Hallo! take care there; what are you about?" shouted Hardy, getting up and hastening to the corner. "Why, you irreverent beggar, those pins are the famous statesmen and warriors of Greece and Rome."

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I didn't know I was in such august company;" saying which, Tom proceeded to stick the red-headed pin back into the wall.

"Now, just look at that," said Hardy, taking the pin out from the place where Tom had stuck it. "Pretty doings there would be amongst them with your management. This pin is Brasidas; you've taken him away from Naupactus, where he was watching the eleven Athenian galleys anchored under the temple of Apollo, and struck him down right in the middle of the Pnyx, where he will be instantly torn in pieces by a ruthless and reckless Jacobin mob. You call yourself a Tory indeed! However, 'twas always the same with you Tories; calculating, cruel, and jealous. Use your leaders up, and throw them over—that's the golden rule of aristocracies."

"Hang Brasidas," said Tom, laughing; "stick him back at Naupactus again. Here, which is Cleon? The scoundrel! give me hold of him, and I'll put him in a hot berth."

"That's he, with the yellow head. Let him alone, I tell you, or all will be hopeless confusion when Grey comes for his lecture. We're only in the third year of the war."

"I like your chaff about Tories sacrificing their great men," said Tom, putting his hands in his pockets to avoid

temptation. "How about your precious democracy, old fellow? Which is Socrates?"

"Here, the dear old boy!—this pin with the great grey head, in the middle of Athens, you see. I pride myself on my Athens. Here's the Piræus and the long walls, and the hill of Mars. Isn't it as good as a picture?

"Well, it *is* better than most maps, I think," said Tom; "but you're not going to slip out so easily. I want to know whether your pet democracy did or did not murder Socrates."

"I'm not bound to defend democracies. But look at my pins. It may be the natural fondness of a parent, but I declare they seem to me to have a great deal of character, considering the material. You'll guess them at once, I'm sure, if you mark the colour and shape of the wax. This one now, for instance, who is he?"

"Alcibiades," answered Tom, doubtfully.

"Alcibiades!" shouted Hardy; "you fresh from Rugby, and not know your Thucydides better than that? There's Alcibiades, that little purple-headed, foppish pin, by Socrates. This rusty-coloured one is that respectable old stick-in-the-mud, Nicias."

"Well, but you've made Alcibiades nearly the smallest of the whole lot," said Tom.

"So he was, to my mind," said Hardy; "just the sort of insolent young ruffian whom I should have liked to buy at my price, and sell at his own. He must have been very like some of our gentlemen-commoners, with the addition of brains."

"I should really think, though," said Tom, "it must be a capital plan for making you remember the history."

"It is, I flatter myself. I've long had the idea, but I should never have worked it out and found the value of it but for Grey. I invented it to coach him in his history. You see we are in the Grecian corner. Over there is the Roman. You'll find Livy and Tacitus worked out there, just as Herodotus and Thucydides are here; and the pins are stuck for the Second Punic War, where we are just now. I shouldn't wonder if Grey got his first, after all, he's picking up so quick in my corners; and says he never forgets any set of events when he has pricked them out with the pins."

"Is he working at that school still?" asked Tom.

"Yes, as hard as ever. He didn't go down for the vacation, and I really believe it was because the curate told him the school would go wrong if he went away."

"It's very plucky of him, but I do think he's a great fool not to knock it off now till he has passed, don't you?"

"No," said Hardy; "he is getting more good there than he can ever get in the schools, though I hope he'll do well in them too."

"Well, I hope so; for he deserves it. And now, Hardy, to change the subject, I'm going to give my first wine next Thursday; and here's the first card which has gone out for it. You'll promise me to come, now, won't you?"

"What a hurry you're in," said Hardy, taking the card, which he put on his mantelpiece, after examining it.

"But you'll promise to come, now?"

"I'm very hard at work; I can't be sure."

"You needn't stay above half an hour. I've brought back some famous wine from the governor's cellar; and I want so to get you and Jervis together. He is sure to come."

"Why, that's the bell for chapel beginning already," said Hardy; "I had no notion it was so late. I must be off, to put the new servitor up to his work. Will you come in after Hall?"

"Yes, if you will come to me next Thursday."

"We'll talk about it. But mind you come to-night; for you'll find me working Grey in the Punic Wars, and will see how the pins act. I'm very proud of my show."

And so Hardy went off to chapel, and Tom to Drysdale's rooms, not at all satisfied that he had made Hardy safe. He found Drysdale lolling on his sofa, as usual, and fondling Jack. He had

just arrived, and his servant and the scout were unpacking his portmanteaus. He seemed pleased to see Tom, but looked languid and used up.

"Where have you been this vacation?" said Tom; "you look seedy."

"You may say that," said Drysdale. "Here, William, get out a bottle of Schiedam. Have a taste of bitters? there's nothing like it to set one's digestion right."

"No, thank'ee," said Tom, rejecting the glass which William proffered him; "my appetite don't want improving."

"You're lucky, then," said Drysdale. "Ah, that's the right stuff! I feel better already."

"But where have you been?"

"Oh, in the little village. It's no use being in the country at this time of year. I just went up to Limmer's, and there I stuck, with two or three more, till to-day."

"I can't stand London for more than a week," said Tom. "What did you do all day?"

"We hadn't much to say to daylight," said Drysdale. "What with theatres, and sparring-cribs, and the Coal-hole and Cider-cellars, and a little play in St. James's Street now and then, one wasn't up to early rising. However, I was better than the rest, for I had generally breakfasted by two o'clock."

"No wonder you look seedy. You'd much better have been in the country."

"I should have been more in pocket, at any rate," said Drysdale. "By Jove, how it runs away with the ready! I'm fairly cleaned out; and if I haven't luck at van john, I'll be hanged if I know how I'm to get through term. But, look here, here's a bundle of the newest songs—first-rate, some of them." And he threw some papers across to Tom, who glanced at them without being at all edified.

"You're going to pull regularly, I hope, this term, Drysdale?"

"Yes, I think so; it's a cheap amusement, and I want a little training for a change."

"That's all right."

"I've brought down some dresses for our gipsy business, by the way. I didn't forget that. Is Blake back?"

"I don't know," said Tom; "but we sha'n't have time before the races."

"Well, afterwards will do; though the days oughtn't to be too long. I'm all for a little darkness in masquerading."

"There's five o'clock striking. Are you going to dine in Hall?"

"No; I shall go to the Mitre, and get a broil."

"Then I'm off. Let's see,—will you come and wine with me next Thursday?"

"Yes; only send us a card, 'to remind.'"

"All right!" said Tom, and went off to Hall, feeling dissatisfied and uncomfortable about his fast friend, for whom he had a sincere regard.

After Hall, Tom made a short round amongst his acquaintance; and then, giving himself up to the strongest attraction, returned to Hardy's rooms, comforting himself with the thought that it really must be an act of Christian charity to take such a terrible reader off his books for once in a way, when his conscience pricked him for intruding on Hardy during his hours of work. He found Grey there, who was getting up his Roman history, under Hardy's guidance; and the two were working the pins on the maps and lists in the Roman corner when Tom arrived. He begged them not to stop, and very soon was as much interested in what they were doing as if he also were going into the schools in May; for Hardy had a way of throwing life into what he was talking about, and, like many men with strong opinions and passionate natures, either carried his hearers off their legs and away with him altogether, or roused every spark of combativeness in them. The latter was the effect which his lecture on the Punic Wars had on Tom. He made several protests as Hardy went on; but Grey's anxious looks kept him from going fairly into action, till Hardy stuck the black pin, which represented Scipio, triumphantly in the middle of Carthage, and, turning round, said, "And now for some tea, Grey, before you have to turn out."

Tom opened fire while the tea was brewing.

"You couldn't say anything bad enough about aristocracies this morning, Hardy, and now to-night you are crowing over the success of the heaviest and cruelest oligarchy that ever lived, and praising them up to the skies."

"Hullo! here's a breeze!" said Hardy, smiling; "but I rejoice, oh, Brown! in that they thrashed the Carthaginians, and not, as you seem to think, in that they, being aristocrats, thrashed the Carthaginians; for oligarchs they were not at this time."

"At any rate they answer to the Spartans in the struggle, and the Carthaginians to the Athenians; and yet all your sympathies are with the Romans to-night in the Punic Wars, though they were with the Athenians before dinner."

"I deny your position. The Carthaginians were nothing but a great trading aristocracy—with a glorious family or two, I grant you, like that of Hannibal, but, on the whole, a dirty, bargain-driving, buy-cheap-and-sell-dear aristocracy—of whom the world was well rid. They like the Athenians indeed! Why just look what the two peoples have left behind them—"

"Yes," interrupted Tom, "but we only know the Carthaginians through the reports of their destroyers. Your heroes trampled them out with hoofs of iron."

"Do you think the Roman hoof could have trampled out their Homer if they ever had one?" said Hardy; "the Romans conquered Greece too, remember."

"But Greece was never so near beating them."

"True. But I hold to my point. Carthage was the mother of all hucksters, compassing sea and land to sell her wares."

"And no bad line of life for a nation. At least Englishmen ought to think so."

"No they ought not; at least if 'Punica fides' is to be the rule of trade. Selling any amount of Brummagem wares never did nation or man much good and never will. Eh, Grey?"

Grey winced at being appealed to, but remarked that he hoped the Church would yet be able to save England from sharing the fate of Tyre and Carthage, the great trading nations of the old world: and then, swallowing his tea, and looking as if he had been caught robbing a hen-roost, he made a sudden exit, and hurried away out of College to the night-school.

"What a pity he is so odd and shy," said Tom; "I should so like to know more of him."

"It *is* a pity. He is much better when he is alone with me. I think he has heard from some of the set that you are a furious Protestant, and sees an immense amount of stiffneckedness in you."

"But about England and Carthage," said Tom, shirking the subject of his own peculiarities; "you don't really think us like them? It gave me a turn to hear you translating 'Punica fides' into Brummagem wares just now."

"I think that successful trade is our rock ahead. The devil who holds new markets and twenty per cent. profits in his gift is the devil that England has most to fear from. 'Because of unrighteous dealings, and riches gotten by deceit, the kingdom is translated from one people to another,' said the wise man. Think of that opium war the other day: I don't believe we can get over many more such businesses as that. Grey falls back on the Church, you see, to save the nation; but the Church he dreams of will never do it. Is there any that can? There *must* be surely, or we have believed a lie. But this work of making trade righteous, of Christianizing trade, looks like the very hardest the Gospel has ever had to take in hand—in England at any rate."

Hardy spoke slowly and doubtfully, and paused as if asking for Tom's opinion.

"I never heard it put in that way. I know very little of politics or the state of England. But come, now; the putting down the slave-trade and com-

pensating our planters, *that* shows that we are not sold to the trade devil yet surely."

"I don't think we are. No, thank God, there are plenty of signs that we are likely to make a good fight of it yet."

They talked together for another hour, drawing their chairs round to the fire, and looking dreamily into the embers, as is the wont of men who are throwing out suggestions, and helping one another to think, rather than arguing. At the end of that time Tom left Hardy to his books, and went away laden with several new ideas, one of the clearest of which was that he was awfully ignorant of the contemporary history of his own country, and that it was the thing of all others which he ought to be best informed in, and thinking most about. So, being of an impetuous turn of mind, he went straight to his rooms to commence his new study, where, after diligent hunting, the only food of the kind he required which turned up was the last number of *Bell's Life* from the pocket of his greatcoat. Upon this he fell to work, in default of anything better, and was soon deep in the P.R. column, which was full of interesting speculations as to the chances of Bungaree in his forthcoming campaign against the British middle-weights. By the time he had skimmed through the well-known sheets, he was satisfied that the columns of his old acquaintance were not the place, except in the police reports, where much could be learnt about the present state or future prospects of England. Then, the first evening of term being a restless time, he wandered out again, and before long landed, as his custom was, at Drysdale's door.

On entering the room he found Drysdale and Blake alone together, the former looking more serious than Tom had ever seen him before. As for Blake, the restless haggard expression sat more heavily than ever on his face, marring its beauty, and almost making it impossible to look on without a shudder. It was clear that they changed the subject of their talk abruptly on his entrance; so Tom looked anywhere except straight before him as he was greeting Blake. He really felt very sorry for him at the moment. However, in another five minutes, he was in fits of laughter over Blake's description of the conversation between himself and the coachman who had driven the Glo'ster day-mail by which he had come up: in which conversation, nevertheless, when Tom came to think it over and try to repeat it afterwards, the most facetious parts seemed to be the "sez he's" and "sez I's" with which Jehu larded his stories; so he gave up the attempt, wondering what he could have found in it to laugh at.

"By the way, Blake," said Drysdale, "how about our excursion into Berkshire masquerading this term? Are you game?"

"Not exactly," said Blake; "I really must make the most of such time as I have left, if I'm to go into the schools this term."

"If there's one thing which spoils Oxford, it is those schools," said Drysdale; "they get in the way of everything. I ought to be going up for smalls myself next term, and I haven't opened a book yet, and don't mean. Follow a good example, old fellow, you're cock-sure of your first, everybody knows."

"I wish everybody would back his opinion, and give me a shade of odds. Why, I have scarcely thought of my history."

"Why the d—l should they make such a fuss about history? One knows perfectly well that those old blackguard heathens were no better than they should be; and what good it can do to lumber one's head with who their grandmothers were, and what they ate, and when and where and why they had their stupid brains knocked out, I can't see for the life of me."

"Excellently well put. Where did you pick up such sound views, Drysdale? But you're not examiner yet, and on the whole I must rub up my history somehow. I wish I knew how to do it."

"Can't you put on a coach?" said Drysdale.

"I have one on, but history is his weak point," said Blake.

"I think I can help you," said Tom. "I've just been hearing a lecture in Roman history, and one that won't be so easy to forget as most;" and he went on to explain Hardy's plans, to which Blake listened eagerly.

"Capital!" he said, when Tom had finished. "In whose rooms did you say they are?"

"In Hardy's, and he works at them every night with Grey."

"That's the queer big servitor, his particular pal," put in Drysdale; "there's no accounting for tastes."

"You don't know him," retorted Tom; "and the less you say about him the better."

"I know he wears highlows and short flannels, and—"

"Would you mind asking Hardy to let me come to his lectures?" interrupted Blake, averting the strong language which was rising to Tom's lips. "I think they seem just the things I want. I shouldn't like to offer to pay him, unless you think—"

"I'm quite sure," interrupted Tom, "that he won't take anything. I will ask him to-morrow whether he will let you come, and he's such a kind good fellow that I'm almost sure he will."

"I should like to know your pal, too, Brown," said Drysdale; "you must introduce me, with Blake."

"No, I'll be hanged if I do," said Tom.

"Then I shall introduce myself," said Drysdale; "see if I don't sit next him now at your wine on Thursday."

Here Drysdale's scout entered, with two notes, and wished to know if Mr. Drysdale would require anything more. Nothing but hot water; he could put the kettle on, Drysdale said, and go; and while the scout was fulfilling his orders, he got up carelessly, whistling, and, walking to the fire, read the notes by the light of one of the candles which was burning on the mantel-piece. Blake was watching him eagerly, and Tom saw this, and made some awkward efforts to go on talking about the advantages of Hardy's plan for learning history; but he was talking to deaf ears, and soon came to a stand still. He saw Drysdale crumple up the notes in his hand and shove them into his pocket. After standing for a few seconds in the same position, with his back to them, he turned round with a careless air, and sauntered to the table where they were sitting.

"Let's see, what were we saying?" he began. "Oh, about your eccentric pal, Brown."

"You've answers from both?" interrupted Blake. Drysdale nodded, and was beginning to speak again to Tom, when Blake got up and said, with white lips, "I *must* see them."

"No, never mind, what does it matter?"

"Matter! by Heaven, I must and will see them now."

Tom saw at once that he had better go, and so took up his cap, wished them good night, and went off to his own rooms.

He might have been sitting there for about twenty minutes, when Drysdale entered.

"I couldn't help coming over, Brown," he said; "I must talk to some one, and Blake has gone off raging. I don't know what he'll do—I never was so bothered or savage in my life."

"I'm very sorry," said Tom; "he looked very bad in your rooms. Can I do anything?"

"No, but I must talk to some one. You know—no you don't, by the way—but, however, Blake got me out of a tremendous scrape in my first term, and there's nothing that I'm not bound to do for him, and wouldn't do if I could. Yes, by George, whatever fellows say of me, they shall never say I didn't stand by a man who has stood by me. Well, he owes a dirty 300*l.* or 400*l.*, or something of the sort—nothing worth talking of I know—to people in Oxford, and they've been leading him a dog's life this year and more. Now, he's just going up for his degree, and two or three of these creditors—the most rascally

of course—are sueing him in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, thinking now's the time to put the screw on. He will be ruined if they are not stopped somehow. Just after I saw you to-day, he came to me about it. You never saw a fellow in such a state; I could see it was tearing him to pieces, telling it to me even. However, I soon set him at ease as far as I was concerned; but, as the devil will have it, I can't lend him the money, though 60*l.* would get him over the examination, and then he can make terms. My guardian advanced me 200*l.* beyond my allowance just before Easter, and I haven't 20*l.* left, and the bank here has given me notice not to overdraw any more. However, I thought to settle it easily enough; so I told him to meet me at the Mitre in half-an-hour for dinner, and when he was gone I sat down and wrote two notes—the first to St. Cloud. That fellow was with us on and off in town, and one night he and I went partners at *roulette*, I finding ready-money for the time, gains and losses to be equally shared in the end. I left the table to go and eat some supper, and he lost 80*l.*, and paid it out of my money. I didn't much care, and he cursed the luck, and acknowledged that he owed me 40*l.* at the time. Well, I just reminded him of this 40*l.* and said I should be glad of it (I know he has plenty of money just now), but added, that it might stand if he would join me and Blake in borrowing 60*l.*; I was fool enough to add that Blake was in difficulties, and I was most anxious to help him. As I thought that St. Cloud would probably pay the 40*l.* but do no more, I wrote also to Chanter—Heaven knows why, except that the beast rolls in money, and has fawned on me till I've been nearly sick this year past—and asked him to lend Blake 50*l.* on our joint note of hand. Poor Blake! when I told him what I had done at the Mitre, I think I might as well have stuck the carving-knife into him. We had a wretched two hours; then you came in, and I got my two answers—here they are."

Tom took the proffered notes, and read:—

"Dear Drysdale,—Please explain the allusion in yours to some mysterious 40*l.* I remember perfectly the occurrence to which you refer in another part of your note. You were tired of sitting at the table, and went off to supper, leaving me (not by my own desire) to play for you with your money. I did so, and had abominable luck, as you will remember, for I handed you back a sadly dwindled heap on your return to the table. I hope you are in no row about that night? I shall be quite ready to give evidence of what passed if it will help you in any way. I am always yours very truly, A. St. Cloud.

"P.S. I must decline the little joint operation for Blake's benefit, which you propose."

The second answer ran:—

"Dear Drysdale,—I am sorry that I cannot accommodate Mr. Blake, as a friend of yours, but you see his acceptance is mere waste paper, and you cannot give security until you are of age, so if you were to die the money would be lost. Mr. Blake has always carried his head as high as if he had 5000*l.* a year to spend; perhaps now he will turn less haughty to men who could buy him up easy enough. I remain yours sincerely,

Jabez Chanter."

Tom looked up, and met Drysdale's eyes, which had more of purpose in them than he had ever seen before. "Fancy poor Blake reading those two notes," he said, "and 'twas I brought them on him. However, he shall have the money somehow to-morrow, if I pawn my watch. I'll be even with those two some day." The two remained in conference for some time longer; it is hardly worth while to do more than relate the result.

At three o'clock the next day, Blake, Drysdale, and Tom were in the back-parlour of a second-rate inn, in the corn-market; on the table were pens and ink, some cases of eau-de-Cologne and jewellery, and behind it a fat man of forbidding aspect, who spent a day or two in each term at Oxford. He held

in his thick red damp hand, ornamented as to the fore-finger with a huge ring, a piece of paper.

"Then I shall draw for a hundred-and-five?"

"If you do, we won't sign," said Drysdale; "now, be quick, Ben" (the fat man's name was Benjamin), "you infernal shark, we've been wrangling long enough over it. Draw for 100*l.*, at three months, or we are off."

"Then, Mr. Drysdale, you gents will take part in goods. I wish to do all I can for gents as comes well introduced, but money is very scarce just now."

"Not a stuffed bird, bottle of eau-de-Cologne, ring, or cigar, will we have; so now, no more nonsense, put down 75*l.* on the table."

The money-lender, after another equally useless attempt to move Drysdale, who was the only one of the party who spoke, produced a roll of notes, and counted out 75*l.*, thinking to himself that he would make this young spark sing a different tune before very long. He then filled up the piece of paper, muttering that the interest was nothing considering the risk, and he hoped they would help him to something better with some of their friends. Drysdale reminded him, in terms not too carefully chosen, that he was getting cent. per cent. The document was signed,—Drysdale took the notes, and they went out.

"Well, that's well over," said Drysdale, as they walked towards High-street. "I'm proud of my tactics, I must say; one does much better for any body than for oneself. If I had been on my own hook that fellow would have let me in for 20*l.* worth of stuffed birds and bad jewellery. Let's see, what do you want, Blake?"

"Sixty will do," said Blake.

"You had better take 65*l.*; there'll be some law costs to pay," and Drysdale handed him the notes.

"Now, Brown, shall we divide the balance,—a fiver a-piece?"

"No, thank you," said Tom, "I don't want it; and, as you two are to hold me harmless, you must do what you like with the money." So Drysdale pocketed the 10*l.*, after which they walked in silence to the gates of St. Ambrose. The most reckless youngster doesn't begin this sort of thing without reflections which are apt to keep him silent. At the gates Blake wrung both their hands. "I don't say much, but I sha'n't forget it." He got out the words with some difficulty, and went off to his rooms.

CHAPTER XI.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

Within the next week or two several important events had happened to one and another of our St. Ambrose friends. Tom had introduced Blake to Hardy, after some demur on the part of the latter. Blake was his senior by a term; might have called on him any time these three years; why should he want to make his acquaintance now? But when Tom explained to him that it would be a kind thing to let Blake come and coach up history with him, for that, unless he took a high degree in the coming examination, he would have to leave the College, and probably be ruined for life, Hardy at once consented.

Tom did not venture to inquire for a day or two how the two hit it off together. When he began cautiously to approach the subject, he was glad to find that Hardy liked Blake. "He is a gentleman, and very able," he said; "it is curious to see how quickly he is overhauling Grey, and yet how Grey takes to him. He has never looked scared at him (as he still does at you, by the way) since the first night they met. Blake has the talent of setting people at their ease without saying anything. I shouldn't wonder if Grey thinks he has sound Church notions. It's a dangerous talent, and may make a man very false if he doesn't take care." Tom asked if Blake would be up in his history in time. Hardy thought he might perhaps, but he had great lee-way to make up. If capacity for taking in cram would do it, he would be all right. He had been well crammed in his science, and had put him (Hardy) up to many dodges which might be useful in

the schools, and which you couldn't get without a private tutor.

Then Tom's first wine had gone off most successfully. Jervis and Miller had come early and stayed late, and said all that was handsome of the port, so that he was already a social hero with the boating set. Drysdale, of course, had been there, rattling away to everybody in his reckless fashion, and setting a good example to the two or three fast men whom Tom knew well enough to ask, and who consequently behaved pretty well, and gave themselves no airs, though as they went away together they grumbled slightly that Brown didn't give claret. The rest of the men had shaken together well, and seemed to enjoy themselves. The only drawback to Tom had been that neither Hardy nor Grey had appeared. They excused themselves afterwards on the score of reading, but Tom felt aggrieved in Hardy's case; he knew that it was only an excuse.

Then the training had begun seriously. Miller had come up specially for the first fortnight, to get them well in hand, as he said. After they were once fairly started, he would have to go down till just before the races; but he thought he might rely on the Captain to keep them up to their work in the interval.

So Miller, the coxswain, took to drawing the bow up to the ear at once. At the very beginning of term, five or six weeks before the races, the St. Ambrose boat was to be seen every other day at Abingdon; and early dinners, limitation of liquids and tobacco, and abstinence from late supper parties, pastry, ice, and all manner of trash, likely in Miller's opinion to injure nerve or wind, were hanging over the crew, and already, in fact, to some extent, enforced. The Captain shrugged his shoulders, submitted to it all himself, and worked away with imperturbable temper; merely hinting to Miller, in private, that he was going too fast, and that it would be impossible to keep it up. Diogenes highly approved; he would have become the willing slave of any tyranny which should insist that every adult male subject should pull twenty miles and never imbibe more than a pint of liquid in the twenty-four hours. Tom was inclined to like it, as it helped him to realize the proud fact that he was actually in the boat. The rest of the crew were in all stages of mutiny, and were only kept from breaking out by their fondness for the Captain and the knowledge that Miller was going in a few days. As it was, Blake was the only one who openly rebelled. Once or twice he stayed away. Miller swore and grumbled, the Captain shook his head, and the crew in general rejoiced.

It is to one of these occasions to which we must now turn. If the usual casual voyager of novels had been standing on Sandford lock at about four, on the afternoon of April —th, 18—, he might have beheld the St. Ambrose eight-oar coming with a steady swing up the last reach. If such voyager were in the least conversant with the glorious mystery of rowing, he would have felt his heart warm at the magnificent sweep and life of the stroke, and would, on the whole, have been pleased with the performance of the crew generally, considered as a College crew in the early stages of training. They came "hard all" up to the pool below the lock, the coxswain standing in the stern with a tiller-rope in each hand, and then shipped oars; the lock-gates opened, and the boat entered, and in another minute or two was moored to the bank above the lock, and the crew strolled into the little inn which stands by the lock, and, after stopping in the bar to lay hands on several pewters full of porter, passed through the house into the quoit and skittle grounds behind. These were already well filled with men of other crews, playing in groups or looking on at the players. One of these groups, as they passed, seized on the Captain, and Miller stopped with him; the rest of the St. Ambrose men, in no humour for skittles, quoits, or any relaxation except rest and grumbling, took possession of the first table and seats which offered, and came to anchor.

Then followed a moment of intense

enjoyment, of a sort only appreciable by those who have had a twelve miles' training pull with a coxswain as sharp as a needle, and in an awful temper.

"Ah," said Drysdale, taking the pewter down from his lips, with a sigh, and handing it to Tom, who sat next him, "by Jove, I feel better."

"It's almost worth while pulling 'hard all' from Abingdon to get such a thirst," said another of the crew.

"I'll tell you what, though," said Drysdale, "to-day's the last day you'll catch me in this blessed boat."

Tom had just finished his draught, but did not reply; it was by no means the first time that Drysdale had announced this resolve. The rest were silent also.

"It's bad enough to have to pull your heart out, without getting abused all the way into the bargain. There Miller stands in the stern—and a devilish easy thing it is to stand there and walk into us—I can see him chuckle as he comes to you and me, Brown—'Now, 2, well forward;' '3, don't jerk;' 'Now, 2, throw your weight on the oar; come, now, you can get another pound on;' I hang on like grim Death,—then it's 'Time, 2; now, 3—'"

"Well, it's a great compliment," broke in Tom, with a laugh: "he thinks he can make something of us."

"He'll make nothing of us first, I think," said Drysdale. "I've lost eight pounds in a fortnight. The Captain ought to put me in every place in the boat, in turn, to make it watertight. I've larded the bottom boards under my seat so that not a drop of water will ever come through again."

"A very good thing for you, old fellow," said Diogenes; "you look ten times better than you did at the beginning of term."

"I don't know what you call a good thing, you old fluter. I'm obliged to sit on my hip-bones—I can't go to a lecture—all the tutors think I'm poking fun at them, and put me on directly. I haven't been able to go to lecture there ten days."

"So fond of lecture as he is, too, poor fellow," put in Tom.

"But they've stopped my commons for staying away," said Drysdale; "not that I care much for that, though."

"Well, Miller goes down to-morrow morning—I heard him say so," said another.

"Then we'll memorialize the Captain, and get out of these Abingdon pulls. Life isn't worth having at this rate."

"No other boat has been below Sandford yet."

And so they sat on and plotted, and soon most of the other crews started. And then they took their turn at skittles, and almost forgot their grievances, which, in order to be clear, I must now explain to those of my readers who don't know the river at Oxford.

The river runs along the south of the city, getting into the University quarter after it passes under the bridge connecting Berks and Oxfordshire, over which is the road to Abingdon. Just below this bridge are the boat-builders' establishments on both sides of the river, and then on the Oxfordshire side is Christchurch meadow, opposite which is moored the University barge. Here is the goal of all University races, or used to be in the times I am speaking of; and the racecourse stretches away down the river for a mile and a half, and a little below the starting-place of the races is Iffley Lock. The next lock below Iffley is the Sandford Lock (where we left our boat's crew playing at skittles), which is about a mile and a half below Iffley. Below Sandford there is no lock till you get to Abingdon, a distance of six miles and more by the river. Now, inasmuch as the longest distance to be rowed in the races is only the upper mile and a half from Iffley to the University barge, of course all the crews think themselves very hardly treated if they are taken farther than to Sandford. Pulling "hard all" from Sandford to Iffley, and then again from Iffley over the regular course, ought to be enough in all conscience to chorus the crews; and most captains and coxswains give in. But here

and there some enemy of his kind—some uncomfortable, worriting, energizing mortal, like Miller—gets command of a boat, and then the unfortunate crew are dragged, bemoaning their fate, down below Sandford, where no friendly lock intervenes to break off the long, steady swing of the training-pull every two miles, and the result for the time is blisters and mutiny; though I am bound to add that it generally tells, and that the crew which has been undergoing that *peine forte et dure* is very apt to get the change out of it on the nights of hard races.

So the St. Ambrose crew played out their skittles, and settled to appeal to the Captain in a body the next day, after Miller's departure; and then, being summoned to the boat, they took to the water again, and paddled steadily up home, arriving just in time for Hall for those who liked to hurry. Drysdale never liked hurrying himself; besides, he could not dine in Hall, as he was discommonsed for persistent absence from lectures, and neglect to go to the Dean when sent for to explain his absence.

"I say, Brown, hang Hall," he said to Tom, who was throwing on his things; "come and dine with me at the Mitre. I'll give you a bottle of hock; it's very good there."

"Hock's about the worst thing you can drink in training," said Miller. "Isn't it, Jervis?"

"It's no good certainly," said the Captain, as he put on his cap and gown; "come along, Miller."

"There, you hear?" said Miller. "you can drink a glass of sound sherry, if you want wine;" and he followed the Captain.

Drysdale performed a defiant pantomime after the retiring coxswain, and then easily carried his point with Tom, except as to the hock. So they walked up to the Mitre together, where Drysdale ordered dinner and a bottle of hock in the coffee-room.

"Don't order hock, Drysdale; I sha'n't drink any."

"Then I shall have it all to my own cheek. If you begin making a slave of yourself to that Miller, he'll very soon cut you down to a glass of water a day, with a pinch of rhubarb in it, and make you drink that standing on your head."

"Gammon; but I don't think it's fair on the rest of the crew not to train as well as one can."

"You don't suppose drinking a pint of hock to-night will make you pull any the worse this day six weeks, when the races begin, do you?"

"No; but—"

"Hullo! look here," said Drysdale, who was inspecting a printed bill pinned up on the wall of the coffee-room; "Wombwell's menagerie is in the town, somewhere down by Worcester. What fun! We'll go there after dinner."

The food arrived with Drysdale's hock, which he seemed to enjoy all the more from the assurance which every glass gave him that he was defying the coxswain, and doing just the thing he would most dislike. So he drank away, and facetiously speculated how he could be such an idiot as to go on pulling. Every day of his life he made good resolutions in the reach above the Gut that it should be his last performance, and always broke them next day. He supposed the habit he had of breaking all good resolutions was the way to account for it.

After dinner they set off to find the wild beast show; and, as they will be at least a quarter of an hour reaching it, for the pitch is in a part of the suburbs little known to gownsmen, I propose to seize the opportunity of making a few remarks to the patient reader.

Our hero on his first appearance in public some years since, was without his own consent at once patted on the back by the good-natured critics, and enrolled for better for worse in the brotherhood of muscular Christians, who at that time were beginning to be recognised as an actual and lusty portion of general British life. As his biographer, I am not about to take exceptions to his enrolment; for, after considering the persons up and down her Majesty's dominions to whom the new nickname

has been applied, the principles which they are supposed to hold, and the sort of lives they are supposed to lead, I cannot see where he could in these times have fallen upon a nobler brotherhood. I am speaking of course under correction, and with only a slight acquaintance with the faith of muscular Christianity, gathered almost entirely from the witty expositions and comments of persons of a somewhat dyspeptic habit, who are not amongst the faithful themselves. Indeed, I am not aware that any authorized articles of belief have been sanctioned or published by the sect, Church, or whatever they may be. Moreover, at the age at which our hero has arrived, and having regard to his character, I should say that he has in all likelihood thought very little on the subject of belief, and would scarcely be able to give any formal account of his own, beyond that contained in the Church Catechism, which I for one think may very well satisfy him for the present. Nevertheless, had he been suddenly caught at the gate of St. Ambrose's College, by one of the gentlemen who do the classifying for the British public, and accosted with, "Sir, you belong to a body whose creed is to love God, and walk 1000 miles in 1000 hours;" I believe he would have replied, "Do I, Sir? I'm very glad to hear it. They must be a very good set of fellows; how many weeks training do they allow?"

But in the course of my inquiries on the subject of muscular Christians, their works and ways, a fact has forced itself on my attention, which for the sake of ingenious youth, like my hero, ought not to be passed over. I find then, that side by side with these muscular Christians, and apparently claiming some sort of connexion with them (the same concern, as the pirates of trade-marks say), have risen up another set of persons, against whom I desire to caution my readers and my hero, and to warn the latter that I do not mean on any pretence whatever to allow him to connect himself with them, however much he may be taken with their off-hand, "hail-brother well-met" manner and dress, which may easily lead careless observers to take the counterfeit for the true article. I must call the persons in question "musclemen," as distinguished from muscular Christians; the only point in common between the two being, that both hold it to be a good thing to have strong and well-exercised bodies, ready to be put at the shortest notice to any work of which bodies are capable, and to do it well. Here all likeness ends, for the muscleman seems to have no belief whatever as to the purposes for which his body has been given him, except some hazy idea that it is to go up and down the world with him, belabouring men and captivating women for his benefit or pleasure, at once the servant and fomenter of those fierce and brutal passions which he seems to think it a necessity, and rather a fine thing than otherwise, to indulge and obey. Whereas, so far as I know, the least of the muscular Christians has hold of the old chivalrous and Christian belief, that a man's body is given him to be trained and brought into subjection, and then used for the protection of the weak, the advancement of all righteous causes, and the subduing of the earth which God has given to the children of men. He does not hold that mere strength or activity are in themselves worthy of any respect or worship, or that one man is a bit better than another because he can knock him down, or carry a bigger sack of potatoes than he. For mere power, whether of body or intellect, he has (I hope and believe) no reverence whatever, though, *cæteris paribus*, he would probably himself, as a matter of taste, prefer the man who can lift a hundredweight round his head with his little finger, to the man who can construct a string of perfect Sorites, or expound the doctrine of "contradictory inconceivables."

The above remarks occur as our hero is marching innocently down towards his first "town and gown" row, and I should scarcely like to see him in the middle of it, without protesting that it is a mistake. I know that he, and other

youngsters of his kidney, will have fits of fighting, or desiring to fight with their poorer brethren, just as children have the measles. But the shorter the fit the better for the patient, for like the measles it is a great mistake, and a most unsatisfactory complaint. If they can escape it altogether so much the better. But instead of treating the fit as a disease, musclemen professors are wont to represent it as a state of health, and to let their disciples run about in middle age with the measles on them as strong as ever. Now although our hero had the measles on him at this particular time, and the passage of arms which I am about shortly to describe led to results of some importance in his history, and cannot therefore be passed over, yet I wish at the same time to disclaim, both in my sponsorial and individual character, all sympathy with town and gown rows, and with all other class rows and quarrels of every sort and kind, whether waged with sword, pen, tongue, fist, or otherwise. Also to say that in all such rows, so far as I have seen or read, from the time when the Roman plebs marched out to Mons Sacer, down to 1848, when the English chartists met on Kennington Common, the upper classes are most to blame. It may be that they are not the aggressors on any given occasion: very possibly they may carry on the actual fighting with more fairness (though this is by no means true as a rule); nevertheless the state of feeling which makes such things possible, especially in England, where men in general are only too ready to be led and taught by their superiors in rank, may be fairly laid at their door. Even in the case of strikes, which just now will of course be at once thrown in my teeth, I say fearlessly, Let any man take the trouble to study the question honestly, and he will come to the conviction that all combinations of the men for the purpose of influencing the labour market, whether in the much and unjustly abused Trades' Societies, or in other forms, have been defensive organizations, and that the masters might, as a body, over and over again have taken the sting out of them if they would have acted fairly, as many individuals amongst them have done: whether it may not be too late now, is a tremendous question for England, but one which time only can decide.

When Drysdale and Tom at last found the caravans, it was just getting dark. Something of a crowd had collected outside, and there was some hissing as they ascended the short flight of steps which led to the platform in front of the show; but they took no notice of it, paid their money, and entered.

Inside they found an exciting scene. The place was pretty well lighted, and the birds and beasts were all alive in their several dens and cages, walking up and down, and each uttering remonstrances after their own manner, the shrill notes of birds mingling with the moan of the beasts of prey and chattering of the monkeys. Feeding time had been put off till night to suit the undergraduates, and the undergraduates were proving their appreciation of the attention by playing off all manner of practical jokes on birds and beasts, their keepers, and such of the public as had been rash enough to venture in. At the farther end was the keeper, who did the showman, vainly endeavouring to go through his usual jog-trot description. His monotone was drowned every minute by the chorus of voices, each shouting out some new fact in natural history touching the biped or quadruped whom the keeper was attempting to describe. At that day a great deal of this sort of chaff was current, so that the most dunderheaded boy had plenty on the tip of his tongue. A small and indignant knot of townspeople, headed by a stout and severe middle-aged woman, with two big boys, her sons, followed the keeper, endeavouring by caustic remarks and withering glances to stop the flood of chaff, and restore legitimate authority and the reign of keeper and natural history.

At another point was a long Irishman in cap and gown, who had clearly had as much wine as he could carry, close to the bars of the panther's den, through which he was earnestly endeavouring,

last, "it isn't fair, these enemies in the camp; what with 'the town' and their stones and fists, and the proctors with their 'name and college,' we've got the wrong end of the stick."

"Both wrong ends, I can tell you," said Jervis. "Holloa, Brown, your nose is bleeding."

"Is it?" said Tom, drawing his hand across his face, "'twas that confounded little fellow then who ran up to my side while I was squaring at the long party. I felt a sharp crack, and the little rascal bolted into the crowd before I could turn at him."

"Cut and come again," said Drysdale, laughing.

"Ay, that's the regular thing in these blackguard street squabbles. Here they come, then," said Jervis. "Steady, all."

They turned round to face the town, which came shouting down the street behind them in pursuit of one gownsman, a little, harmless, quiet fellow, who had fallen in with them on his way back to his college from a tea with his tutor, and, like a wise man, was giving them leg-bail as hard as he could foot it. But the little man was of a courageous, though prudent soul, and turned panting and gasping on his foes the moment he found himself amongst friends again.

"Now, then, stick together; don't let them get round us," said Jervis.

They walked steadily down the street, which was luckily a narrow one, so that three of them could keep the whole of it, halting and showing front every few yards, when the crowd pressed too much. "Down with them! Town, town! That's two as was in the show." "Mark the velvet-capped chap. Town, town!" shouted the hinder part of the mob; but it was a rabble of boys as before, and the front rank took very good care of itself, and forbore from close quarters.

The small gownsman had now got his wind again; and, smarting under the ignominy of his recent flight, was always a pace or two nearer the crowd than the other three, ruffling up like a little bantam, and shouting defiance between the catchings of his breath.

"You vagabonds! you cowards! Come on now, I say! Gown, gown!" And at last, emboldened by the repeated halts of the mob, and thirsting for revenge, he made a dash at one of the nearest of the enemy. The suddenness of the attack took both sides by surprise, then came a rush by two or three of the town to the rescue.

"No, no! stand back—one at a time," shouted the Captain, throwing himself between the combatants and the mob. "Go it, little 'un; serve him out. Keep the rest back, boys; steady!" Tom and Drysdale faced towards the crowd, while the little gownsman and his antagonist—who defended himself vigorously enough now—came to close quarters, in the rear of the gown line; too close to hurt one another, but what with hugging and cuffing, the townsman in another half-minute was sitting quietly on the pavement with his back against the wall, his enemy squaring in front of him, and daring him to renew the combat. "Get up, you coward; get up, I say, you coward! He won't get up," said the little man, eagerly turning to the Captain. "Shall I give him a kick?"

"No, let the cur alone," replied Jervis. "Now, do any more of you want to fight? Come on, like men, one at a time. I'll fight any man in the crowd."

Whether the challenge would have been answered must rest uncertain; for now the crowd began to look back, and a cry arose, "Here they are, proctors! now they'll run."

"So we must, by Jove, Brown," said the Captain. "What's your college?" to the little hero.

"Pembroke."

"Cut away, then, you're close at home."

"Very well, if I must: good night," and away went the small man as fast as he had come; and I have never heard that he came to further grief or performed other feats that night not here set down.

"Hang it, don't let's run," said Drysdale.

"Is it the proctors?" said Tom. "I can't see them."

"Mark the bloody-faced one; kick him over," sang out a voice in the crowd.

"Thank'ee," said Tom savagely. "Let's have one rush at them."

"Look! there's the proctor's cap just through them; come along, boys—well, stay if you like, and be rusticated, I'm off;" and away went Jervis, and the next moment Tom and Drysdale followed the good example, and, as they had to run, made the best use of their legs, and in two minutes were well ahead of their pursuers. They turned a corner; "Here, Brown! a light in this public, cut in, and it's all right." Next moment they were in the dark passage of a quiet little inn, and heard with a chuckle part of the crowd scurry by the door in pursuit, while they themselves suddenly appeared in the neat little bar, to the no small astonishment of its occupants. These were a stout elderly woman in spectacles, who was stitching away at plain work in an arm-chair on one side of the fire; the foreman of one of the great boat-builders, who sat opposite her, smoking his pipe, with a long glass of clear ale at his elbow; and a bright-eyed, neat-handed barmaid, who was leaning against the table, and talking to the others as they entered.

To be continued.

ARCTIC ENTERPRISE AND ITS RESULTS SINCE 1815.

BY FRANKLIN LUSHINGTON.

Whoever wishes to see a great result summed up as shortly and simply as possible, need only glance at an Arctic chart of the date of the Peace of 1815, and then look at one drawn in the last half-year. Few comparisons are more striking, or more curiously suggestive. In the earlier map, between Icy Cape at the western corner of the north coast of America (longitude 160° west, ten degrees eastward of Behring's Straits), and the half-explored coasts of Baffin's Bay on the eastern side of the continent (long. 80° west), there is a blank, only to be filled in accordance with the particular imagination of each hydrographer with an uncertain wavy line of supposed coast from the one extreme known landmark to the other. Two points alone of actual sea-coast in the intervening space of eighty degrees had been fixed by overland voyagers in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1771 and 1789, at the mouths of the Hearne or Coppermine and the Mackenzie rivers. But to which ocean the salt water met with at either of those two points had an outlet, and whether the American continent was in actual continuity with Greenland on the one hand, or with the so-called New Siberia on the other—with both, or with neither—were problems as totally unsolved by proof to Sir John Barrow when he wrote in the *Quarterly Review* of 1817, as they had been to the followers of Columbus three centuries before. Although scientific arguments from physical considerations might point strongly but vaguely towards the existence of a north-west as well as a north-east passage, so little of absolute fact was then known on unquestionable authority concerning the Arctic regions, that it was gravely disputed in 1817 by Captain Burney, a highly reputed naval officer, and Fellow of the Royal Society, whether Behring's Straits were not after all only the entrance to a deep bay, and whether America was not connected with Old Siberia itself. The proof of the continuity of the shore-line of Asia rested on the unsupported and ambiguous testimony of one Russian voyager, Deschneff, of the seventeenth century. Burney, who had himself been in Captain Cook's expedition when he discovered Icy Cape in 1779,

doubted the completeness of Deschneff's survey; and for such as joined in his scepticism it was as easy, if not as rational, to believe that from Icy Cape the coast of America circled round by north and west till it met the shore of Asia somewhere, as it was competent for those who refused to hope for a north-west passage from Davis' Strait, to shut up the unpenetrated inlet which two hundred years earlier Baffin had christened Lancaster Sound.

Such was the state of Arctic discovery at the close of the career of Napoleon. Let us look for a moment at the stage of knowledge which had been reached when the Crimean war broke out in 1854. The sheet which forty years earlier was all but a blank, was now covered with all but a perfect outline. With the exception of the channel which separates Prince of Wales' Land from Prince Albert's Land, and an area of some four or five degrees of latitude and longitude south of Peel Sound, every wind and turn of that icy labyrinth of islands which Sir John Barrow conjectured in 1817 to be an open basin, had been traced by personal observation as far north as the seventy-seventh parallel; and almost every mile of their coasts painfully traversed and accurately surveyed. From Icy Cape to the Boothian Isthmus, the boundary-line of the American continent had been laid down without a break; while beyond that isthmus eastward, the work had been done as accurately and as continuously. In fact, but for the limited area still left untraversed by the various expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin—the very area within which the last records and relics of his cruise have ultimately been found—the hydrographic survey of those latitudes may be truly said to have exhausted its field even in 1854. And if we were in possession of the journals of the *Erebus* and *Terror* from their passage down Peel Sound to their abandonment, after twenty months' fixture in the ice, to the north-west of King William's Land, it would probably be found that Franklin's crews had during that period explored some of the very ground of which the detailed features are still waiting to be verified in all but the very latest charts of the Arctic archipelago. It was only the finishing touch that was reserved for McClintock and Allen Young to add to the map which had been drawn by the labours of such men as Parry, Ross, Franklin, Collinson, Osborn, and McClure.

It is impossible to overrate in imagination the toil, the danger, the hardships and privations, the noble daring, and the unflinching endurance, the unselfish devotion and the high sentiment of professional duty, which have been necessarily involved in the accomplishment of such a task. Few readers can follow the narrative of any single Arctic voyage or journey, and not feel through out an admiring wonder at the power of human strength and human energy to perform so much active work under the pressure of such inordinate physical obstacles and physical suffering. It is a fact of which we may well be proud, that every inch of ground gained on the hard-fought battle-field of Arctic research has been won in a life-and-death struggle with the elements by British seamen. None, indeed, among the memories of the noble victims of this struggle are more honourably or affectionately acknowledged, or will be more enduringly preserved by the gratitude of the English people, than that of the gallant French volunteer, Bellot, or the intrepid American commander Kane. But with these notable exceptions, the whole cycle of the Arctic discoveries of this century is the work of our own countrymen. British names mark every channel, cape, and inlet: and a history is to be read in almost every name. And not the least significant feature in the nomenclature of the Arctic chart is the recurrence at different points among the titles given after actual navigators, of the name of that energetic and high-spirited Englishwoman, to whose strenuous efforts, under circumstances of great discouragement, the fitting-out of the crowning expedition is entirely due. Cape Lady Franklin was the name

given by Belcher's surveying parties to the most northerly headland of Bathurst island, close to the spot (lat. 77°) from which we now know that the *Erebus* and *Terror* turned southward in the autumn of 1845. Cape Jane Franklin was the name given by James Ross, in 1830, to one of the two headlands seen by him from Point Victory, the limit of his explorations on the western face of King William's Land. Seventeen and eighteen years later, the career, first of Franklin, and then of Franklin's ships, was to close within sight of this very headland; and, in 1859, the record of the fate of Franklin's crews was to be found, when the sad secret had been kept for eleven years, on the very position where Ross had unwillingly turned in 1830, after giving it Jane Franklin's name. The course of time and fate has done its best to consecrate the right of that name to the two prominent spots it will henceforth permanently mark in the geographical history of the Arctic sea.

In marking the beginning and the close of this great campaign of discovery by the Peace of Vienna and the outbreak of the Turkish war, we have but pointed to a fact which suggests more reflections than one. The wars of the first French Empire had put an end to all voyages of discovery for the time being. The ships and the sailors of England had full work nearer home in scouring the known seas, instead of bearing her flag into seas unknown. But as soon as the peace of Europe was again secure, the equipment of a Russian expedition of research for the Arctic Regions excited the emulation of England, lest the marine of another nation should have the honour of completing what Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, Baffin, and Cook had begun. The same year (1818) which saw the return of Kotzebue's vessel from the sound which bears his name, after an unsuccessful attempt to reach Icy Cape, beheld the inauguration under John Ross of our own series of Arctic enterprises. The next fifteen years, though full of adventures and persevering toil by land and sea, yet failed to solve the main question of a north-west passage; and the general interest in an apparently invincible problem dwindled by degrees, until it was revived by the comparative success of Ross and Crozier, in the *Erebus* and *Terror*, in exploring the Antarctic seas. That problem was first solved by Franklin, before his death in 1847, when he had brought his ships to a point where no land lay between them and the verified channels of Dease and Simpson, from which he would have sailed westward over a familiar path. But for the English nation it was shrouded in doubt and mystery, until the actual day when Lieutenant Creswell of the *Investigator* landed in Great Britain, as the herald and the evidence of McClure's discovery, on the 7th of October, 1853. At the date of his arrival, public attention was already and almost exclusively concentrated on the Eastern question. The Pruth had been passed, and the Russian challenge accepted by Turkey; and the entrance of England into the struggle was daily growing more inevitable. The thin echo of a distant success from the ice-bound waters of Melville Sound could hardly penetrate the ears that were listening for every rumour from Besica Bay. Mc Clure himself, and his ship's company of the *Investigator*, together with the crews of the vessels abandoned by Sir E. Belcher's orders, did not reach England till eight days after the battle of the Alma had been fought. The national excitement which then prevailed, accounts for the meagreness of the reception given to the seamen, who, by dint of four years' hardship, and toil, had first succeeded in travelling over water from Behring's Strait to Baffin's Bay.

The sententious Ulysses of Shakspeare's "Troilus and Cressida" uttered a phrase that was applicable to England in Raleigh's and Humphrey Gilbert's time, when he spoke of Time as bearing

> "—a wallet at his back,
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
> A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:"

but it never was more applicable than in our quick and crowded English life of the nineteenth century. "The pre-

sent eye praises the present object:" the brilliant details of the siege of Sebastopol itself soon faded into the background of history before the sudden flash and more desperate struggle of the Indian mutiny. Only two years and a half, again, have passed since the first news of that terrible outbreak reached England; and the British public is already half-tired of the successive publications of its cruelties and its heroisms. We have only to be certified of the death of Nana Sahib for the sake of an example of complete retribution, and to welcome home with a loud and well-deserved cheer the noble old soldier who has done his work so thoroughly as commander-in-chief in India, and might have done as much in the Crimea if he had not been passed over; and then the account of a curious contemporary public with the great mutiny of the Indian army will be closed and laid upon the shelf for ever. We want no more illustrated plans of Cronstadt or Sweaborg, Delhi or Lucknow, but of the mouth of the Peiho and the approaches to Pekin. Who remembers now anything about the dare-devil charge of "the gallant Forbes" and his troopers, the number of whose regiment was in everybody's mouth not three years back, or the unsatisfactory victories of the campaign of Bushire? It is not that our memories are fickle, but they are too busily employed. Nor are we at heart an ungrateful people. The excess of phlegmatic coldness to individual merit is at least a less obnoxious fault in a nation than the opposite tendency to undue and prolonged self-glorification. Only the veteran of a single campaign will be found at the close of a long life ringing the changes on the Gemmappes and the Valmy of his youth. It is because we trust as a people that we have, alike within the grave of the past, the life of the present, and the womb of the future,

"Five hundred good as he,"

that we can afford to shake down among the unconsidered crowd, or to send back to his duty with a moderate allowance of popular recognition and applause, many a man whom we individually envy for his opportunities, admire for the use he has made of them, and of whom we are proud in our heart of hearts, as of a hero of our own race and time. It has been the way of England, before the birth of the Victoria Cross and since, to expect that every man will do his duty, and take contentedly the amount of work or of praise that may fall to his share.

Let us look again at the Arctic chart, as it grows into shape under the hands of successive explorers from 1817. The first voyage of John Ross proved the substantial accuracy of the local discoveries made by Baffin in the bay that bears his name, at the same time that it corrected his imperfect longitudes. Parry, with the *Hecla* and *Griper*, in 1819, penetrated in a straight line westward through Baffin's newly-verified Sound of Sir John Lancaster, giving the eminent name of Barrow to the straits which he found to be its continuation, and saw the loom of Banks' Land in the south-western distance, before he wintered on the coast of Melville Island (long. 110°), thirty degrees to the west of Cape Warrender, the starting-point of his new track from Baffin's Bay. His record of the first winter ever passed by a ship's crew in those sullen regions, engraved on the great block of sandstone by the shore of Winter Harbour, still remains fresh and clear in the icy climate; as interesting a token, though not as wonderfully preserved a relic, as those yet legible inscriptions scrawled with charcoal in the quarries of Egypt in the time of the Ptolemies. The conspicuous place and nature of this memorial induced McClure to select the same rock in 1852 as the best spot upon which to place a notice of the *Investigator's* position in the Bay of Mercy, Banks' Land. This notice was found by a sledging party from the *Resolute;* and McClure's choice of so marked a place of deposit may be said to have saved the lives of the *Investigator's* crew, or at least to have pre-

served them from the toils and risks of a sledging march for life, of a very similar character to that which in 1848 Franklin's less fortunate crews were driven to attempt in vain. Such are the links by which the details of one Arctic voyage of discovery are bound up with those of another.

The second expedition of Parry, in 1821-2, was intended for a movement in combination with the overland journey of Richardson and Franklin from the farthest posts of the Hudson's Bay Company to the coast which had been seen by Hearne and Mackenzie. It is curious to observe the unaffected and plausible simplicity of inexperience, with which the Admiralty orders of those times assume as an operation feasible within the navigation of a single Arctic summer the passage which, after all the struggles and achievements of so many successive expeditions of research, no single ship has hitherto succeeded in making. Incommensurate as Parry's progress on this occasion was with the professed expectations of his superiors, he followed out the tracing of the line of the American continent to the north of Hudson's Strait and Fox Channel, along Melville Peninsula to the Fury and Hecla Strait, which opens into the water afterwards named by Ross the Gulf of Boothia. In his third expedition (1822-25) Parry tried a fresh cast upon his former track through Lancaster Sound, turning southward into the wide mouth of Prince Regent's Inlet, which he had christened in passing on his first voyage. The limits to which he penetrated this channel southward in two years, are marked on the chart by the names of Fury Beach, where the ship of that name was pressed on shore by the ice, and Cape Garry, the farthest headland in sight on his southern horizon. Captain John Ross, following the same path in 1829, in the *Victory*, navigated down the coasts of North Somerset and Boothia as far as Victory Harbour (lat. 70°), the starting place from which his nephew James Ross traversed with a sledging-party the Boothian Isthmus, and explored westward the strait which bears his name, and the shore line of King William's Land, as far as Point Victory, or Cape Jane Franklin, as has been mentioned before. It is a remarkable and important fact, that although in this coasting voyage Sir John Ross landed on Brown's Island, in Brentford Bay, and professedly made the most minute and accurate survey of the whole coast, he overlooked altogether the existence of Bellot Strait, which lies at the bottom of that bay. Had he penetrated behind the outwork of islands which covers the narrow passage through the natural curtain formed by the granite cliffs of Brentford Bay, he would have gained, twenty years earlier than its actual discoverer, Kennedy, the nearest entrance into the channel where the *Erebus* and *Terror* were ultimately beset on their last voyage. It is also worthy of note, that the tracing made of the shores of King William's Land, in the chart of Ross's voyage, although not professing to be a positive and correct plan of an actually traversed coast, yet marks in dotted line a continuous stretch of land as shutting up the south-eastern end of the John Ross Channel, and assumes, in consequence, King William's Land to be part of the continent of America. In the difficulties necessarily attendant upon Arctic surveys, it is natural, if not unavoidable, that oversights should have been made by the earlier surveyors, and that errors of conjecture which appeared but slightly relevant until the whole thread of the labyrinth had been followed out, should in the end prove to have been most material. In the windings of a large inland lake or river, and still more in the channels of an unknown archipelago, it is easy for a first observer to draw a mistaken inference from a horizon of headland overlapping headland, and fold of inland mountain rising over mountain fold. James Ross had every right to draw a strong conclusion of the improbability that King William's Land was an island, from what his eyes and his telescope told him of the horizon to the south, as he looked from the headlands of Spence's Bay. But the absolute negation of any passage west-

ward from Brentford Bay, in a chart of alleged surveys which, in Sir John Ross's own words, profess an almost superfluous minuteness and accuracy of detail, is a far less venial instance of the statement, as of ascertained fact, of that which the assertor had not personally or thoroughly verified. It is impossible to say how much or how little the mistaken supposition, on the distinct authority of Ross's chart, that Prince Regent's Inlet was a mere *cul de sac* for the voyager in search of a north-west passage, or the acquiescence in Ross's inference, that King William's Land was a part of the continent, may have added to the adverse chances of Franklin's last expedition. There are many cases in which it may plausibly be said, and honestly be thought, that extreme accuracy of investigation is practically a superfluous waste of toil: but it is almost a truism to assert, that every investigation whatever should be in fact at least as complete and as searching as on its face it professes to be. A total or partial blank, or any mark denoting ignorance or imperfect information, is a much less serious drawback to the value of a chart, than an exaggerated assumption of knowledge, which may shape the course of some future navigator.

The land and boat journeys taken during these years by Franklin, Back, and Richardson, are even more memorable and fuller of personal interest than the voyages of Ross and Parry. There are few volumes of travels accessible to ordinary English readers more deservedly popular than those containing Franklin's graphic and touching account of his expedition, in 1821, to the shores of the Polar Sea. The difficulties of the march northward, and the descent of the Coppermine river, the stupid and negligent blunderings of the *voyageurs*, the suspicious and greedy, but punctilious and charitable character of the Indians, the hazardous boat voyage from the mouth of the Coppermine to Point Turnagain, and the fearful sufferings of the desperate straggling return across the Barren Grounds to Fort Enterprise, are painted with a noble simplicity and an unsurpassable fidelity. English officers and seamen never battled more bravely with hardships, dangers, famine, and climate, than did Franklin and his English companions on that occasion; and it is mainly in the drawing out of the calm and trustful strength of character individually shown by them under the greatest trials, that the personal interest of this record is greater than that inspired by the adventures of Parry, or Ross, and their crews. There is a wonderful and stern pathos in the plain narrative of the murder of Lieutenant Hood by the Iroquois Michel, and the quick and steady execution of justice upon the murderer by those who would undeniably have fallen victims in their turn to his treachery had they spared him a day longer. And a stranger and more solemn picture of mingled familiarity with and sensitiveness to the outward signs of suffering was never given, than in the few words which tell how, when the relics of Franklin's and Richardson's parties met again at Fort Enterprise, after a separation of some twenty days, they were mutually horror-struck at the gaunt forms, worn faces, and hollow tones of each other, and utterly unconscious that an equally tell-tale change had been stamped by an equally long endurance of hunger and hardship on themselves.

"We were all shocked" (says Franklin) "at beholding the emaciated coun-
"tenances of the Doctor and Hepburn,
"as they strongly evidenced their ex-
"tremely debilitated state. The altera-
"tion in our appearance was equally
"distressing to them, for since the
"swellings had subsided we were little
"more than skin and bone. The Doctor
"particularly remarked the sepulchral
"tone of our voices, which he requested
"us to make as cheerful as possible,
"unconscious that his own partook of
"the same key." "Our own misery,"
says Dr. Richardson of himself and the sailor Hepburn, "had stolen upon us
"by degrees, and we were accustomed
"to the contemplation of each other's
"emaciated figures; but the ghastl

"countenances, dilated eyeballs, and se-"pulchral voices of Mr. Franklin and "those with him, were more than we "could at first bear." Human fortitude could hardly have wavered in a more noble manner. Franklin's party had tasted nothing more nutritious than scraps of leather and fragments of bone for thirty-one days, and Richardson's fare had been but little better. Whoever will turn to the narrative may gauge for himself the depth of their gallant endurance, and take a lesson from those brave and cheerful natures, that under such circumstances mingled no self-pity with their tenderness for others, exerted themselves to the last, and never dreamed of breaking down.

The result of this and the later coast expeditions of Franklin, Richardson, and Back, before the date of Ross's voyage in the *Victory*, was to trace the line of the continent uninterruptedly from Point Turnagain to within a very short distance of the coast visited from the western side through Behring's Strait. This line was extended eastward by Sir George Simpson in 1839. In that year he explored Simpson Strait, to the south of King William's Land, and connected Franklin's first limit of discovery with the mouth of the Great Fish river, visited by Back in 1834. He crossed the strait to Cape Herschel, King William's Land, and built there the cairn now standing, which was searched in vain by McClintock for any record of Franklin's crews.

Such was the state of the chart when the *Erebus* and *Terror* sailed on their last voyage in 1845 in search of a north-west passage. It is known that Franklin's favourite idea, before he left England, coincided with his orders; to pierce, if possible, to the southward of the course discovered by Parry, and so find the most direct way from Lancaster Sound to the point of the American shore, from which, as he could testify of his own experience, it was "all plain sailing to the westward." From what we now know of his first year's cruize round Cornwallis Island and back to Cape Riley, his first winter quarters, it seems probable that a closed sea towards Peel Sound and an open one towards the north, tempted him to an apparent temporary divergence from the plan which he had laid down for himself from the first, and which, in the next spring, he took the earliest opportunity of pursuing. What the condition of Prince Regent's Inlet in regard of ice may have been in the summer of 1845 we have no means of divining; inasmuch as, with the chart of the Boothian coast made by Ross for his only guide, Franklin would of course have passed it by. There is no profit in speculating whether the same enterprising energy which carried the *Erebus* and *Terror* in their first summer from England round Cornwallis Island might not have carried them instead by way of Bellot Strait into winter quarters west of Boothia, saved a whole year to the expedition, and altered entirely the conditions of its future success or failure. Arctic history, and indeed history in general, has nothing to do with that which might have been, and only concerns itself with a small part of what has been. From the date when Captain Fitzjames sealed up the last packet of journals he sent home from Baffin's Bay, the history of Franklin's expedition is comprised in the three graves at Beechey Island, the record now brought from Cape Victory, and the other relics either found lying in their place or purchased from the wandering Esquimaux. Well appointed as the ships were known to be, hopefully and cheerfully as their officers and men were prepared to work together, first as they were destined to be in the completion of the discovery of a passage round the north coast of America, not one man of those crews was to reach habitable land with the tale. No hint of their work or of their fate was to be found, but through year upon year of enterprise, perseverance, and self-devotion on the part of one after another of their brothers in the naval service of Great Britain. Like the Ulysses of Dante and of Tennyson, they were bound—

"To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars"—

until they died. It is all the more our duty to acknowledge that they did the work they were sent to do. That Franklin did virtually solve the problem which was the object of his voyage is not only testified to by all who have a right to speak authoritatively, but is a fact which rests on unimpeachable grounds. He designedly took the very course down Peel Sound and Franklin Channel which would have carried his ships, but for the terrible duration of that temporary obstacle of the ice-pack in which they were beset for two winters, straight to the most easterly point of the along-shore channel which he already knew. He died himself in full sight of the goal: his ships never traversed the short water-space which lay between their anchorage in the pack and the lines which other keels had ploughed from the west. Neither did the *Investigator* cross from Bank's Land to Parry's harbour in Melville Island. Yet if the reappearance of McClure or Cresswell in England was a living proof of their discovery of the passage, so is the single skeleton found by McClintock five miles to the south-east of Cape Herschel (and therefore within the line of coast traced from the west by Simpson) an imperishable memorial of that discovery having been anticipated by Franklin's expedition four years earlier.

To the total loss of that expedition, and the absolute want of information as to its fate, the present completeness of Arctic research in those longitudes is owing. Had Franklin's crews returned safe in 1848, after leaving their ships irretrievably fixed in the ice-pack, it is almost certain that no further attempts would have been made to force the navigation of a practically fruitless passage. And even if scientific inducements had prompted the organization of another enterprise, it may be questioned whether any such universal and permanent stimulus to unsparing exertion and minute investigation could have been found as that which animated alike officers and common seamen in the search for the missing ships and their crews. Other motives were doubtless at work among the searchers, in the shape of professional emulation, and that sheer love of adventure, which would fill up to-morrow with volunteers the muster-roll of any fresh expedition for the Arctic zone: but the chief goad which pricked on the leading spirits among those searchers to attempt and to accomplish things almost impossible, and drove the whole body of fellow-labourers to keep pace with the contagious enthusiasm of the foremost, was undeniably the hope at first of rescuing the lost ones, and later, when that prospect faded away through the lapse of time, the laudable and brotherly yearning to penetrate the mystery which still surrounded their fate. Captain Inglefield's chart, published by the Admiralty hydrographer in October, 1853, which marks in different touches the various strips of coast explored by the ships and travelling parties of the several expeditions in the seven preceding years, gives the clearest notion of the amount of labour that had been then performed. McClure's vivid description of the appearance of Lieutenant Pim from the *Resolute*, a wild gesticulating figure, shouting across the floe, as he came to announce their rescue to the ice-bound *Investigator's* crew, is one among many typical pictures of the highly wrought energy of feeling with which Pim, and those like him, prosecuted the search after those who, if alive a all, must then have been in far worse plight than even the "Investigators." And the whole of McClure's voyage, as drawn from his journals, through the spirited and cordial narrative of his friendly interpreter Sherard Osborn, shows with equal distinctness the need of iron nerve, quick decision, steady judgment, and untiring energy in the commander on special service, such as that on which the *Investigator* was bound, and the ready supply of all those qualifications possessed by her captain. The sailors' rule —"always obey the last order"—is

nowhere of more constant application than in the conduct of a vessel through an Arctic campaign. The directing and responsible mind has to be ready at every moment for every possible eventuality; to obey the orders of climate and circumstance, and yet to mould those forces into servants of his own superior will; to be shifty and supple as Ulysses in respect of all plans that are but means to the one great and constant end; to show under every emergency the equal temper of a heroic heart, and (to quote another line from that ideal of Ulysses to which we have pointed before)

> "To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.

Leopold McClintock, the commander of Lady Franklin's yacht *Fox* in the last and crowning expedition, had served in three consecutive Arctic voyages, under Ross, Austin, and Kellett, from 1848 to 1854. It may be truly said of him, that from the first to the last he devoted to the search not only his heart, but his brain. Every improvement in the details of sledging, and the consequent increase in the width of field which sledging parties are able to cover, made during those years, is, we believe, due to McClintock alone. The combination of the *minimum* of weight with the *maximum* of convenience, the most judicious apportionment of the load to be drawn day after day, so as not to overtask the strength of the men and dogs, the extension of the area of search by the previous laying out of successive depôts along the line, were studied and tested by him in theory and in practice, as quietly and as carefully as the subaltern Arthur Wellesley studied the work and the capacities of his own great machine, the English soldier. And the palm must be given to McClintock for the actual amount of personal fatigue undergone, and personal service performed in conduct of a sledging party. The extreme headlands of Prince Patrick's Island (lat. 77° 30′ north) were worthily signed with his name, years before the newly-explored channel from Melville Sound to Victoria Strait was christened in his honour at the request of Lady Franklin. No better man could have been found to command the *Fox*, and no commander of her could have been more nobly seconded than was McClintock by Hobson and Allen Young.

The voyage of the sharp-bowed little steam-yacht, of 177 tons, from Aberdeen (July, 1857), to Bellot Strait and back to the docks at Blackwall (September, 1859), is a most comprehensive and picturesque instance of the varieties of hazard incident to Arctic navigation. The 1st of September, 1857, saw the *Fox* beset among the closing ice in Melville Bay. Once or twice in that month McClintock saw close to him long lanes of water open through the floes towards the west, and a watersky towards Cape York, which told him that if he could once get clear he might yet winter in Barrow Straits. By the use of steam and blasting-powder on one occasion he had struggled through 100 yards of ice, out of 170 which lay between the *Fox* and the lead of water, when the floes began to close again. The end of the month found the *Fox* and her crew irretrievably fixed for the winter: condemned to drift for months of darkness wherever winds and the invisible currents might take them; to use McClintock's expressive phrase—"a legacy to the pack." Between that date and the last week of April, 1858, they drifted with their ice-continent down Baffin's Bay and Davis' Strait into the Atlantic, a distance of more than twelve hundred miles. In bursting the bars of that prison in the spring, as much or more risk had to be run than in finding a secure shelter for the winter within its folds. As soon as the floes began to crack and open into lanes around the vessel, the greatest efforts were necessary to warp her into the safest position within the chance shelter which projecting corners of the newly fractured ice might afford, in case of a change of wind closing up the mass upon her. And when once "the dear old

familiar ocean-swell" began to lift its crest above the hollows of the sea, and dash the huge ice fragments as in a grinding mill against each other, till they broke into smaller and smaller pieces, as the edge of the drift came nearer and nearer to the little imprisoned vessel, her position was critical in the extreme. For eighteen hours, and twenty-two miles, she was slowly boring out under steam against a heavy sea of close-packed rolling ice. As she steered head-on to the swell, the masses were hurled against her sharply-chiselled iron-plated stem, and fell off to either side, knocking obliquely against her bows with such force as to shake her frame all over. More than once the engines were stopped by the ice choking the screw. Had the rudder or the screw been disabled at any moment long enough to have caused the *Fox* to broach to, or, indeed, to present anything but her pointed stem to the force of the sea, not one of her crew would have reached the open water alive. "After yesterday's experience," says McClintock in the next day's journal, "I can under-"stand how men's hairs have turned grey "in a few hours." A swell of thirteen-foot waves of tumbling ice, with large icebergs here and there crashing through the smaller pack as the spray came showering over their summits seventy feet high, was an ordeal through which few men can have driven their ships with safety, and might well try the sternest nerves. Such was the end of the first year's labour. After escaping from the pack, McClintock turned his bow north, and refitted at Holsteinberg with the least possible delay. The *Fox* was nearly stranded on a rock off the Whalefish Islands in a heavy snow-storm in May, ran upon a sunken ice-capped reef in Melville Bay in June, where she lay for eleven hours in the greatest danger of falling over, till the tide floated her off unhurt; and after several narrow escapes from being nipped or again beset in the pack, anchored in August off Beechey Island. "All the adventures so far," Captain McClintock remarks, "are only preliminaries,—we "are only *now* about to commence the "interesting part of our voyage. It is "to be hoped the poor *Fox* has many "more lives to spare."

From Beechey Island McClintock steered through an open sea straight across to Peel Sound, which he penetrated for twenty-five miles till brought up by ice extending from shore to shore. With the same promptness of decision which marked McClure's sudden determination in 1851 to retrace his steps for the whole length of Prince of Wales Strait, and sail round Banks' Land by the west, McClintock instantly turned about for Prince Regent Inlet and Bellot Strait. Notwithstanding Kennedy's discovery, it was even then thought doubtful whether Bellot Strait was an unbroken deep-water channel at all. "Does it really exist?" asks McClintock of himself at the moment of this hardy decision; "and if so, is it free from ice?" It did exist; but the close-packed ice sucked into it from its western mouth by a permanent tide of several miles an hour to the eastward, defeated four attempts to force the *Fox* through. On the fifth attempt, McClintock steamed right through to the western outlet of the strait, but finding the wider channel beyond impracticable, returned to winter in safe quarters at Port Kennedy, the destined starting-point of his sledging parties for the next spring.

Through the details of the discovery of the only authentic record of the end of Franklin and his crews by one of those sledging parties, we need not follow Captain McClintock in these pages. The most salient points of his story are too familiar and too deeply impressed upon all who have heard them to need repeating. The question which on McClintock's return many persons were in the first instance disposed to ask—what, after all, has he told us of the ultimate fate of the main body of those two ships' crews, beyond what Dr. Rae had told us before?—has been thoroughly answered in the paper read by McClintock before the Geographical Society, as well as in his pub-

lished volume. He has shown us by the recovered record of Point Victory, that those thirty or forty men of whom Rae heard as having died one by one on the island at the mouth of the Great Fish river, were the main body, and not a detachment, as had been supposed. He has tracked them on their course from Point Victory to Capes Crozier and Herschel, in the direction of the river at whose mouth they vainly hoped to find a supply of fish, starting in their extremity at least two months too early. He can speak, with authority at least equal to that of any man alive, of the greatest number of days' journeys for which they could have carried sufficient provisions, and show how, before they reached the river's mouth, they dropped, as the Esquimaux said, one by one as they walked along. He has fixed the fate of the ships themselves, and of their veteran commander, who was destined to be spared a repetition of such bitterness of death as he had undergone in his youth so nobly. The hasty, laconic record itself, the statement of the proportion of officers and men already dead, from which the strongest inference of the scurvy-ridden condition of the survivors must be drawn, the date of the abandonment of the vessels, the masses of clothing and other articles brought from shipboard and left so early on the march, the boat found in the snowdrift some eighty miles farther along the coast, turned back towards the ships, with its two skeletons on guard, two guns leaning against the side, loaded and cocked for the chance of a passing animal, and its tantalizing superfluity of chocolate and other unsubstantial provision,—form a connected chain of evidence of the result to which Dr. Rae's informants could only point partially and vaguely. No reasonable doubt can remain after the perusal of McClintock's narrative, that not only could no survivors by any possibility still exist, but that no further trace or record would be found undisturbed by the covetousness or curiosity of the Esquimaux. On the smooth ice over which they dragged their sledges along the shore—on the bare hillocks over which they walked to survey the chances of food in the desolate landscape before them, or on the bleak island at the mouth of the frozen river—lies every one otherwise unaccounted for of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*—

> "Noble, nameless, English heart,
> Snow-cold in snow."

These results were not gained for us at home, it is needless to repeat, without enormous personal danger and fatigue undergone by McClintock and the companions of his enterprise. Lieutenant Hobson, the actual discoverer of the record and the boat, was so worn by travel and illness, that he had to be carried for many days on the sledge drawn by his party. Captain Allen Young, the explorer of McClintock's Channel, was, with another in a party of three, attacked with snow-blindness while far away from the *Fox;* and day after day, wherever the dogs refused to draw the sledge over uneven ice, was regularly loaded and led along by the only one of his companions whose eyes remained serviceable. When McClintock started homewards in 1859 from his anchorage in Port Kennedy, both the engineers of the vessel were dead, and he was obliged to take personal charge of the engines, sometimes for twenty-four hours together, where every moment longer spent within the ice added a fresh risk to those the *Fox* had already undergone. From the 9th of August, when he left Bellot Strait, till the 25th, when he anchored at Godhavn, in Greenland, McClintock must have had many opportunities of congratulating himself on the "many lives" which the *Fox* had yet to spare. As long as our naval officers are trained in the school which has ripened such men as Robert McClure and Leopold McClintock, whose character is written on every page of their journals, we need never fear for the behaviour of the British navy.

A MAN'S WOOING.

You said, last night, you did not think
In all the world of men
Was one true lover—true alike
In deed and word and pen;—

One knightly lover, constant as
The old knights, who sleep sound:
Some women, said you, there might be—
Not one man faithful found:

Not one man, resolute to win,
Or, winning, firm to hold
The woman, not all women—sought
Herself and not her gold:

Not one whose noble life and pure
Had power so to control
To humble loving loyalty
Her free, but reverent soul,

That she beside him gladly moved
Both sovereign and slave;
In faith unfettered, homage dear,
Each claiming what each gave.

And then you dropped your eyelids white,
And stood, a maiden brave,
Proud, sweet:—unloving and unloved
Descending to the grave.

I let you speak, and ne'er replied;
I watched you for a space,
Until that passionate glow, like youth,
Had faded from your face.

No anger show'd I—nor complaint:
My heart's beats shook no breath,
Although I knew that I had found
Her, who brings life or death;

The woman, true as life or death;
The love, strong as these twain,
Against which seas of mortal fate
Beat harmlessly in vain.

"Not one true man:" I hear it still,
Your voice's clear cold sound,
Upholding all your constant swains
And good knights underground.

"Not one true lover:"—woman, turn;
I love you. Words are small;
'Tis life speaks plain: In twenty years
Perhaps you may know all.

I seek you. You alone I seek:
All other women, fair
Or wise, or good, may go their way,
Without my thought or care.

But you I follow day by day,
And night by night I keep
My heart's chaste mansion lighted, where
Your image lies asleep.

Asleep! If e'er to wake He knows
Who Eve to Adam brought,
As you to me: the embodiment
Of boyhood's dear sweet thought,

And youth's fond dream and manhood's hope,
That still half hopeless shone
Till every rootless vain ideal
Commingled into one.

You; who are so diverse from me,
Yet seem as much my own
As this my soul, which formed apart
Dwells in its bodily throne;—

Or rather, for *that* perishes,
As these our two lives are
So strangely, marvellously drawn
Together from afar;

Till week by week and month by month
We liker seem to grow,
As two hill streams, flushed with rich rain,
Each into the other flow.

I swear no oaths, I tell no lies,
Nor boast I never knew
A love-dream—we all dream in youth—
But waking, I found *you*,

The real woman, whose first touch
Aroused to highest life
My real manhood. Crown it then,
Good angel, friend, love, wife.

Imperfect as I am, and you,
Perchance, not all you seem,
We two together, garner up
Our past's bright, broken dream

We two together dare to look
  Upon the years to come,
As travellers, met in far countrie,
  Together look towards home.

Come home, the old tales were not false,
  Yet the new faith is true;
Those saintly souls who made men knights
  Were women such as you.

For the great love that teaches love
  Deceived not, ne'er deceives:
And she who most believes in man
  Makes him what she believes.

Come! if you come not, I can wait;
  My faith, like life, is long;
My will—not little; my hope much:
  The patient are the strong.

Yet come, ah come! The years run fast,
  And hearths grow swiftly cold—
Hearts too: but while blood beats in mine
  It holds you and will hold.

And so before you it lies bare—
  Take it or let it lie,
It was an honest heart: and yours
  To all eternity.

MODERN PENSÉE-WRITERS.—THE HARES, NOVALIS, JOUBERT.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

Why is it that in a literary point of view, the two grammatical equivalents, "Pensées" and "Thoughts," convey such different impressions? The chief characteristic of a volume of French "Pensées," we feel at once, is that it consists mainly of a number of separate sentences or fragments. We expect nothing of the kind in opening an English pamphlet or volume, entitled "Thoughts," but rather a chain of reasonings or reflections, which simply do not assume the more definite form of a set essay or treatise. For the solution of the question, it will not, I think, serve us much to remark, though it should be observed nevertheless, that two wholly distinct literary forms pass current under the same generic name of "Pensées," and are generally to be found mingled, in posthumous collections especially—the merely fragmentary, and the intentionally detached; the former often exhibiting thought in its crudest, the latter in its most elaborate shape. But the mingling of the two, instead of being a thing to be complained of, tends, on the contrary, to our gratification, relieving and setting off each by each. The effect is precisely analogous to that of the juxtaposition at the British Museum of the Mineralogical and Palæontological collections, which enables the mind, when fatigued with the effort of discovering the meaning and supplying the deficiencies of the colourless fragments of past organisms, and imagining them into life again, to find repose in the precise mathematical forms or lovely colours of some specimen of crystallization; or, when tired again by the definiteness and monotony of these, to give itself free scope once more amidst the indefiniteness of the others, and the tempting glimpses into seemingly endless worlds of the past which they suggest. Precisely so, I repeat it, does the fragmentary thought — the thought broken off while growing, and thereby for ever tempting us to think it out—find its best place by the side of the detached, the slowly crystallized thought, sharp-angled, bright-tinted, but essentially limited. Hence it is that the best volumes of "Pensées" are the posthumous ones, as the most likely to contain a due intermixture of both elements; those published during life having a very strong tendency to range themselves solely under the second head, and thereby to become fatiguing by their glittering definiteness.

There is no wonder indeed that the French should supply a name for the thing, seeing that they have presented the world at once with the most cha-

racteristic samples of it, and the most numerous; from Pascal, who must be considered as the sovereign lord of this realm of literature, taller by the head and shoulders than any of his subjects, to Vauvenargues in the last century, and Joubert, of whom I have to speak to-day, in this. In England or in Germany, the true French "Pensée," where it can be found, must be sought for under other names. In Germany, the best samples of it, I take it, are mystical, and are perhaps afforded by Jacob Boehmen and Novalis, though chiefly under the fragmentary form. Among ourselves, the earliest leading sample is probably the most perfect; I mean the "Elegant Sentences" of Bacon,—not his "Apophthegms," which are little better than Joe Millers. Where was anything better said than "It is a strange desire which men have, to seek power and lose liberty;" or, "He that studieth revenge, keepeth his own wounds green;" or, "Without good-nature, man is but a better kind of vermin;" or, "Those who want friends to whom to open their griefs, are cannibals of their own hearts;" or again, "The best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express"? To leap over intervening instances, some of the best contemporary ones (though they are but as silver filagree to the solid gold of Bacon) are to be found among the "Aphorisms" contributed by Mr. Helps to "Politics for the People," in 1848, such as, "It is astonishing how keen even stupid people are in discovering imaginary affronts;" "It is surprising how little love we can be well content with, when that love is more than the person giving it gives to anybody else;" "It is a contracted mind that finds pity for suffering or misfortune only;" "Wise men fear the folly of their adversaries far more than their wisdom;" "There is not time enough in life for a man to be very suspicious;" "It is easy for a woman to be self-denying; it is hard for her to be just."

Yet we feel instinctively that no English name is quite appropriate to the thing. "Aphorism" cuts too hard and sharp; "apophthegm" is pedantic; "maxim" ambitious; "proverb" belongs to the future. So those in our days who have best understood the thing have fallen back upon a humbler word. The "Guesses at Truth," mainly penned by Augustus and Julius Hare, are our most characteristic modern English volume of "Pensées."

Why is this? I ask again, without being able wholly to satisfy myself. As a nation, we are, I should say, eminently sententious, and what is a kindred quality—let the word pass—*quotatious*. Our writers of the seventeenth century especially are full of those sparkling crystals of thought which need but to be detached; quotations, from Shakspeare in particular, lie embedded in our common speech and style, to an extent which may surprise many when they begin to notice it. Next to the Spaniards, we are again, perhaps, the nation of the world which is the fondest of proverbs; and one of the most brilliant of our newspapers, the *Examiner*, has for years grounded its popularity in a great measure upon the happy application to passing events of familiar proverbs and grotesque thoughts from popular humourists of the novel or of the stage. It is not, therefore, want of relish for the thing expressed by the French "Pensée," which prevents us from having any word to express it, or from offering any work which shall broadly exemplify it. I am inclined to think that the familiar handling of the Bible, including the typical exemplars of all "Pensées," the "Proverbs" and "Ecclesiastes," and—until modern bigotry placed them out of the poor man's reach—those other noble instances of the same form, "Ecclesiasticus" and "Wisdom," has tended hitherto to dispense with the need of lower samples. For a "proverb" is, so to speak, a "pensée," which has passed from the statical state into the dynamical, one which has been tried and proved, and is known to give a leverage; and therefore it is that the essentially practical English mind rather eschews the "pensée" till it is sure of finding in it

a real help for the work of life. Even now-a-days, when men have become in their own view wiser than the Wise King, and too serious or too funny to appreciate the grave pungency of his humour, it has been sufficient for a modern writer to dilute his wisdom with a *quant. suff.* of modern verbiage in order to build up a reputation on the achievement; since the best part of "Proverbial Philosophy" is (with all deference to its good-natured author) simply Solomon-and-water. Next to the Bible, I suppose that the pregnant sententiousness of Shakspeare has also done much to supply the place amongst us of the missing literary form.

I suspect, therefore, that the absence of an English equivalent for the term "Pensées," and the rarity of the thing in a collected shape, is not unconnected with our national character, nor to be lamented in itself. The idea of the "pensée"—more than any of those words "aphorism," "apophthegm," "maxim," "proverb," which we discarded for one reason or other—is intensely individual. It fixes our minds upon the thinker himself; and is thus a title which perhaps no living man has the right to give, nakedly, to his own work. The live John Thomas may fairly, according to English practice, ask our attention to his "Thoughts *upon*" this subject or that, thus screening himself behind his purpose. Only of the dead John Thomas can it be said by others, that his "Thoughts" are worth notice simply because he thought them. Hence the pleasantness and appropriateness of that title, "Guesses at Truth," applied to a work first published when its writers were young, touched up by one of them till within the latest years of his life.

The time is long past when this book, of which the fifth edition has appeared within the last few months, could require to be reviewed. The time is scarcely come, the space would certainly fail me here, even if the requisite familiarity with the facts already did not, for pointing out the relation in which the book stands to the life and work of its two chief authors. But it may serve as a useful term of comparison with the type-work of the kind in modern France —the "Pensées" of Joubert.

I cannot, however, pass at once to the latter, without devoting a few lines to the nearest German congener, the "Fragments" of Novalis, affording, as they do, a treasury of thought from which scarcely more than a few gold pieces have yet passed into the public domain. The gold is indeed there mostly in the matrix, but you can generally pick it out without much trouble. Take a handful of nuggets:—"Abstract words are the gases of language." "There is progress wherever there is a propensity not only to thought but to afterthought." "The narrower a system is, the better will it please the worldly-wise." "Analysis is the art of divination or invention reduced to rules." "Philosophy is properly a home-sickness, a longing to be everywhere at home." "To know a truth well, one must have fought it out." "We are near to waking, when we dream that we dream." "Wishes and longings are wings." "Chance itself is not unfathomable, it has its regularity." "What logarithms are to mathematics, that are mathematics to other sciences." "Every line is the axis of a world." "Nature is an enchanted city turned to stone.' "You may look on Nature as a tree on which we are the bloom-buds." "The power of reproduction is an organic elasticity." "Every transparent body seems to have a kind of consciousness." "A child is a love made visible." "God is the sphere of virtue." "Nature is an Æolian harp, whose tones touch higher chords again in us." "A philosophy of the bad, mediocre, and common, would be of the highest value." "If all the world were a pair of lovers, the distinction between mysticism and non-mysticism would fall away." "The artist belongs to his work, and not the work to the artist." "Many poems are set to music; why not to poetry?" "A king without a republic, and a republic without a king, are words without meaning." "Marriage is to politics what the lever is to mechanics." "Gold

and silver are the blood of the State. Overfulness of blood in head or heart betrays weakness in both." "Possession is ennobled by property, as bodily pleasure by marriage." "Women are a lovely secret, veiled but not closed." "A character is a full-formed will." Not to speak of the well-known and profoundly true "Spinoza is a god-drunk man." Surely it is difficult to conceive of an equal number of thoughts more livingly thoughtful, if I may so speak; or rather (for the word "thoughtful" is itself statical and passive), more *thinking* thoughts — thoughts which more compel us to think beyond themselves. When we recollect that the writer died at nine and twenty, and that the greater part of the "Fragments" were composed four years before, we feel what a promise was there lost—if aught be lost ever.

Very different was the life of Joubert. His "Thoughts" are the gradual accumulation of seventy years of life. The first has all the grave sententiousness of age: "I have given my flowers "and my fruit; I am henceforth but a "sounding tree-trunk; but whosoever "sits down in my shade and hears "me, becomes the wiser." Who was the man that could speak with such authority?

Joseph Joubert was born in 1754, the son of a medical man in a small town of Perigord. His chief education was received from the Fathers of the "Christian Doctrine" of Toulouse, with whom he remained till he was twenty-two, and one characteristic of whose system was that their young lay-members received lessons in the morning from their seniors, and gave them to their juniors in the evening. He came to Paris in the year 1778, and mixed at once in its most intellectual circles, making the acquaintance of Marmontel, Laharpe, d'Alembert, becoming intimate with Diderot. But possessing a small independence, he never seems to have taken up a profession, which served, perhaps, to carry him safely through the storms of the great French revolution. Nor does he ever seem to have meddled with public affairs but during two periods—one of two years, 1790-1792, as "juge de paix;" one apparently of five, from 1809, when named, through his friend M. de Fontanes, Inspector of the University. And to crown all, he would appear never to have published a line, never to have made a speech which came into print. It was only fourteen years after his death that a portion of his "Pensées" were for the first time (1838) collected and edited by his friend Châteaubriand, for private circulation. Reviewed by M. Sainte-Beuve in the *Deux Mondes*, they were afterwards published, and reached a second edition in 1850, increasing in bulk each time, as new thoughts were dug out of his manuscript papers, many of them scattered in absolute disorder, and written only in pencil. Thus has been to some extent falsified one of his sadder sayings, "The silkworm spins his cocoons, and I mine; but they will not be unwound. As it may please God!" Still, we cannot help feeling that the arrangement of his thoughts must be very different from that which he might himself have given them; and that, if "unwound," they may also have got tangled in the unwinding.

Great as may be the contrast between this life and the short one of Novalis, it is not less with that of the Hares, —men engaged in the active business of life; both parish priests, one a university lecturer first, then a dignitary in the church; both deeply interested of life, its realities, its pursuits, its politics; both prolific of their thoughts, and the Archdeacon especially pouring forth lectures, sermons, charges, notes volume-sized, with a fecundity which age could scarcely slacken. In his love of books, on the other hand (different from Novalis, whose book-knowledge was but slender), as well as in the charm of his conversation, Joubert fitly recalls Archdeacon Hare. A stranger life, indeed, in this our feverish nineteenth century, can scarcely be imagined than that of Joubert in his house of the Rue St. Honoré; whilst health allowed, at work in his library, a gallery at the very top of the

house, where "much of heaven mixed with little of earth," to use his own expression; latterly, when infirmity increased, in bed till three o'clock amidst piles of books—when he could not read, polishing their bindings—even in his bed surrounded with friends of both sexes, many of them daily visitants. Yet those who knew Hurstmonceux and its library, where even Chevalier Bunsen (who can think of him as Baron?) used, it is said, to discover German authors unknown to himself, may possibly be reminded of it by the picture.

To glance through Joubert's "Pensées" is like uncovering a tray of diamonds. "To reach the regions of light, you must pass through the clouds. Some stop there; others know how to go beyond." "Properly speaking, man only inhabits his head and his heart. All places which are not there may be before his eyes, beside him, under his feet, he is not in them." "Certain minds have a kernel of error which draws and assimilates all to itself." "Questions show the breadth of the mind; answers, its delicacy." "Passions are but nature; not to repent is corruption." "By over-fearing what happens, we come to feel some relief when it has happened." "All passions seek that which feeds them; fear loves the idea of danger." "It is always our impotencies which irritate us." "Tenderness is the repose of passion." "There is nothing good in man but his young feelings and his old thoughts." "Life's evening brings its lamp with it." "Age, neighbour of eternity, is a kind of priesthood." "Each man is his own fate, and spins his future." "Evening meals are the joy of the day; morning feasts are a debauch." "Wear your velvet within; show yourselves amiable to those above all who live with you." "One may convince others by one's own reasons; but one only persuades them by their own." "What is to be done with a mind that is full, and full of itself?" "Who does not know how to be silent obtains no ascendant over others." "Wisdom is rest in light." "Women deem all innocent that they dare." "Morality needs heaven, as a picture needs air." "Reason is in man the universal supplement to nature's impotency." "To think what one does not feel, is to lie to oneself." "When once the exact idea of duty enters into a narrow head, it cannot get out again." "Without duty, life is soft and boneless, and cannot hold up." "Look not duty in the face, but listen to it and obey it with downcast eyes." "Happy those who have a lyre in their heart, and a music in their mind which their actions perform." "It is not wise to tell one truth to men till you can tell them two." "There are certain errors which one can only get out of from the top." "Some go to error by the way of all the truths; some, happier, go to great truths by the way of all the errors." "Simple and sincere minds are never more than half mistaken." "Metaphysics are a kind of poetry." "The devout are the practical metaphysicians." "High logic needs no argument; it convinces by the very turn of its reasons." "Light is the shadow of God; clearness the shadow of light." "Noise coming from a single place makes all around seem deserted; coming from several places it seems to people even the intervals." "Monuments are clamps which join one generation to another. Preserve what your fathers have seen." "All great men have deemed themselves more or less inspired." "All conquerors have had something vulgar in their views, their genius, and their character." "Justice is truth at work." "In politics you should always leave a bone to pick to the snarlers." "The English are brought up in the respect of serious things, the French in the habit of making game of them." "In literature now-a-days the masonry is good, but the architecture bad." "Children need models more than critics." "Education should be tender and severe, not cold and soft." "Art is skill reduced to theory." "The beautiful is beauty seen with the soul's eyes." "Poets are great-souled, heavenly-minded children." "Poets in seeking the beautiful find more truths

than philosophers in seeking the true." "All languages have gold rolling in them." "Words, like glasses, obscure that which they do not help us to see." "Hold your mind above your thoughts, and your thoughts above your expressions." "Attention is narrow-mouthed. Pour into it what you have to say carefully, and so to speak, drop by drop." "To make apparent that which is very delicate, you must colour it." "The soul naturally sings to herself all that is beautiful, or seems such." "Professional critics can appreciate neither rough diamonds nor gold in bars." "Taste is the soul's literary conscience." "The surprising surprises once; the admirable is always more and more admired." "Perfection leaves nothing to wish at the first glance; but leaves always some beauty, some charm, some merit to be discovered." "Knowledge which takes away admiration is an evil knowledge." "There is nothing worse in the world than a middling book which seems excellent." "Buy not your books shut." "A palace is measured from east to west, or from north to south; but a book is measured from earth to heaven." "You should breathe Plato, not feed on him." "Cicero is in philosophy a kind of moon." "Voltaire in his writings is never alone with himself." "It is impossible to be satisfied with Voltaire, and impossible not to be pleased with him." "Voltaire, like the monkey, has charming movements and hideous features. You always see in him, beyond the cunning hand, the ugly face." . . .

Few, I suppose, would deny the marvellous brilliancy of the above jets of thought; and yet there is something wearisome in their dazzling brightness. Let us take a page from the "Guesses at Truth" (252 of the new edition), and see what effect it produces after the others:—"The difference between man's law and God's law is, that whereas we may reach the highest standard set before us by the former, the more we advance in striving to fulfil the latter, the higher it keeps on rising above us." "When a man is told that the whole of religion and morality is summed up in the two Commandments, to love God and to love our neighbour, he is ready to cry, like Charoba in Gebir at the first sight of the sea, *Is this the mighty ocean? is this all?* Yes! all; but how small a part of it do your eyes survey! Only trust yourself to it; launch out upon it; sail abroad over it; you will find it has no end; it will carry you round the world." "He who looks upon religion as an antidote may soon grow to deem it an anodyne; and then he will not have far to sink before he takes to swallowing it as an opiate, or it may be to swilling it as a dram." "The only way of setting the will free is to deliver it from wilfulness." "Nothing in the world is lawless except a slave." "What hypocrites we seem to be whenever we talk of ourselves! our words sound so humble while our hearts are so proud." "Many men are fond of displaying their fortitude in bearing pain. But I never saw any one courting blame to show how well he can stand it. They who speak ill of themselves do so mostly as the surest way of showing how modest and candid they are." "There are persons who would lie prostrate on the ground if their vanity or their pride did not hold them up."

Now, my feeling in copying the above page, and, I take it, that of the reader in glancing through it, has been one of rest,—such rest as the eye receives when passing from a closed room artificially lit up into the common light of day. Joubert seems as if he were trying to *make* light; the "Guessers at Truth," rather as if they tried to see better in a light which is not theirs. Bright souls indeed themselves, they sometimes cast back some ray received with a brilliancy as dazzling as Joubert's own; but it is only by accident that we look *at* them; it is *with* them that we generally look, and that they want us to look. Hence the total absence of that introspection and self-observation which fill the first (and by no means the least interesting) chapter of Joubert's work. Nothing can be truer than much of

what he thus says of himself:—"If there be a man tormented by the cursed ambition of putting a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and that phrase into a word, it is myself." "I know too well what I am about to say without writing it." "It is not my phrase which I polish, but my thought. I stop over it till the *drop of light* which I want is formed, and falls from my pen." "I needed age to learn what I wished to know, and I should need youth to say well what I do know." "Men are accountable for their actions; but for me, it is of my thoughts that I shall have to render account. They serve as the foundation not only for my work, but for my life." "My ideas! it is the house to lodge them which I find it hard to build."—Sayings like these, which every page in his work justifies, illustrate a thought which occurs amidst them, and which might have been the motto of his life—"Shining, I waste."

Now, make what allowances you please for the greater brilliancy of the French mind and temperament; for the training of a man born in 1754, familiar in 1778 with Diderot and the most brilliant minds of a society of which brilliancy was the especial characteristic, and from which it flashed more brightly than perhaps it ever has done in modern times, that of Paris just before the great Revolution; for a physical constitution, naturally or by mismanagement so frail, that, according to a droll speech of Mme. de Chatenay, quoted by himself, Joubert looked like "a soul that had fallen in by chance with a body, and got on with it as best she could,"—make all these allowances, and you will yet, I believe, not find sufficient reason for this perpetual painful striving and straining towards light for its own sake, this endeavour to reflect it from every side of his own mind, which makes Joubert's thoughts a ceaseless dazzle. It is only in his theology that we shall find the explanation of it.

Joubert was, openly, professedly, a Christian and a Roman Catholic. Of the harmless purity of his life, the affectionateness of his heart, the spirituality of his aspirations, no doubt can be entertained. He was admired, respected, loved by all; venerated by most; idolized by some. And yet, when one looks into his works, one finds that, whilst realizing much of Christianity in his life, and sincerely seeking it as the ideal of his thought, he yet missed, intellectually, the very core of it. The God of his mind is, after all, but the Pagan God—a God-greatness, a God-light, a God-force. "God is so great and vast," he writes, "that to comprehend Him we must divide Him,"—thus indicating that peeling off of Divine attributes (so called), one by one, fashionable in the last century, which leaves only a dry caput-mortuum of Being at the last. "In this operation of imagining God," he says again, "the first means is the human form, the last term light, and in light splendour," thus entirely reversing the Christian revelation of the divine personality of God as being itself the very brightness of all imaginable light,—of "one like unto the Son of Man" as being "in the midst of the seven candlesticks,"—of the Lamb as being the light of the Heavenly City.

So again, "The God of metaphysics is but an idea; but the God of religions, the Creator of heaven and earth, the sovereign Judge of actions and thoughts, is a force. The universe obeys God as the body obeys the soul which fills it." "God has no love for bodies." Now, the conception of God as Greatness, as Light, as Force, is true, no doubt; but it is a partial truth which the Christian shares with the philosopher as such, with the fire-worshipper as such, with the worshipper of force as such. So long as he goes no farther, he may sympathise with each, but not with any beyond. It is only through the conception of God as the Father, of the Father as revealing Himself in the Son, through a Spirit of truth and love, that he obtains a footing upon which he can sympathise with each and all, the philosopher and the peasant, the wise and the rude, the rich and the poor, with man, in a word, as man. Hence it is that when Joubert throws the reins on the neck of his

Platonism, and speaks to his fellow-thinkers, his thoughts are, in their measure, pre-eminently beautiful, and often true. Where was anything said more finely in modern times than the following?—"Whither go our ideas? They go into the memory of God."—"God, in creating them, speaks to souls and to natures, and gives them instructions whereof they forget the source, but of which the impression remains. From that word and that ray thus put in there remain to us, in the greatest darkenings of the soul, and in the greatest inattentions of the mind, a sort of humming murmur and a sort of twilight which never cease, and which disturb us sooner or later in our outward dissipations." But when the same man turns his mind towards the ignorant masses, his conception of a God-light fails him altogether; for the light he seeks is one for the wise, not that "which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Then you find him delivering himself as follows: "What renders worship useful is its publicity, its outward manifestation, its noise, its pomp, its clatter (*fracas*), and its universal observance. . . . Religious observances, such as processions, genuflexions, inclinations of the body and of the head, marches, stations, are not of small effect or importance. They bend the heart to piety, and bow the mind to faith. . . . The ceremonies of Catholicism bend us to politeness. . . . You must adorn in men's eyes victims self-offered to God,"—the last, one of those hideous inspirations of Roman monachism which are only worthy of the devil-gods of a Mexican teocalli. Hence, again, by a natural consequence, the writer's political doctrines, which consign the bulk of mankind to the good pleasure of their rulers. "Liberty should be as in an urn, and the urn in the prince's hands, to pour it out in fit time."—"Liberty is a tyrant governed by his caprices."—"Liberty, the jury, the usefulness of national representations, are errors." Hence, again, his idea of education as a privilege. "Man's strength," he says in one of his letters, "if it flows to his brain leaves his hands. . . . Nature has provided for the necessary labours of life, by giving to the greater part of men brains which do nothing." Therefore, new methods are not to be introduced into general education, "for all that may be proposed will always tend to render the art of learning less mechanical; and it is precisely this character which renders it more popular, that is, more suited to the multitude." Hence, lastly, his defence of what he terms "illusion," his implied apology for pious frauds, as when he says, "In facts of a certain order, religious facts, for instance, it matters little that there be some erroneous ones, if the one which one seeks to reach, and reaches through them, is a real fact, as the existence of God;" or, "it is perhaps not the error which deceives from truth to falsehood, but that which deceives from good to evil, which is fatal;" and, above all, the dreadful saying: "God deceives us perpetually, and wills us to be deceived."

Now if we turn to the "Guesses at Truth," we may find, in political matters especially, a great outward analogy of opinion with Joubert. The writers seem all Tories of the Coleridgian school. They abhor revolution; they blaspheme democracy; they are incapable of feeling the worth of the idea of Radicalism. And yet, look beyond the outward husk of opinion, and what a free, noble spirit lies underneath! "I hate to see trees pollarded—or nations." "I like the smell of a dunged field, and the tumult of a popular election." "A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman: a gentleman, in the vulgar, superficial way of understanding the word, is the Devil's Christian." "He who wishes to know how a people thrives under a grovelling aristocracy, should examine how vigorous and thick the blades of grass are under a plantain." Whence this free spirit, this freshness of life, but from faith in a personal God,—a God who essentially reveals Himself as man, and thereby ennobles and sanctifies, not the nature of the philosopher or of the saint, but of the man himself? That passionate love of truth, scornful

of all roundabouts, scornful of all disguises, which so markedly characterised Julius Hare,—which made him so fierce against all truckling and meanness,—found here alone its fulfilment, here alone a well-spring ever new.

And therefore may we find such "Guesses" as his and his brother's wholesome and useful, even when they are not, as thoughts, actually true. Take the very first:—"The virtue of Paganism is strength; the virtue of Christianity is obedience." Recollect that the one noblest act of military virtue in ancient Greece was emphatically stamped as one of obedience,—the fight of Thermopylæ;—that the one noblest act of civil virtue on the same theatre was again essentially one of obedience,—the death of Socrates; think on the absolute despotism of obedience which rules the earlier annals of the Roman Republic,—and you will feel that this saying is at least half a fallacy. And yet, as a "guess at truth," it comes quite near enough to show to us both the mark and the way of hitting it. You may come much nearer. You may say, for instance, "The virtue of Paganism has its source in strength; the virtue of Christianity in obedience;"—or even more pointedly—"Pagan obedience sprang from strength; Christian strength springs from obedience;" and yet I do not know that the value of the guess would not be impaired by its becoming more satisfying.

Our English "guessers" are calling us to think with them: Joubert strives to think for us. A study of this singular mind is perhaps far from useless at a time when an aristocracy of intellect is sought to be set up by many against the aristocracies of birth or fortune, and nameless journalists boast that the government of the world has passed into their irresponsible hands, and serve up to us for thoughts, day by day or week by week, their "crude imaginings." That any despotism can be more selfish, more narrow, more crushing to everything good and great than that of such an aristocracy, I cannot conceive, nor do I believe that any would ever collapse more utterly into nothingness under a single kick of Force. Joubert, at all events, presents us with the type of one who, if he dreamed of such an aristocracy, was himself most fitted to take the lead in it, and in his literary remains we may observe its best characteristics without its worst.

But he himself far outreached his dream. Nor would either Augustus or Julius Hare have failed to acknowledge a kindred spirit in one whose last written words, at seventy years of age, six weeks before his death, were the following:—

"22d March, 1824. The true, the beautiful, the just, the holy!"

In the very inarticulateness of these words we seem to feel the intercession of a Spirit higher than that of puny man, helping his infirmities "with groanings which cannot be uttered." Joubert had spent much of his life in carving, sharpening, polishing his words and his thoughts. Death comes, and his last bald and disjointed words show that his longings have been higher than his words, and himself greater than his thoughts.

And thus finally, if we would sum up the results of this comparison between three or four remarkable men (from the details of which, as respects Novalis, I have been obliged for want of space to abstain), we shall perhaps find them to be the following: Novalis represents the mystical thinker, Joubert the intellectual, the Hares the practical. The "Fragments" of the first deserve our study; the "Pensées" of the second command our admiration; the "Guesses at Truth" meet us as a friend, to be loved and lived with.

MACAULAY AS A BOY,

DESCRIBED IN TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF HANNAH MORE.

The originals of the two following letters are in the possession of the Rev. Arthur Roberts, Woodrising Rectory, Norfolk. Mr. Roberts inherited them from his father, William Roberts, Esq., a friend of Hannah More, and the author of the Memoirs of her Life and Correspondence, which appeared in four volumes in 1834. Among the numerous letters of Hannah More included in that work are several addressed to Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay; but the two following letters, then omitted by the biographer, are now published for the first time.

To understand the letters, the reader has to fancy Hannah More as she was in the years 1812-14, residing, at the age of nearly seventy, at Barley Wood, near Bristol. To this neighbourhood (pleasant to her as that of her birth and her early associations) she had retired many years before, leaving the literary world of London, but carrying with her all the celebrity she had there acquired, and her ample store of recollections of Johnson, Burke, Walpole, Garrick, and the other notables of the eighteenth century. A living link between that past Johnsonian era and the new men and interests of the nineteenth century, she was still adding occasional new publications to the long series of her writings which had begun while Johnson was alive to dispense praise and blame; but much of her time was occupied in correspondence on religious, moral, and philanthropic subjects with eminent persons of the day—bishops, politicians, and others—who either liked to exchange views with her, or sought her advice and the influence of her name in matters in which they were concerned. Among her friends was Zachary Macaulay, then a man of between forty and fifty years of age, but already for the last fourteen or sixteen years known (as he was to continue to be known during the rest of his life) as a conspicuous member of that group of religious philanthropists and anti-slavery politicians to which Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Buxton belonged. From Mr. Roberts's Memoirs of Hannah More it appears that Zachary Macaulay was one of her correspondents as early as 1796. What may have given greater intimacy to the friendship then already formed was that the lady whom Zachary Macaulay married about that time was a Miss Sarah Mills, who had been a favourite pupil of Hannah More while yet she and her sisters kept a ladies' school in Bristol—a school celebrated in its day as the best ladies' school in the West of England. For this reason as well as for others Hannah More seems to have taken an unusual interest in the fortunes of the Macaulay family; and from the 25th of October, 1800—on which day her former pupil presented Zachary with the son who was afterwards to be so famous—little Tom Macaulay seems to have been often in her thoughts. She had probably seen him occasionally in infancy and early childhood; she could regard him as derivatively, or by only one remove, a pupil of her own—for till his thirteenth year Lord Macaulay seems to have been educated entirely at home and chiefly by his mother; and there may have been correspondence between the anxious mother and so high an educational authority as Mrs. More respecting the little fellow's training. At all events, before the year 1812 the boy must have been well known to Hannah More both personally and by reports of him from his parents, and must have been not only a great pet of hers, but really remarkable to her as a little prodigy of acquisition. So much is implied in the letters which we proceed to quote.

The first is dated "August 7, 1812," at which time the boy was eleven years

and nine months old. A question, it seems, had then arisen with his parents as to the place and manner of his farther education; and his father, inclining on the whole to the plan of placing him as a day-scholar at Westminster School, had written to consult Hannah More. Here is her reply:—

"My dear Sir,—I snatch the occasion of Mr. R. Grant being here to convey a line under his cover, so that it must be a hurrying one. As far as my poor judgment goes, it appears to me that, if all other things can be brought to suit, you cannot do better than adopt the plan of which you have conceived the idea, of removing to Westminster for the purpose of placing Tom at school there *by day*. It is only with this limitation that I should think it a safe measure. Throwing boys headlong into those great public schools always puts me in mind of the practice of the Scythian mothers, who threw their newborn infants into the river;—the greater part perished, but the few who possessed great natural strength, and who were worth saving, came out with additional vigour from the experiment. Yours, like Edwin, 'is no vulgar boy,' and will require attention in proportion to his great superiority of intellect and quickness of passion. He ought to have competitors. He is like the prince who refused to play with anything but kings. Such a place as Westminster School (with the safeguard of the paternal hearth during all the intervals of study) will tie down his roving mind, and pin his desultory pursuits to a point. At present, conscious that he has no rival worthy to break a lance with him, he may not pursue the severer parts of study with sufficient ardour, sure as he must be of comparative success. Next to religion, there is no such drill to the mind, no such tamer, as the hard study and discipline of these schools. In all other respects I think sufficiently ill of them. Nor would I, for all the advantages which the intellect may obtain, throw his pure and uncorrupted mind into such a scene of danger. Your having him to sleep at home, as well as to inspect in the evenings, I trust will, with the blessing of God, protect him from all mischief of this sort. I never saw any one bad propensity in him;—nothing except natural frailty and ambition inseparable perhaps from such talents and so lively an imagination;—he appears sincere, veracious, tender-hearted, and affectionate. I observed *you* have a great ascendancy over him. Your presence restrained the vehemence of his eloquence without shutting up his frankness or impairing his affection. You are quite his oracle; I trust you will always preserve this influence. I observed with pleasure that though he was quite wild till the ebullitions of his muse were discharged, he thought no more of them afterwards than the ostrich is said to do of her eggs after she has laid them.

"Our love to Mrs. M. and Tom, and pray tell the latter that the huntsman, or whipper-in, I am not certain which, of Childe Hugh[1] is actually dead of the injury he received from falling into the cauldron in which he boils the meat for the hounds. If he was, as we are told, the instrument of Sir Hugh's vengeance, it is a very awful providence. I suppose your young bard will lay hold of it for a second *fit*. I wish he would correct the other, and send it me in a legible (form). Tell him I have been dining at Mr. Davies', and he is to dine here on Friday. I have told him what a champion Tom is in his cause. I read to him Tom's fable, which I inclose.

"Yours, my dear Sir,
"Very sincerely,
"H. More.

"Barley Wood,
"*August*, 7, 1812."

From independent information we are able to add that the boy did not go to Westminster School (in which case that school would have had another great name to add to that long list of her ornaments which includes Camden,

[1] Probably some poem of the boy's, which his father had sent for Hannah More to look at.

Ben Jonson, George Herbert, Cowley, Dryden, and Cowper), but was sent to a select private academy, kept by the Rev. Matthew M. Preston, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, at Shelford, near Cambridge. It was probably during one of the vacations at this academy that he paid the visit to Hannah More at Barley Wood, which is referred to in the second letter. The letter, which is very striking and full of detail, bears unfortunately only the date "21st July," without the year being named; but, from internal evidence, it seems to refer to a slightly more advanced stage of Macaulay's boyhood than the preceding, and Mr. Roberts has furnished us with grounds for thinking that the year was 1814. If so, Macaulay had not quite completed his fourteenth year when it was written. He had been staying for some weeks under Hannah More's roof, and is on the point of departing when she thus conveys to his father her impressions of him.

"My dear Sir,—I wanted Tom to write to-day, but as he is likely to be much engaged with a favourite friend, and I shall have no time to-morrow, I scribble a line. This friend is a sensible youth at Woolwich: he is qualifying for the Artillery. I overheard a debate between them on the comparative merits of Eugene and Marlborough as generals. The quantity of reading that Tom has poured in, and the quantity of writing he has poured out, is astonishing. It is in vain I have tried to make him subscribe to Sir Harry Savile's notion that the poets are the best writers next to those who write prose. We have poetry for breakfast, dinner, and supper. He recited *all* 'Palestine,'[1] while we breakfasted, to our pious friend Mr. Whalley, at my desire, and did it incomparably. I was pleased with his delicacy in one thing. You know the Italian poets, like the French, too much indulge in the prophane habit of attesting the Supreme Being; but without any hint from me, whenever he comes to the sacred name he reverently passes it over. I sometimes fancy I observe a daily progress in the growth of his mental powers. His fine promise of mind expands more and more, and, what is extraordinary, he has as much accuracy in his expression as spirit and vivacity in his imagination. I like too that he takes a lively interest in all passing events, and that the *child* is still preserved; I like to see him as boyish as he is studious, and that he is as much amused with making a pat of butter as a poem. Though loquacious, he is very docile, and I don't remember a single instance in which he has persisted in doing anything when he saw we did not approve it. Several men of sense and learning have been struck with the union of gaiety and rationality in his conversation. It was a pretty trait of him yesterday: being invited to dine abroad, he hesitated, and then said, 'No; I have so few days, that I will give them all to you.' And he said to-day at dinner, when speaking of his journey, 'I know not whether to think on my departure with most pain or pleasure—with most kindness for my friends, or affection for my parents.'

"Sometimes we converse in ballad rhymes, sometimes in Johnsonian sesquipedalians; at tea we condescend to riddles and charades. He rises early, and walks an hour or two before breakfast, generally composing verses. I encourage him to live much in the open air; this, with great exercise on these airy summits, I hope will invigorate his body; though this frail body is sometimes tired, the spirits are never exhausted. He is, however, not sorry to be sent to bed soon after nine; and seldom stays to our supper.

"A new poem is produced less incorrect than its predecessors—it is an excellent satire on radical reform, under the title of 'Clodpole and the Quack Doctor.' It is really good. I am glad to see that they are thrown by as soon as they have been once read, and he thinks no more of them. He has very quick perceptions of the beautiful and the defective in composition. I received your note last night, and Tom his

[1] Heber's poem of that name.

humbling one.[1] I tell him he is incorrigible in the way of tidiness. The other day, talking of what were the symptoms of a gentleman, he said with some humour, and much good humour, that he had certain infallible marks of one, which were neatness, love of cleanliness, and delicacy in his person. I know not when I have written so long a scrawl, but I thought you and his good mother would feel an interest in any trifles which related to him. I hope it will please God to prosper his journey, and restore him in safety to you. Let us hear of his arrival.

"Yours, my dear Sir,

"Very sincerely,

"H. More.

'Barley Wood,
"21*st July*.

"P.S.—To-morrow we go to Bristol."

In 1814, Mr. Preston removed from Shelford to Aspeden, near Herts, taking young Macaulay and his other pupils with him. A fellow-pupil of Lord Macaulay's at Aspeden, from 1815 onwards, informs us that here he was the same studious, extraordinary boy, that Hannah More had found him—rather largely-built than otherwise, but not fond of any of the ordinary physical sports of boys; with a disproportionately large head, slouching or stooping shoulders, and a whitish or pallid complexion; incessantly reading or writing, and often reading or repeating poetry in his walks with companions. The same fellow-pupil has favoured us with the following verses carried in his memory yet, as written by young Macaulay for the entertainment of the school. The persons named were men then of note in the world of public gossip—Marsh being the bishop of that name; Coates the famous Romeo Coates; Bennett an aristocratic prison-reformer, and Lewis Way (we suppose) some advocate of Jewish rights.

"Each, says the proverb, has his taste.
'Tis true:
Marsh loves a controversy; Coates a play;
Bennett a felon; Lewis Way a Jew;
The Jew the silver spoons of Lewis Way;
The Gipsy Poetry, to own the truth,
Has been *my* love through childhood, and in youth."

From Mr. Preston's academy, Macaulay proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1818, from which date the steps of his career are well known. His father died May 13, 1838, having lived to see his son a public man. Hannah More had departed this life five years before (1833), at the age of eighty-eight—having seen her young prodigy making her predictions good. It is pleasant to add that Lord Macaulay cherished a warm recollection of Hannah More, and used to acknowledge his obligations to her, and the influence she had had in directing his reading, and that as late as 1852, when himself driving as an invalid past the house near Clifton where she had spent her last years after quitting Barley Wood, he pointed out the house to a friend (our informant), and spoke of her with affection. One ought to remember also that, through Hannah More, as through a second memory, Macaulay had a more vivid tradition of the English literary society of the eighteenth century, and of the personal habits of Johnson and his contemporaries, than might otherwise have been possible, and that something of this may be traced in his works.

As we revert to the two letters, there is something very touching just now in the light which they throw on the dawn of the remarkable career which has just closed. Westminster Abbey, and the public funeral: here is the fitting end. We turn from it; and the quiet country home at Barley

[1] Mr. Roberts informs us that in 1814 Zachary Macaulay set his son to make the Index to vol. xiii. of the *Christian Observer*; and the "humbling" note received by Tom at Barley Wood, may have been the order for this task, accompanied by a paternal lecture on tidiness and exactitude.

Wood, with the bright boy reciting poems, writing fables, and conversing in ballad rhymes, or Johnsonian sesquipedalians, with his gentle, pious, clear-sighted hostess, is a sight which should do us good. Here was the beginning. There never was a better instance of the truth that the child is father to the man; the special charm, however, of the letters is, that while giving a very lively idea of his great gifts, they bring out all the lovable side of the boy's character so freshly and clearly. The writer excuses herself for penning such long scrawls by the thought that his father and mother would feel an interest in any trifles which related to him. She scarcely thought how wide a circle would one day be thankful for her trifles. One can only heartily hope that all future Englishmen of mark may fall under equally loving and judicious supervision. One cannot help hoping also that there may be other equally loving and graphic sketches of the young historian scattered up and down the country, which may now come to light.

It is most curious to observe how the mind of the little Macaulay as seen in Hannah More's letters, is already full of exactly the subjects on which the grown man was never weary of labouring, and on which his fame rests. Ballad poetry, biography, history, oratory, and politics, are as much the objects of his devotion at thirteen as they were afterwards.

THE AGE OF GOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

—But not that precious metal with a Queen's head upon it, which you, O anxious-eyed Paterfamilias, shovel up on a copper scoop from the Bank counter; or you, bare-armed and be-jewelled Materfamilias, stop to fasten somewhere about your elegant evening dress, in passing from your nursery-door to your carriage. The gold here referred to is none of yours. You have forgotten you ever had it, or maybe you never had it at all; for it does not fall to the lot of every one, even in childhood. But your little, quiet, pale-cheeked boy, crouching in a window-seat with his knees up to his chin, and a book upon them; or your bright-eyed, clever girl, the Dinarzade of the nursery, sitting in the gloaming with the little ones round her, spinning "stories" without end: they know all about it. They are in the very midst of the treasure: it lies about them in ungathered heaps; morning, noon, and night. They eat of it, drink of it, wear it, play with it; it is their own rightful property in fee and entail—and as such will descend through generations to the last child that ever is to be born upon this earth. A possession in one sense unalienable; for though it, and the very memory of it, may fade—the influence which it has unconsciously exercised remains, and remains for ever. Every good thought and noble act of after life may, nay must, have originated in the Age of Gold.

By that phrase, is not implied the age of innocence. Much poetic nonsense is talked concerning the "innocence" of children. Taking a sober, candid revision of our own childhood, or that of our "co-mates, and brothers in exile," still left on pilgrimage at our side, and therefore not necessary to be exalted as with a not unworthy tenderness, we are fain to exalt into angelic perfection those children who remain such always—few of us can remember being very good or very happy in those early days. Most of us, we confess—let it rather be said, we *hope*—were a great deal naughtier then than we are now;—else, what would have been the use of our remaining on probation here? we should have put on our wings, and mounted direct to paradise.

But we were anything but infantile angels, and we know it. We recall

with contrition our affectations, conceits, jealousies, selfishnesses, meannesses—not to count those fierce angers and revenges—excusable, perhaps in degree inevitable, when the blood is hot, and quick, and young. Nor do we remember being so very happy. Then, as now—nay, far more, thank Heaven, then, than now—did we

> "Look before and after,
> And pine for what is not:
> Our sincerest laughter
> With some pain was fraught;"

—pain, sharpened by the fact that it was new and incomprehensible; that we either fought furiously against it, as an injustice and a wrong, or hugged it to our hearts with a kind of morbid pleasure; thereby laying the foundation of that diseased state of mind, which out of an over-sensitive child, makes a nervous, fretful, useless woman, or a discontented, egotistic, miserable man.

Surely, considering how vividly all impressions must come to the being so new to this world, and how the balance of mental sensations and emotions must necessarily be as undecided and untrue as that of the physical powers, the extreme happiness of childhood becomes almost as mythical as its great innocence. We believe in neither. And yet we believe, solemnly, deeply, pathetically, thankfully, in the Age of Gold.

It does not, as was said before, come to all children. Human beings are not—though many good, deluded people, try to make them—all of one mould and one pattern: to be reared in shoals, like tadpoles, each with the prescribed head, body and tail, out of which it is to emerge into a uniform maturity of complete frogdom. Not so. Apparently, Omniscient Wisdom, at least in us, His immortal creatures, wishes to combine infinite unity with infinite variety—a law we cannot too early recognise, especially concerning children.

Thus, the boy being "father to the man," possesses even in babyhood the germ of that individuality which is to distinguish him from other men. We cannot conceive Benjamin Franklin, that prince of practicality, with his immemorial recipe for the making of expedientalists, "Honesty is *the best policy*;" or that "Successful Merchant" who began his career with buying a lollipop for a penny, and selling it for twopence—we cannot, I say, imagine these notable characters ever to have had an age of gold. They would probably deny that there was such a thing. And yet it is a truth; just like "first love" or boyish friendship, and many another thing that some of us grow out of and live to laugh at; until possibly in old age it may rise up and stare us in the face as the one reality of our existence. However the fashion of them may alter and pass away, woe be to us, if we have been false to the dreams of our youth! ay, or our childhood either; if we should come to despise or offend one of these little ones, delighting itself in the impossible happinesses, indescribable lovelinesses, and never-to-be attained virtues, that constitute its age of gold.

This age, and the sort of children who enjoy it, may be indicated by one word, Imagination,—that strange faculty which rationalistic philosophers present as the solution of many difficult problems, but yet which is itself the greatest problem of all. What is it—this power, which enables the human mind to *create?* not merely to put together certain known facts or materials, and derive therefrom certain conclusions or results—but to originate, to make something out of nothing, to transform intangible fancies into credible, or at least credited realities? To which question the answer is probably as difficult as it must be for the conscientious atheist—and there is such a thing—to explain away by logical induction, how it was that the first idea of God (granted any sort of God, Hebraic, heathen, or Braminical, if only a being immortal and immutable,) ever entered into the mind of any being merely human, and subject to all the laws and accidents of mortality, change, decay, and death.

Curious, wonderful, almost awful, is it to watch and investigate this faculty, the first to be developed in nearly every child, and lasting during the whole

period of infancy and adolescence; either passively, in the universal delight with which, from the earliest dawn of intelligence, a child listens to "a 'tory"—or actively, when it begins to invent one for itself. What astonishing historiettes result—queer mingling of the real and the ideal, till you hardly know whether it would be wiser to smile at the eccentric fancy and brilliant invention of the prattler at your knee, or gravely to admonish it for "lying." There are many children of vivid imagination, who, even to themselves, can hardly distinguish between what they see and what they invent, and have to be taught, by hard and patient lessons, the difference between truth and falsehood. For instance, a little fellow we knew, scarcely past the lisping age, used day after day and week after week to relate to mother and nurse continuous biographies of his "brother William," and a certain "Crocus bold" (both equally fabulous characters); how he used to meet them on the sea-shore, and go sails with them — how "the Crocus bold" fell out of the boat, and "my brother William" jumped overboard, and fished him up again; and how they two lived together in a bay the child named — a real bay — and "sold lobsters," &c. &c. Amidst all the laughter created by this story, told with the gravest countenance by the young relater, who was exceedingly displeased if you doubted his veracity for a moment—it produced an uneasy sensation, not unlike what one would feel in listening to a monomaniac, who tells you earnestly how he

> "Sees a face you cannot see,"—

though perhaps it is, he avers, looking over your shoulder at this very time. Or rather, that curious bewilderment with which one hears the statement of a modern Spiritualist, probably in all respects but this a very sensible, rational person, who relates "communications" as lengthy as they are ludicrous, from the invisible world; informs you, and expects you to believe, that he has seen spirit-wreaths moved from head to head by spirit-hands, and felt soft dead-cold fingers clasping his under his respectable dining-table. You cannot deny these things, without accusing good people of voluntary mendacity: you have, therefore, no resource but to set it all down to "the force of imagination."

But what is Imagination?—None of us on this side immortality is ever likely to be able clearly to understand or define.

It remains, therefore, only for us to accept the manifold developments of this faculty, the nature and causes of which we can never satisfactorily demonstrate. We can but use it as we are meant to use all our faculties—reverently, judiciously, cautiously. And as to those who are given to our charge—those helpless little ones, who, so far as we see, will owe it *to us* whether they grow up to be, unto themselves and society, a blessing or a curse—we can but try and learn wisely to guide that which we have no power either to annihilate or to repress.

A few serious thoughts of this kind, consequent on going through a course of what may be termed Infantile Imaginative Literature, resulted in the present paper, which, however, only offers the merest and vaguest suggestions on a subject daily becoming more important—viz. the character, tone, and matter, most suitable for children's books.

On this question there is one wide split between "the parents of England." We find them divide into realists and idealists—the one faction going the whole length of fairy tales, "Arabian Nights," &c. &c.—the other protesting that no book which is not strictly and absolutely true, should ever be placed in a child's hands. To argue this moot question would be idle; though it may be just hinted in passing that we have the Highest authority for the presentation of truth through fiction, and that the fiercest realist would hardly venture to accuse the Divine Relator of the Gospel parables of *lying*.

Let us grant, then, that imagination is a child's birthright, its strongest tendency, its keenest enjoyment. No person will doubt this who has ever been

either tale-teller, or tale-hearer, of any sort of tale, from the most ordinary reproduction of ordinary infant life—"There was a little boy and he had a garden"—to one of those wildly improbable romances that a child will sometimes invent, about fairies and genii, and what not—winding and unwinding, without connexion or plot, the most confused succession of events and characters, and combining all that the baby mind has ever read or heard of with original ideas of the most extraordinary kind, of which you wonder how they ever got into the child's head at all! And all the while the wide-open, wonder-filled eyes are fixed on yours, and the grave little voice goes on with a quiet conviction of its own veracity, which at times perfectly staggers you. You cannot help feeling, though you may be the very mother who bore it, that there is something in the creature which you cannot understand, something above you and beyond you, which tells you that this little one, created of your flesh, is yet distinct from you, a separate existence, immortal, with all the needs, instincts, and responsibilities of mortally-invested immortality. How awful this makes *your* responsibilities, is there any need to urge?

So, in swift and sure succession, like heirs coming into their inheritance, do individuals out of all generations enjoy the age of gold; some of us entering upon it so early that we never remember the time when it was not ours. All the personages in the Arabian Nights, and in the classic old fairy-tales, together with Lemuel Gulliver, Robinson Crusoe, and a few more, seem to have been with us, and to have gone along with us during all our childhood, co-existent companions, as real as any of the living playmates, most of whom have now become as unreal characters as they.

And yet it is curious in thus attempting to analyse our old selves, to find what a duality of nature there was in us, and what a distinctly double world we lived in; half of it being composed of strong realities—breakfasts, dinners, suppers, school, play, and bed-time,—wherein we fed and quarrelled, hated spelling and adored mince-pies, with true animal intensity: while the other half was a region of pure imagination, in which we roamed and revelled, unfettered by any moral consciousness, or indeed any mundane necessities whatsoever. *How* the seven brothers were turned into swans, and the white cat into a princess; whether it was right of Puss-in-boots to tell such atrocious falsehoods about "my Lord, the Marquis of Carabas;" and for young Hop-o'-my-thumb to cause that simple-minded Ogre to commit unintentional suicide by the delicious deception of the leathern bag and the hasty pudding—were questions that never troubled us. We believed it all—that is, our fancy did; and fancy alone is the first shape assumed by that strange quality which we here term imagination, or the imaginative faculty.

This fact may serve as a hint to those who write for children. All a child wants, at first, is "a story:" about good or bad people matters not,—whether with or without a moral, 'tis all the same. Every impression must be conveyed in the broadest colouring and simplest outline. The young mind instinctively refuses to perplex itself with nice distinctions of right and wrong. Brave little Jack attacking the cruel giants, Cinderella's unkind sisters punished by seeing her exaltation, and, in fact, the general tenor of old-fashioned fairy-lore, where all the bad people die miserably, and all the good people marry kings and queens, and live very happy to the end of their days, furnish as much moral teaching as can well be taken in at the age of six or seven. And the intellectual, like the physical appetite, is not a bad gauge of its own capacity of digestion.

Therefore, we cannot help suggesting that there may be some little mistake in the flood of moral and religious literature with which our hapless infants are now overwhelmed: where every incident is "usefully applied," and the virtuous and the wicked walk about carefully labelled, "this is good," "this

is bad;" so that no child can possibly mistake one for the other. And, without wishing to blame a very well-meaning class of educators, it may fairly be questioned how far it is wholesome to paint children going about converting their fathers and mothers, and youthful saints of three and a half prating confidently about things which, we are told, "the angels themselves desire to look into," yet cannot, or dare not. We honestly confess that we should very much prefer "Jack the Giant-killer."

However, in spite of all these modern instructors of youth, we delight to find the old non-moral—let us not say immoral—literature still flourishing. Witness a one-volume family edition of the "Arabian Nights," illustrated by W. Harvey;[1] and a still more charming volume, adorned by even better artists—to wit, Absolon, Harrison Weir, &c.—who, undisdaining, have taken our ancient friends Mother Hubbard, Little Bo-peep, Poor Cock Robin, the Babes in the Wood, &c.; with prose favourites, the two heroic Jacks of glorious memory, Cinderella, Whittington, Goody Two-shoes, and Tom Thumb; also the modern Three Bears and Andersen's Leaden Soldier;[2] and pictured them all with a poetic feeling and a true high-art fidelity to nature which cannot be too highly praised. No child in the three kingdoms could have a better birthday present than this pretty book. Or, another, the "Children's Pilgrim's Progress,"[3] the preface to which will explain itself.

"The Allegory contained in John Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' is certainly one of the most beautiful that ever was written. It is, however, so overlaid with repetition and conversations about questions of doctrine which no child can possibly understand, that I am constrained to believe no young people can ever read the whole book through without being wearied. It is for them that I have printed the present edition, in which the whole story of the Allegory is given in the Author's own words, (with occasional exceptions,) and in which the long conversations I refer to are omitted. At the end of the volume are a few Notes in explanation of the Allegory."

An allegory out of which centuries of older Christians have drawn more truth and consolation than out of any book, except the Holy Bible. But to children it is, and ought to be, merely "a story." They, to whom the perplexities of doctrine must be wholly unintelligible, prated of in that lip-fashion which is something worse than ludicrous—revolting, may yet receive Christian and Faithful, the Slough of Despond and the Celestial City, as ideal pictures—first strongly impressed on the fancy as pictures only; to be afterwards vivified with that glorious reality—that truth of God, with which He inspired old John Bunyan; which makes children of a larger growth read, with tears in their eyes, or with a yearning unutterable at their hearts, of the "burthen" which fell from Christian at the foot of the cross; of the Shining Ones, who walked in the Land of Beulah; of the river which was "very deep;" of the city which "shone like the sun."

In a child's book no "preaching" should be admissible. The moral of it should always be left to speak for itself, even as speaks, in all its various voices, the wonderful history of life. Not in vain: when, however lamely and imperfectly, it is only told truly: for the silent truth-telling of fiction is one of the strongest agencies that can be set to work upon the human mind, at any age. We knew a precocious little damsel, who, put in charge of a younger child, was made for days a miserable martyr—being waked regularly at four A.M. by the obstreperous infant of seven years, to "tell stories." She told—and remonstrated, begged for sleep, and was roused up again—till at last it struck her that, entreaties being wasted, she would weave the moral "selfishness" into her tale! How she managed it, memory fails to recall; but it so subdued her young tyrant, that in the dim light of

[1] The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Illustrations by William Harvey. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.

[2] Popular Nursery Tales and Rhymes. Illustrated. Routledge, Warne, and Routledge.

[3] The Children's Pilgrim's Progress. With sixteen illustrations by Edward Wehnert. Bell and Daldy.

dawn repentant arms were thrown round the narrator's neck, with an earnest promise "to be a good little girl, and not teaze you any more;" which promise was faithfully kept. The twelve-year-old story-teller has "preached" through a good many volumes since, and the small listener, if still alive, is probably a comely mistress of a family, with

> "Twa weans at her apron and ane at her knee."

—but this true incident may suggest to both mothers and tale-writers for children how much power they have to teach, if they take care that their lessons be conveyed, as life's lessons invariably are, by implication rather than direct admonition.

As an instance where this is done, and well done, we may give "Princess Ilse,"[1] a German translation;—by the bye, there needs an earnest protest against the injustice of putting only the translator's name, and not the author's. It is a charming specimen of this kind of legendary allegory so attractive to both elders and juniors: the outward design being worked out with true poetic unity of detail, and the under meaning conveyed with such clearness, that even a child could hardly miss it.

"Princess Ilse" is a personification of the stream so named, which we conclude to be a real river in the Hartz mountains. She is first presented as "a youthful streamlet, wrapped in a white veil, lying on the ground and weeping bitterly," on an Alpine summit, whence she had refused to descend, after the Deluge, to the "green bed" prepared for her by the angel of her course.

"'Poor child,' said the good Angel; 'why are you remaining here all alone on the rugged mountains? Are all the others gone, and none remembered to take you with them?'

"The little Ilse, however, tossed her head quite saucily, and said, 'I am not forgotten. Old Weser waited long enough, calling and making me signs to go with him; and both Ecker and Ocker tried to seize me. But I did not choose to go; nothing would induce me; I would rather perish here. Was I to descend into the valley, and traverse the plain like a common brook for menial service, to slake the thirst of cows and sheep, and to wash their plebeian feet?—I, the Princess Ilse! Look at me, and see if I am not of a noble race! A ray of light was my father, and the clear air my mother; my brother is the diamond, the dewy pearl in a rose my beloved little sister. The billows of the Deluge bore me high aloft: I played on the snowy summits of the most lofty mountains, and the first ray of sunshine which broke through the clouds embroidered my dress with glittering spangles. I am a Princess of the purest water, and I really cannot descend into the valley! I therefore preferred hiding myself, and pretended to be asleep; and old Weser, with his train of sluggish brooks, who have nothing better to do than to rush into his arms, was at last forced to pursue his course grumbling.'

"The Angel shook his head sadly at this long speech of little Ilse, and looked gravely and searchingly at her pale face; and as he gazed long and steadily into her childish large blue eyes, which to-day emitted angry flashes, then he saw in their clear depths a dark spot moving, and he knew that an evil guest was harboured in the head of little Ilse. A little Demon of Pride had entered there, and driven away all pious thoughts, and looked mockingly at the good Angel out of the large blue eyes of poor little Ilse. * * * *

"'Dear Ilse,' for thus spoke the Angel, 'as you remained here from your own choice, and considered it beneath your dignity to descend into the plain with the other streams, surely you ought to be quite contented, and I cannot understand why you choose to weep and lament.'

"'Alas!' answered Ilse, 'when the waters were all gone, dear Angel, the stormy wind came to sweep the hills, and when he found me here, he was quite furious; he roared and raged, and scolded and shook me, and threatened to dash me from this rock into a deep black abyss, where no ray of light ever shines. I wept and prayed, and pressed myself trembling against the sides of the rock; at last I succeeded in escaping from his strong grasp, and hid myself in a fissure of the precipice.'

"'But as you cannot always succeed in hiding yourself,' spoke the Angel, 'for the Storm-wind sweeps clean, and keeps good order up here, you must see, dear Ilse, that it was foolish of you to remain here all alone; and I think you will gladly follow me, when I offer to lead you to the good old Weser and your young companions.'

"'On no account whatever!' cried the little Ilse; 'I will stay up here,—I am a Princess!'

"'Ilse!' said the Angel, in his gentle soft voice, 'dear little Ilse! I like you, and therefore you will, I hope, oblige me and be a good child. Do you see that white morning cloud sailing in the spacious blue sky? I will hail

[1] Princess Ilse: a Legend. Translated from the German by Lady Maxwell Wallace. Bell and Daldy.

it, and it will descend on this spot; then we will both take our places in it. You shall lie down on the soft snowy cushions, and I will be beside you; and the cloud will quickly transport us to the deep valleys where the other brooks are. There, I will place you gently in your pretty green bed, stay with you, and relate stories, and bestow pleasant dreams on you.'

"Princess Ilse was, however, incurably perverse; she called out again, more crossly and imperiously than before, 'No! no! I won't go down—I don't choose to go down!' And when the kind Angel approached her, and wished to take her in his arms, she tried to push him away and dashed water in his face!

"The Angel seated himself sorrowfully on the ground, and the little headstrong Princess crept back into the crevice of the rock, quite proud that she had shown so much decision of character; and though the Angel repeatedly endeavoured to persuade her to go with him, she only gave him short repulsive answers.

"When the good Angel at last saw that, in spite of all his love, he had no power over little Ilse, and that the little Demon of Pride had got complete mastery over her mind, he turned away from the perverse child, sighing heavily, and sought out his own blessed companions, who were still busily engaged below.

"When Princess Ilse found herself once more alone on the summit of the Alps, she wished to enjoy her lofty position. She crept forth from the crevice of the rock, placed herself on a jutting crag, spread out her vaporous drapery in wide folds, and waited to see if the other hills would not bow down before her, and the clouds approach to kiss the hem of her garment. Nothing of the kind, however, occurred, notwithstanding the dignified air of the lofty little lady; so at last she became weary of remaining in one place, began to feel very desolate, and said with a low sigh, 'I could have borne a certain portion of ennui, befitting my rank, but so much of it is more than even a Princess can be expected to endure!'"

But evil comes—in the shape of the Demon of the Brokenberg, who persuades her to slip into a shining shell, and be transported to his witch-festival on the Hartz mountains; where she hears herself called "a tea-kettle" princess, and learns that she is to be boiled in the unholy cauldron. Nevertheless, she contrives to escape to the "green forest," and there flows calmly and safely on; notwithstanding that the demon sends the north wind and the winter frost to bring back to his clutches the "ethereal child." But in vain; and she lives on her peaceful, happy life of many hundred years.

How, afterwards, becoming subject to advancing civilization, which converts the forest into an iron-works, and makes it populous with toiling and suffering humanity, the little stream condescends to turn a mill, to wash poor folk's clothes, and even to be boiled on the household fire, careless of the obnoxious title "tea-kettle princess,"—all this, readers may learn for themselves.

Another book of somewhat similar character, where lessons of the purest Christian morality gleam like threads of gold through the web of a beautiful story, is "Tom Thumb;"[1] where a novel writer, well-known and well-beloved, has used her genius to delight children; weaving together the old familiar nursery tale, the poetic legend of King Arthur, and the Shaksperian fairy-lore in a manner that will charm old and young. The little book is so complete in itself, that to extract from it would be unfair. We can only wish that both its author, and its anonymous illustrator, may yet send forth many similar child's books for the benefit of the new generation.

Frances Freeling Broderip, daughter of him who so exquisitely sang the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," has surely been gifted by them with the faculty of delighting children. No "Little Folk," and few great ones, could fail to appreciate the "Snail who came of a Distinguished Family."[2]

"'May I ask whom I have the honour of speaking to?' asked a large Snail, with a fine ring-marked shell, who was leisurely feasting on a low branch of a very fine crop of green peas.

"'My name is Atalanta,' quietly replied a sober-looking Caterpillar of a greenish-black colour, with a spotty yellowish band running along his sides.

"'Dear me, what a ridiculously fine name

[1] The History of Sir Thomas Thumb. By the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," &c. Illustrated by J. B. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co.

[2] Funny Fables for Little Folk. By Frances Freeling Broderip. Illustrated by her brother, Thomas Hood. Griffiths and Farran.

for such a dingy creature; "Deadleaf" would be far more consistent with the faded colour of your vestments, which seem to have seen better days. I hope you are not hungry, my good fellow, and that you have not come on a foraging expedition; because I must tell you that this row of peas is especially the peculiar property and feeding-ground of my family, and our own cousins, the Slugs.'

"'Don't alarm yourself,' said the Caterpillar, 'I don't care for peas. I always prefer something more highly seasoned; indeed nettles are my principal food.'

"'Indeed,' said the Snail, patronizingly; 'and I daresay, now, you consider them good eating. What a bountiful provision there is for the lower orders! How many more nettles there are than rows of peas or beds of strawberries! We, more delicate and refined beings, who are particular in our fare, are not so bounteously provided. For myself, I prefer early green peas; I don't care about them when they get the least old and hard. I am partial to strawberries, when ripe and full-flavoured. When I am really pushed to it for food, however, I *can* make a meal on the heart of a young mild cabbage-lettuce.'

"'You are easily satisfied, then,' remarked the Caterpillar; 'not *very* dainty in your eating, seemingly.'

"'Yes,' said the Snail, with a virtuous air; 'I am, alas! used to the ups and downs of life, and have known times of great scarcity. Why, do you know, I have really passed one or two summers almost without tasting an apricot or peach?'

"'You must have suffered much, then,' said the Caterpillar.

"'Indeed I have,' sighed the Snail, 'for a member of such ancient lineage. We are of as good family as any in the land, being cousins only once removed from the fat white Dorking Snails. They, as you have doubtless heard, are illustrious exiles from the sunny land of France. Still, even the highest and noblest meet with occasional misfortunes, and I have had my share. I have been tormented by those obnoxious articles called gardeners, to a fearful extent; in fact, they only seem made to be a perpetual penance to us. The trouble they have given *me*, I am sure, no one would believe. Many times have I snugly established myself in a pleasant grove of ivy, intending to make my winter residence there; but no! the perverse wretches would not let me alone, but must send me flying over the railings into the road. Fortunately my house is strong and well built, so I have never come to any material harm. The greatest annoyance, besides flying through the air in that breathless way, has been from being obliged to walk back over the dusty, gritty road, through the garden gate again.'

"'You are not very easily daunted, then,' said the Caterpillar, who had listened with amusement to all this pompous oration.

"'Oh, dear, no!' said the Snail, affectedly; 'we must not let a little daunt us, and deter us from our purpose. And so, when I am sent flying thus, as I am obliged to change my residence, I do so for the better, and locate myself in the middle of a clump of nice choice carnations, or a blooming pansy.'

"'But suppose the ruthless gardener should find you there, and crunch you without remorse,' suggested the Caterpillar.

"'Why, then, "I shall have lived my life," and leave my children to carry on an illustrious line. By the way, I have a most promising family of this season, feeding yonder on those young shoots. Their shells are almost hard already.'

"'They seem to have voracious appetites for such small creatures,' observed the Caterpillar; 'notwithstanding their delicate rearing.'

"'They are young,' said the Snail, haughtily, 'and require plenty of nourishment to sustain their delicate nervous systems. By the way, where do you lodge for the night? I suppose you are obliged to put up with anything.'

"'Why, I generally curl myself up in a leaf,' said the Caterpillar. 'I find it very airy and well ventilated in the warm weather.'

"'Ah, poor fellow!' said the Snail, compassionately; 'what a vagrant, gipsy sort of life. You should have a house like mine; it is so much more respectable to be a householder.'

"'I should think such property must bring its own responsibility, and often become burdensome,' said the Caterpillar. 'Don't you find it a great load to carry?'

"'Oh, dear, no!' answered the snail; 'and only consider the comfort of being able to draw in your head in safety from your enemies.'

"'Thrushes manage, though, to demolish your mansions sometimes, don't they?' asked the Caterpillar, mischievously.

"'Sometimes, but not very often; and then one must put up with a few dangers on account of one's dignity and exalted situation. Take my advice, and get a house; I dare say you can find a few empty ones lying about, quite good enough for your limited wants. And now, as I see my friend, Sir Helix, coming this way, I must leave you; and I will beg of you to go a little further off, my good fellow, as he is not very fond of new acquaintances, unless they are extremely select.'

"Some time after, while our Snail was slowly creeping along on his way to a fine fruit tree, richly laden, he beheld not far above his head a gorgeous creature. Its wings, of a rich velvet-like black, were edged with the most brilliant blue; splendid scarlet bands, that seemed robbed from the poppy itself, were, as it were, embroidered upon them, studded with snowy spots of pure white. On the underneath these lovely wings were painted, as if in imitation of an Indian shawl. Rich shades of golden brown were mingled with delicate patterns of red, amber, and blue, in the most harmonious manner.

"'Good morning, your Royal Highness,' said the Snail, obsequiously; 'we are deeply honoured by your condescending visit.'

"'And who may you be?' inquired the lovely creature, languidly. "You seem a slow, humble sort of body; and your bundle on your back, too; how very amusing.'

"The Snail was deeply mortified at the ridicule of the Butterfly, but did not presume to reply, for fear of giving offence. Those who are most overbearing to their inferiors, are generally servile enough to those who are above them in station.

"'Do you carry your food in that funny sort of cupboard on your back?' inquired the Butterfly; 'pray what do you live on, you grovelling creatures?'

"'Please your Highness, this is my house, my little cottage; and as for food, we snails live on peas, lettuces, or strawberries, when we can get them.'

"'Oh, you coarse things,' said the Butterfly, 'how very unpleasant! But all you lower orders are so uncouth in your habits. I suppose you have no idea what the taste of honey is like?—that is the nectar upon which *we* feed.'

"The Snail professed his ignorance very humbly, hoping to get an invitation to the Butterfly's domain.

"'Poor drudging thing!' said the Butterfly, with an air of supreme pity, 'toiling along the dusty road with all your goods and chattels on your back. Now, when we are tired of reposing in a lily, we spread our light wings and go next door to a rose. We feed on the sweetest dews and the purest and finest honey. We soar into the air on our jewelled wings, and fly hither and thither over garden and meadow, wheresoever we will.'

"'Oh, your highness,' said the Snail, enviyingly, 'what a charming existence! How flattered I feel by the honour of your conversation!'

"'Do you?' said the Butterfly; 'I am sorry I cannot return the compliment. I suppose in this gay attire you don't recognise the Caterpillar you once patronized and insulted?'

"The horrified Snail fairly drew into his shell with dismay, but speedily recovering his presence of mind, he began a sort of apology.

"'Pray don't say another word,' said the Butterfly, unfolding his beautiful wings, and preparing for flight. 'Such blindness as yours is not confined to the snail tribe; there are many greater and wiser, who can find no beauty or virtue under a humble exterior. Had you been only commonly civil to me when I was a humble, crawling creature like yourself, I should not now disdain your acquaintance; but your present respect is only paid to my gay attire. You disowned me in my lowly, early days, and despised me; consequently, now my wings are grown I leave you to your own sordid pursuits, and soar far above you in the sunny air.'"

From an equally pleasant book[1] we take this picture of the deep sea world, to which has been brought a stolen mortal child.

"At first little Viola wept, for she remembered her sweet mother's face, but soon she learned to love the sea-nymphs and their Queen, and became like one of them.

"In the mornings, when the sun's rays pierced through the crystal water, and fell upon the steps of yellow marble, and into the bright hall of the palace, Coralline and Sepiola, seating themselves on either side of her, taught the child to weave the beautiful green and purple tapestry destined for the Queen's new grotto, and which was embroidered all over with seed-pearl; whilst the Queen reclined on a couch near them, issuing her orders, or telling such incidents of the previous day as were most likely to amuse little Viola, and to teach her what was good and lovely.

"When the time came to gather up the embroidery threads, and fold together the tapestry, Pearl came by on her way to the palace of green marble. Pearl was Viola's favourite friend; she was young and full of mirth and frolic: but she could be grave too. None had so sweet and sad a voice to pity the little injured fish, so gentle a hand to bind their wounds, or such patience to hear their sorrows, and Viola liked to share in her labours.

"It was a great delight to both, when their recovered favourites were able to leave the hospital and return to their native haunts. Often as they sat at work in the mornings, the little fish, grateful for so much kindness, came waving their fins, and sporting about before the steps of the palace, to catch a glimpse of Pearl and Viola, or see their Queen. Sometimes she would bid them tell her where they had travelled, and what curious things they had seen; this they thought a great honour, and sometimes had the most amusing adventures to relate, so that Viola learned to watch for the glancing of their silver scales, and the twinkling of their bright eyes, as one of her pleasures.

"The most tiresome of all the Queen's subjects were the crabs and lobsters, who were always bent on seeing and touching everything; but being too heavy and idle to swim in pace with the rest of the train, they used to hold on by their claws to the flowing robes of the sea-nymphs, thereby impeding their progress. They had very little sharp eyes, and were extremely curious; they were, moreover, very quarrelsome, and were perpetually pinching and fighting each other, especially the lobsters, who would poke their long feelers into everybody's way, and often got them

[1] Little Estella, and other Fairy Tales. Macmillan and Co.

broken in consequence; upon which they used to run off to the hospital in a miserable plight, and nobody but the gentle Pearl would ever have had patience to nurse them.

"The Queen used often to punish them by having them tightly wound up in sea-weeds, so that they could not use their claws; after which, they became very penitent, and were glad to be allowed to carry on their strong backs all the food and other things which Pearl needed in her labours.

"Viola used to look forward with great pleasure to the approach of evening, when Ulva came with Doris and Lorea to take her abroad with the Queen. At first, Ulva used to lift the child in her arms; but soon she learnt to ride a quiet old Dolphin, who was too old to gambol and curvet as the Queen's sea-horse did, while Doris and Lorea held the bridle-rein, and taught her to manage it."

Alack, and well-a-day! where are the fairies of our youth? We believe in them no longer. We create them no more. But Heaven forbid that they should not exist still for others, and for years to come delight the little children now growing up around us,—the dear ones unto whom we look with unutterable love and longing, praying that in them our childhood and youth may be renewed, only that they may prove infinitely better and happier than we.

But after the first craving of infantile imagination has satisfied itself with its natural food, namely, mere amusement, there usually comes a new development, without which the liveliest fancy is mere fantasy, vague, unsubstantial, and utterly insufficient for the yearnings of a human soul. This is Ideality—the nearest word we can find to express that thirst for ideal beauty and ideal good, which, more or less, exists in every immortal soul—may it not be, as the intuitive instinct of its immortality?

When the child-nature first wakes up to this, how the whole world becomes transformed, full of a glorious mystery, glowing with an unutterable beauty! How the little heart beats, and the bright eyes glisten, at tales of heroic virtue or pathetic patience! How nothing seems too mighty to achieve or to endure, in this wonderful new world, of which the gate is just opened; an ideal earth, beautiful as Paradise, and yet it is this very earth of ours.

This is the first great crisis in youthful life. On the use that is made of it, the influences that surround it, depends frequently the bias of the whole character. Parents cannot be too careful of the books they then give their children to read, of the tone of the conversation they let them hear, and of the associates with whom they surround them. In many children, especially those of imaginative temperament, no after impression will ever efface those received at this age,—

"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Grave womanhood and childhood sweet;"

—or manhood; who, though he

"—— daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended."

Therefore it is good to furnish boy, or girl either, with such strengthening food as this history, beautiful and touching as fiction, yet true as truth itself, of the old man who waited fifteen years for leave to sail from Spain in search of a New World.[1]

"Though each day, as they sailed on, must bring them nearer to land, yet each day the fears and conduct of the crew became worse. The signs so full of hope to the mind of Columbus did but add to the fears of the men.

"Some of them laid a plot to throw their leader into the sea, and turn back. Columbus knew of all this bad feeling, but still bore all in patience, and spoke wisely and well to each man in turn. On the 25th of September the wind was due east, and took them onwards. Once the cry of land was heard, but the daylight put an end to this fresh dream of hope. They still went on. Dolphins played around the ships, and flying-fish fell upon the decks. These new sights kept the sailors amused. On the 7th of October some of the admiral's crew thought they saw land in the west, but before the close of day the signs were lost in the air. They had now sailed 750 leagues, more than 2,000 miles, from any known land.

[1] The Life of Christopher Columbus. In Short Words. By Sarah Crompton. Bell and Daldy.

Flights of small birds came about the ships; a heron, a pelican, and a duck were seen; and so they went on, till one night, when the sun went down on a shoreless sea, the crew rose against Columbus, to force his return. He was firm as ever, but spoke gently, and prayed them to trust that all would yet be well. It was hard work to make them submit and obey, and the state of things for Columbus was bad indeed.

"Next day brought some relief; for the signs of land were more and more sure. They saw fresh weeds, such as only grow in rivers, and a kind of fish only found about rocks. The branch of a tree with berries on it floated past, and they picked up a piece of cane; also a board and stick, with strange things cut on them. All gloom and ill-will now cleared away. Each man hoped to be the first to see the new land, and thus to win the large reward in money which was then to be given him. The breeze had been fresh all day, and they sailed very fast. At sunset their course was due west. Every one was on the alert. No man on board the three ships went to sleep that night. When it grew dark, Columbus took his place on the top of the cabin. He was glad to be alone just on the eve of the long looked for event. His eye was keen, and now on the strain, through the deep, still, shades of night. All at once, about ten o'clock, he thought he saw a light far off. Lest hope should mislead him, he called up a man to his side. Yes—there again—it surely was a light. They called the mate. Yes; he, too, was sure of the same; and then it was gone, and soon they all saw it again. It might be a torch in the bark of some fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or a light in the hand of a man on shore, moving here and there. Thus Columbus KNEW that land was there, with men upon it. What words can tell the joy of his brave and noble soul!"

The boy who could read this passage (told so graphically that we wish many an historian would take a lesson from Sarah Crompton's "short words") without a thrill of emotion that may give the first impulse to the chance of becoming himself a great man, must be a very common-minded boy indeed.

A less complete, and yet very pleasant book, is "Days of Old;"[1] though, as a child's book, not quite satisfactory. We should say, from internal evidence, that the writer has not so long passed the season of childhood as to be able clearly to see its requirements. She—for the style is essentially feminine—falls into the common error of "writing down to children;" that is, of presenting the ideas of a grown-up person in the language of a child. Now the first necessity to secure the attention of little people, is to make yourself a child—not in a condescending, carefully-acted fashion, but by coming down, literally and entirely, to their level, and trying to see everything from their point of view. Their interests must be your interests, their reality your reality. It is this which forms the charm of the old-fashioned fairy tales—the exceeding gravity and verity with which they are related, the relator seeming no more to doubt than the child-readers, that Jack did really cut off all the giant's three heads; and that it was perfectly natural and probable for Puss to put on boots and converse with everybody he met in that extremely gentlemanly manner.

With this suggestion, that the author would do well to avoid "poetical" language and recondite moralizing, and study that perfect simplicity of conception, action, and diction, which is quite compatible with perfect ideal beauty, nay, forms the chief element therein, we can give warm praise to "Days of Old."

It consists of three tales, each illustrating a principle. The first is "Self-sacrifice." A little British child, Deva, daughter of Caswallen, or Cassivelaunus, hearing that once a brother died to save a brother, offers herself to the Druid god, hoping thereby her sick brother may be spared, and live to become a hero. The sacrifice is not completed, but she learns from Otho, a Christian convert, of "the only perfect Man and perfect Sacrifice," and recognises in Him the story of the brother who died. Less intelligible to children, we fear, and yet worked out with exceeding beauty, is "Wulfgar and the Earl," a story of pride broken by sorrow, of the will of man forced to submit itself to the will of God. The third tale, "Roland," is that of a younger brother, "the scholar of the family," with "more friends among his books than among his fellows," who, under a strong impulse, follows his elder brother to the Holy Land. There Gerard applies himself to

[1] Days of Old. Macmillan and Co.

acquire glory, and gains it; but Roland, touched by the anguish of a mother whose son had been tempted over to Saladin's camp, devotes all his energies to recover the apostate. Whom meeting at last in battle, he will not slay, preferring to be branded as a coward rather than murder the widow's son. His generosity is the sinner's redemption.

The tone and spirit of this story cannot better be shown than by extracting its conclusion, beginning with part of Roland's last conversation with the monk whose preaching had induced him to embark for the Holy Land, which he was now quitting for ever.

"These two were walking together within sight of the sea that would take one back to his own land, and separate the other from him.

"'My son,' the monk asked abruptly, 'are you content?'

"'I am.'

"'You have gained no renown.'

"'I came not for that, father.'

"'Nor riches.'

"'I did not expect them.'

"'What, then, have you gained?'

"'A brother!'

"'Yet you did not come for that. Why, then, are you content?'

"'I came not for that, indeed; I came to do my own work; but God gave me His to do instead. He gave me the work, the will to do it, and the power to succeed. Have I not cause to be content?'

* * * * * *

"This is all the story.

"Gerard went on fighting, and men called him a good soldier; and Roland went home. He took with him no golden spurs, but he had a friend and brother by his side who would never be unfaithful.

* * * * * *

"When that generation had passed, though Roland's name was remembered, it was not as a crusader;—but Gerard's fame and prowess were talked of and sung of for many a day.

"That he, the elder brother, was 'fit for a soldier,' no one ever doubted; indeed, a tangible proof of the same remains to this day in the shape of a yellow banner laid up somewhere as a memento of the past—at least, if it does not remain to this day, it is only because it has dropped away thread by thread; for Time must have worn it a long while, and perhaps by this time has worn it out.

"That Roland was 'fit for a soldier,' *no* proof remains—on earth. But perhaps it is not only here that brave soldiers are known from cowards, and that mementoes of great deeds are laid up."

This book speaks for itself. It appeals instinctively to what is highest in child or man—that struggle after something better than anything we possess or behold, which, beginning in this Age of Gold, is never to be ended on earth. No matter, unto those who recognise themselves as mere travellers, bound for another Country, brighter than even the Celestial Country of which Bunyan's little readers are taught to dream. Ay, and it is good for them so to dream, and good to read stories such as this we have been quoting from, wherein the actual is elevated into the ideal, and by means of imagination the child is taught lessons of heroism, self-denial, patience, and love, the influence of which may be needed in after life, God only knows how often or for how long; until at last we cease to crave after the ideal, merely as such, and recognise in it our spirit's blind groping after that faith which is "the substance of things hoped "for, the evidence of things not seen."

Possessing this, need we mourn that the season is gone by, for us at least, when the glamour of imagination was over all our world, when everybody seemed so good and so beautiful, and from others as from ourselves we expected the noblest deeds, the most impossible perfections? If they have somewhat failed—and we also!—if, instead of walking this poor earth in stature greater than men, and speaking—

"With the large utterance of the early gods,"

we see ourselves and them the pigmies that we are, let us not repine; nor, because we have come short of it, let us deny the truth once ours, for it *was* the truth. If, long afterwards, some of us weary pilgrims through hard and diverse ways, should meet again, and under wrinkles and grey hairs should come to look into one another's eyes, the eyes that never change except with a changed soul, happy are we if we can still recognise there, in spite of all mutations, that the Age of Gold has never become dim—that we still believe in the same good and lovely things that we believed in when we were young.

THE FRIEND OF GREECE.

BY RICHARD GARNETT.

Βασιλεως μεγαλου Αρσακου φιλελληνος.
Of Arsaces, the great king, the friend of Greece.
Inscription on a Parthian coin.

THE friend of Greece! Fair fall the mould
That veiled thy stater's glittering
So long, to gleam forth now and hold
Our bosoms linked with thine, thou old
Barbaric king!

A thousand thousand such thy mint
Hath fashioned. In thy treasury
The classic stamp and splendid tint
Didst scan well pleased, without a hint
That one should be,

The last retirement of thy name;
Who didst a despot law enjoin
On slaves, the knee once bowed so tame,
Thy equal now, and all thy fame
This little coin?

Did Ormus bend to thee, and they
Of Colchis? Did thy arrow strike
The Indian? owned the Scyth thy sway?
We nothing know, and can but say—
'Tis very like.

This only know we, did thine blaze
A conqueror's sword, or not, 'tis rust.
If ever hosts to win thee praise
Contended, then their feet did raise
More lasting dust.

So far apart thy race was run,
Thy very shade half seems to be
The spectre of another sun.
But, Greece! the word is union
For us and thee.

The friend of Greece! Then friend wert thou
To sacred Art and all her train,
The marble life, the Picture's glow,
And Music and the overflow
Of lyric strain.

The friend of Greece! Then where of old
Anarchic Licence charioteered
Curbless, and famished Rapine rolled
Forth hordes athirst for blood and gold,
Thou wouldst have reared

The Muse and Pallas shrines secure,
Made Themis awful in her hall,
And life a boon God-worthy, sure,
Exalted, comely, cheerful, pure,
And rhythmical

The friend of Greece! Fate should have let
Thee breathe ere yet a Greek could blush
For aught but love or anger! Set
Her sun for thee, though lingering yet
A heavenly flush.

Yes! beautiful before thee lay
Inanimate Antiquity.
Too late for life, yet for decay
Too soon, thou view'dst her. We have clay
And memory!

And lips which haply, do we wend
Mid the cold tombs of grace antique
May with Hellenic accents blend
Thy Parthian name, and call thee friend,
Friend of the Greek!

HARPER'S FERRY AND "OLD CAPTAIN BROWN."

BY W. E. FORSTER.

When the mail brought us the hurried telegram flashed up from the Potomac to New York, that the slaves had risen in Virginia, stopped the railroad, and captured the Federal Arsenal, doubtless the first thought of those Englishmen who cared to think about the matter was, that this was but a brave though frantic effort of a few negroes to assert their manhood, more extensive perhaps, but yet similar to the outbreak after the last Presidental election in the adjoining State of Tennessee; one of those outbreaks to be from time to time expected, especially on the border-line of slavery, where freedom looks possible and tempting,—but hopeless of success, certain to be quelled in slaughter and followed by torture, and altogether to be regretted, except as signs that the soul of the bound Samson, though asleep, is not dead, and that he has strength which can even now shake the pillars of his prison-house. And when more detailed intelligence informed us that this was no negro-insurrection, no convulsive twitchings of the Samson, not so much a rising within the Slave States as an invasion of them from without, an attempt by whites from the North to preach liberty from the muzzle of a Sharp's rifle, then there was a general expectation that the cause of negro emancipation in the North, as well as in the South, would greatly suffer by this mode of advocacy, and that throughout the Union there

would be a reaction against the fanatical abolitionists, the monomaniacs who were thus willing to risk anarchy and servile war, for the sake of their own idea. Not only was this the expectation in England, but in America it was shared, at any rate at first, by the men whose business it is to watch public opinion—the politicians of the two great parties. The pro-slavery Democrats forthwith turned into political capital the terror which prevailed in Virginian households, and those among the free-soil Republicans whose faith was not fixed on principles were proportionately disheartened. The result, however, turned out to be precisely contrary to the hopes of the one party and the fears of the other. Instead of the radical abolitionists being avoided, or rather hunted down as anarchists, they were probably as much abused as usual, but not more so, and certainly more than ever followed and cheered. The contriver and leader of the attempt became the hero of the North; and even as regards the more temporary effect as evidenced by the ballot-box, the friends of freedom were the gainers. For instance, in the Empire State of New York, a critical and hard-fought election was hanging on the balance; the Democrats hoped to win it by eager and plausible, though unfair and unfounded, endeavours to implicate Seward, and Greely, and other Republican leaders, as fellow conspirators with John Brown, but were astounded to find that they had lost it by the rallying to their opponents of moderate men, careless in general of politics, but voting with the Republicans just at this very crisis when they were charged with abetting assaults on all law and order.

Doubtless, the character of the man who headed this abolition raid, had much to do with this result; for it needs merely a brief description of old "Ossawatomie" Brown's doings and deportment, from his capture to his execution, to account for the daily increased sympathy and admiration for him. First, a word or two as to how he came to be called "Ossawatomie" Brown. Most of us will remember the main facts of the Kansas struggle; how the slaveholders in Congress, hoping to win another state out of the western territory, effaced the boundary line between slavery and freedom, as fixed by the Missouri Compromise; how the free-soilers, outvoted in Congress, transferred the contest to the territory itself; and then, how their opponents, finding that they would be beaten in this contest, if fairly fought,—that the industrious emigrants from the North would quickly possess this debatable land,—incited the Missouri men, "border ruffians," as they were fitly termed, to invade Kansas, and to strive to fix its future fate by a sham election of its first legislature. The indignation throughout the North was deservedly great, and it was practically expressed by constant reinforcements of free state settlers, who came to Kansas, not on an electioneering raid, but with the intention of making it their home; many of them young, hardy men, hoping indeed to gain a livelihood out of the rich virgin soil, but also not without a spirit of adventure, and a will to use the rifle, if not allowed to use the spade, in the cause of freedom.

Among them were four sons of John Brown, who selling their farms in Ohio, and taking with them their families and farm stock, in true backwoods' fashion—located themselves, in the spring of 1855, at Ossawatomie, about thirty miles from the Missouri border. Tidings soon came to their father that his boys were in need of help. Man for man they were more than a match for the border ruffians, but they found that they had also to fight against the whole power of the Federal government. The malignant shamelessness of the conspiracy between the slave-holding interest and the Democratic party to enslave Kansas, is hardly conceivable to English readers. All his authority was used by President Pierce to enforce against the real settlers the infamous slave laws passed by the sham legislature of Missouri men. Highway robberies and midnight murders were permitted, or rather abetted, if the victims were industrious northern settlers; drunken, swearing vagabonds, whose lives had been passed in the gambling room

and the saloon, found themselves authorized in the name of law and order to commit what outrages they chose; and, most unfair of all, the regular troops of the Federal army were used to protect these ruffians in the commission of their atrocities, except in so far as their brave, blunt commander, Colonel Sumner, strained a point to disregard his disgraceful instructions.

Old John Brown, however, was not the man to desert his sons thus hard beset. He was then not far from sixty years old, of the best blood in America, —for both his grandfathers were officers in the revolutionary army, and he was sixth in direct descent from one of the band of pilgrims who, landing from the *Mayflower*, founded New England. From his youth upwards he had been a deeply religious man, and although an attack of illness had induced him to give up his original intention of pursuing preaching as a Presbyterian minister, he had made it the aim of his life to preach the Gospel by practice. He believed the Declaration of Independence, and he believed his Bible; and he carried out the principle that "all men are equal" by help of faith in those two commands to which he alluded after his sentence as his defence before God if not before man—"Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them," and "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." From the time when, a boy of ten, he had asked what there was in a black skin which made the negro boy who worked with him to be half-starved and oppressed and treated as a beast, he had made it the effort of his life to free his fellow-citizens who were in bondage, and to deliver his country from the sin and shame of slavery. In carrying out his object he was no non-resistant; he believed in fighting for liberty as truly as did Hampden or Sir Harry Vane or his own pilgrim forefathers; he was not unused to arms; in his youth he had served in the war against England, and fear was unknown to him. For a long time he had believed that to make America free would need force as much as it had been needed in other enslaved countries. He was a hard-working, thrifty man, as able to earn dollars as any other Yankee, but of scrupulous integrity,—for instance, "refusing to sell leather till the last drop "of moisture had been wrung out;"—regardless of gain for gain's sake; denying himself the commonest comforts, in order that when he made money by surveying, or wool-buying, or cattle-breeding, he might spend it in the service of his cause, especially in providing arms for the struggle to which he looked forward. To quote his own words, he was "always on the look-out "for *heads* among the degraded coloured "men; and where he saw a brow he "marked its owner for future use;" and he often provided the fugitive slave not only with arms, but with brave counsel how to use them. Altogether, he was a man upon whom the slaveholders had not calculated when they concocted their "border ruffian" invasion. And yet behind this intense stern will there was a most tender heart. "When I "have been ill," says his wife, "for two "weeks together he has sat up, night "after night, just to keep alive the fire." "Many and many a time has he bid me "good-bye hardly able to speak for his "tears." I have met with one incident in his life which I mention because it seems to me a key to his character Thirteen years ago, one of his little children was burnt to death, upon which he wrote to his wife: "I trust that "none of you will feel disposed to cast "an unreasonable blame on my dear "Ruth (one of his daughters, whose "husband was killed at Harper's Ferry) "on account of the dreadful trial we are "called to suffer; for if the want of "proper care in each and all of us has "not been attended with fatal conse-"quences, it is no thanks to us. If I "had a right sense of my habitual neg-"lect of my family's eternal interests, I "should go crazy. I humbly hope this "dreadful afflictive providence will lead "us all more properly to appreciate the "amazing, unforeseen, untold conse-"quences that hang upon the right or

"wrong doing of things seemingly of "trifling account. . . . . Everything "worthy of being done *at all, is worthy* "of being done in good earnest, and in "the best possible manner."

The first mention I find of Brown in Kansas is his protest in December, 1855, against a temporary compromise between the Free-State men and the slaveholders. If this compromise meant that the infamous slave-laws were to be observed, he for his part, he said, "de-"nounced them, and spat upon them, "and would never obey them; no." It soon appeared he was right in protesting against all compromises, for early in 1856 the Missouri men again came over the border to control the territorial elections, and for many months there was civil war in Kansas—guerilla parties watching and harassing one another day and night, the regular dragoons looking on, and not allowed to make peace so long as it appeared probable that the pro-slavery assailants would obtain the victory. At first they were confident of success. A namesake of Brown was taken prisoner when guarding a ballot-box, and hacked to death in cold blood; the town of Laurence was sacked by ex-senator Atchison, a man who, strange to say, had been Vice-President of the Union; Ossawatomie, Brown's own village, was burnt; two of his sons were seized and driven chained under a hot sun, like wild beasts, till one of them became delirious;—and, moreover, the "border ruffians" were reinforced by bands from the older Slave States, trained and well-armed marksmen, younger sons of planters, boasting their Southern chivalry. But these caricatures of the old Cavaliers were no match for the Puritan Ironside. With nine and twenty men he followed and engaged a troop, fifty strong—the same which had seized his sons—and, after wounding seven or eight of them, he forced all those who had not run away to surrender to his much smaller force, and kept them prisoners till Colonel Sumner came in person to liberate them. It is worth noting that these prisoners, although the same troop as that which seized his sons, acknowledged, as did afterwards his captives at Harper's Ferry, that he treated them courteously; but no wonder that we read in the newspaper correspondence of the day, that the "border ruffians hate Captain Brown "as they would a snake, though their "hatred is composed nine-tenths of "fear." In August of the same year his son Frederick was murdered while walking unarmed along the road; and three hours afterwards three hundred men again attacked his village. He retreated, having only thirty or forty men with him; but in the wood close by there was a skirmish for several hours, during which he lost only three men, but his assailants thirty-one killed and thirty-two wounded. They revenged themselves by burning his village and pilfering its post-office; but this was their last exploit. During the night they decamped; and before the end of the year it became evident that, thanks mainly to "old Captain Brown," Kansas had become free.

Having thus done his work in Kansas, Brown appears to have turned himself with all the intensity of his nature to planning the attempt which has cost him his life. Both he and his friends have repudiated indignantly the statement that his attack on Harper's Ferry was prompted by revenge for wrongs inflicted in Kansas. His wife, I observe, has stated, that "for some such opportunity to free "slaves he had waited not two years "but twenty;" and long ago he had startled, if not shocked, his more peaceable and prudent fellow-abolitionists, by arguing that liberty would be worth but little to the negro if not won by him; and that it was as disgraceful to a black man as to a white to endure slavery.

Insurrection, however, was neither his object nor his plan. He had no intention to incite the slaves to rise *against* their masters, but he hoped to enable them to fly *from* them. Nor was this scheme of an organized flight altogether Utopian. There is this set-off against the luxury of

possessing human chattels, that these chattels have legs which can run, and arms which can wield a bowie-knife or a rifle, and brains which are not incapable of learning how to use them. Above five hundred of these chattels cannot travel annually along the Underground Railway, as it is termed, from Slavery to Freedom, without some persons considering whether more passengers could not be obtained if tickets were disposed of somewhat more openly; and there were special circumstances which might suggest the opening of a branch to the district near Harper's Ferry with some public *éclat*. The country east of the Alleghany Mountains, and south of the Potomac, almost the oldest settled part of the Union, is densely peopled by slaves—more than twenty thousand of them being within twenty miles of the Ferry, and many of them, from their mixture of white blood, being unusually uncertain property. The free border is within thirty miles; and, above all, the mountains were close at hand, with their deep, secluded glens and dense forests, in which Brown, guided by his knowledge and experience as a surveyor, thought that he could find refuge for himself and his few assistants, and for some hundreds of fugitives, until, in the panic which would prevail, and paralyse the masters, he could provide for their escape.

Upon a small scale he had already ehearsed his plan.

In 1858 there was a renewal, or threat of renewal, of invasion of Kansas by Missouri slaveholders, to which he replied by a night visit to two planters. Waking them up, he ordered out their wagons, put their slaves into them, and, compelling the masters to accompany him, drove slaves and masters over the bor ler. When he had got a few miles into Kansas he set the masters down, and told them they might follow him if they wished it; which they did, with some thirty or forty friends, but at a very respectful distance; and through Iowa and Illinois, under the eyes of the Federal Marshals, he conveyed safely to Canada his band of eleven negroes (among them women and children); and, giving each of them money, and brave counsel better than money, he left them in circumstances under which they have thriven until now when their lives are clouded by the death of their deliverer.

It was necessary to Brown's purpose for him to get perfect acquaintance with the scene of its proposed execution; so, as "Isaac Smith," he took a small farm, not far from Harper's Ferry, and the neighbours thought that the wiry, active, old man, who was wandering over their hills, was a knowing gold-hunter, who might bring prosperity to their district. If, indeed, he had adhered to his original plan, and kept among the mountains, making descents upon plantations one after another, it is hard to say to what extent he might not have succeeded in freeing individual slaves. But the idea possessed him of seizing the Federal Arsenal; not so much, probably, to get arms, for he had plenty left of his old Kansas stock, but to prevent the Virginian militia and the planters generally from arming themselves. He easily succeeded in its capture; but his success was his defeat, as it shut him up in a position which it was impossible to hold, and from which, after he was once surrounded, it was almost as impossible to fly. The details of the attempt are too well known to need description. The two thousand citizens of Harper's Ferry woke up on Monday, October the 17th, to find guards on the avenues of their streets, and to learn that throughout the night their arsenal and railway-bridge had been in the hands of armed men, and that the nephew of General Washington, and others of their neighbours, were held prisoners as hostages for the freedom of their slaves. The terror was intense, spreading with exaggerated rumours even so far as Washington; nor can we wonder at this terror when we try to realize to ourselves what must be the feelings of slaveholders at such a time; but that these very feelings did not nerve all the male whites of the town to rush

at any risk, upon the small handful of invaders, *is* surprising, and would seem to show that Brown was right in expecting that the alarm would be so great as to paralyse. At any rate, with only fifteen followers (his whole force was twenty-one, but six he had sent off into the hills), he held the unfortified engine-house of the armoury and his prisoners, though they were more in number than his own band, against not the townsmen only, but some hundreds of the militia, till Monday evening; when after a hard fight, muzzle to muzzle, the small house was stormed by ninety marines from Baltimore. No wonder that Governor Wise, who, with all his bluster, is not without some of the spirit and generosity of the Virginian gentleman of the old school, said, in his shame and vexation, that he "was ready to weep when he found the "whole force overcome was so small, "and that the volunteers of his own "state had not captured them before "the marines arrived." As it was, Brown might probably in the morning have escaped to the mountains; and he greatly blamed himself afterwards that he had not done so, saying to Senator Mason on the Tuesday, "I should "have gone; but I had thirty odd "prisoners, whose wives and daughters "were in tears for their safety, and I "felt for them. Besides, I wanted to "allay the fears of those who believed "we came here to burn and kill. For "this reason I allowed the train to cross "the bridge, and gave them full liberty "to pass on;"—a fatal mistake, as this train took the news to Baltimore, and brought back the marines.

This statement, confirmed by all that he said afterwards, not only explains his capture, but exposes the weak side of his character. With remarkable power for carrying out his purpose so far as he could work with his own hands, or with those of his immediate followers his plans were liable to miscarriage, so far as they depended on correct calculation of the effect of his actions upon others. His surprise was planned with skill and executed with promptness. Colonel Washington testified that throughout the whole of the Monday, when the odds were greatest against him, "he was the coolest and "firmest man he ever saw;" "feeling the "pulse of his dying son with one hand, "and holding his rifle with the other." On the other hand, it was great miscalculation to suppose that any forbearance to his prisoners, or to the townspeople, or to the railway passengers, would in the slightest degree have checked the resistance to him; or that the prisoners themselves would have been any safeguard. "Had General "George Washington himself been "amongst them," said Wise, "I would "not to save his life have delayed the "attack for five minutes." Again, had Brown followed up his plans, as described to the major of the marines, and, instead of endeavouring to hold the arsenal, "remained there but a few hours," and taken "a south-west course through "Virginia, varying as circumstances "required," miscalculation would probably have been evident, but in another manner.

Judging from the effect of what he did do, from the helpless panic which seized the white population, from the number of negroes who even in those few hours, though utterly unprepared, showed themselves ready to join him, and from the fact that several of the slaves got clear off in the turmoil, it appears now by no means improbable that, had he reached the "Blue Ridge" of the Alleghanies, many hundreds of fugitives would have flocked to him. How would he have controlled them? This was a question he had asked himself; for although he had no belief in those visions of outrage and murder which ever haunt the dreams of the men-owners, and although he had a firm belief that the negro is not revengeful, and that, unless driven into a corner by his pursuers, his one object would be flight, yet he was most anxious to guard against anarchy, and for that purpose he wrote out the "Provisional Constitution" which was found amongst his papers. It is impossible not to smile at the old

man's notion that any quantity of written words—anything, in short, but his own iron will and rigid sense of justice—would have availed at such a time; but his intention was by no means to set up a new government, as has been supposed, but merely to provide regulations for the rule of the fugitives; which regulations he fancied, foolishly no doubt, would be made more binding by being clothed in imposing language.

Great rashness there was in his attempt, rashness to be condemned; for though complete success would have been a justification to all who believe that liberty is worth more than life, yet the chances of failure, from both the strength of the whites and the weakness, the ignorance of the blacks, were too great; but though there was rashness, there was no madness; and indeed it is noteworthy that the imputation of insanity was made in the North, not in the South, where men's fears made them see how he might have hoped to succeed. "They are themselves mistaken who "take old Brown to be a madman," said Wise. "He is a bundle of the best "nerves I ever saw, cut and thrust and "bleeding, and in bonds. He is a man "of clear head, of courage, fortitude, "and simple ingenuousness; . . . cool, "collected, and indomitable." It is impossible, indeed, to imagine any deportment more free, not only from insanity, but from excitement, than was his, from his capture to his death. At first the Southerners gathered round him with angry curiosity, insulting him with their inquisitiveness, as though he were a caged tiger whom they might amuse themselves with stirring up; but most of them were astonished, if not awed, by his bearing into respect, or even into admiration. Lying "wounded on the floor of the "armoury, his hair matted and tangled, "his face, hands, and clothes smeared "with blood," his wounded friend by his side, his two sons and son-in-law, who were killed in the fight, hardly cold, "he conversed," writes the reporter of a pro-slavery paper on the day after his capture, "freely, fluently, and cheerfully, evidently weighing well his "words," with a "manner courteous "and affable."

"'What was your object in coming?' "asked Senator Mason.

"*Brown.*—We came to free the slaves, "and that only.

"*Mason.*—How do you justify your "acts?

"*Brown.*—I think, my friend, you are "guilty of a great wrong against God "and humanity—I say it without wish-"ing to be offensive—and it would be "perfectly right for any one to interfere "with you so far as to free those you "wilfully and wickedly hold in bondage. "I do not say this insultingly.

"*Mason.*—I understand that.

"*Brown.*—I think I did right, and "that others will do right who interfere "with you at any time and at all times. "I hold that the golden rule, 'Do unto "others as you would that others should "do unto you,' applies to all who would "help others to gain their liberty." Upon which a Lieutenant Stewart makes the strange remark—

"But don't you believe in the Bible?"

"*Brown.*—Certainly I do."

Another man asked him, "Did you "expect a general rising of the slaves "in case of your success?"

"*Brown.*—No, sir; nor did I wish "it. I expected to gather them up "from time to time and set them free." And a few minutes afterwards, "I "have nothing to say, only that I claim "to be here in carrying out a measure "I believe perfectly justifiable, and not "to act the part of an incendiary or "ruffian, but to aid those suffering "great wrong. I wish to say further-"more that you had better—all you "people at the South—prepare your-"selves for a settlement of that question "that must come up for settlement "sooner than you are prepared for it. "The sooner you are prepared, the "better. *You may dispose of me very "easily. I am nearly disposed of now, "but this question is still to be settled— "this negro question, I mean; the end of "that is not yet.*"

Notwithstanding his wounds, no time

was lost in bringing him to trial. It is curious to mark the conflict in the minds of the Virginian Officials between their eager anxiety to dispose of their prisoner, and their wish to obtain credit for magnanimity in giving him a fair trial. The forms of law were observed; but in England we certainly should have thought a trial for treason a mockery in which the prisoner was stretched wounded on a couch with three sword-stabs in his body and a sabre-cut on his head. But, on the other hand, judging from Southern precedents, we ought not to have been surprised if, instead of being left for trial, he had been at once torn to pieces, as several of the Southern papers regretted afterwards that he had not been. In fact, it was with the utmost difficulty that the marines saved the lives of their captives; Brown's son-in-law, Thompson, who was captured before the storming, was thrown some time afterwards half-dead into the river, notwithstanding the heroic attempt of a young Virginian lady to shield him by her person; and the volunteers, leaving the attack on the living men to the marines, employed themselves in shooting at him while drowning, and at the corpse of another man.

On the 31st October Brown was found guilty, and an arrest of judgment on the ground that he ought to have been tried by the Federal, not by the State Court, having been overruled, he was sentenced two days afterwards to be hung on the 3d December.

On being asked whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, he immediately rose, and, in a clear, distinct voice, said:

"I have, may it please the Court, a "few words to say. In the first place, "I deny everything but what I have "all along admitted of a design on my "part to free slaves. I intended cer-"tainly to have made a clean thing of "that matter, as I did last winter when "I went into Missouri, and there took "slaves without the snapping of a gun "on either side, moving them through "the country, and finally leaving them "in Canada. I designed to have done "the same thing again on a larger scale. "That was all I intended to do. I "never intended murder or treason, or "the destruction of property, or to "excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or "to make an insurrection. I have "another objection, and that is, that it "is unjust that I should suffer such a "penalty. Had I interfered in the "manner which I admit, and which I "admit has been fairly proved—for I "admire the truthfulness and candour "of the greater portion of the wit-"nesses who have testified in this case "—had I so interfered in behalf of the "rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the "so-called great, or in behalf of any of "their friends, either father, mother, "brother, sister, wife, or children, or "any of that class, and suffered and "sacrificed what I have in this inter-"ference, it would have been all right, "and every man in this Court would "have deemed it an act worthy of "reward rather than punishment.

"This Court acknowledges too, as I "suppose, the validity of the law of "God. I see a book kissed, which I "suppose to be the Bible, or at least "the New Testament, which teaches me "that all things whatsoever I would "that men should do to me, I should "do even so to them. It teaches me "further to remember them that are in "bonds as bound with them. I endea-"voured to act up to that instruction. "I say I am yet too young to under-"stand that God is any respecter of "persons. I believe that to have inter-"fered as I have done, as I have always "freely admitted I have done, in behalf "of His despised poor, is no wrong, "but right. Now, if it is deemed "necessary that I should forfeit my life "for the furtherance of the ends of "justice, and mingle my blood further "with the blood of my children and "with the blood of millions in this "slave country whose rights are disre-"garded by wicked, cruel, and unjust "enactments, I say let it be done. * * *"

After his sentence but few friends were allowed to visit him, though to all

"of whose hostility to abolition princi-
"ples there was no doubt," he was made a show; such visitors being "permitted "to enter in flocks, and gape and stare, "and follow the gaoler in and out." This coarse curiosity must have been wearisome enough, but the old soldier turned it to account. "I have had many "interesting visits from pro-slavery per-"sons," he writes to his wife, "and I "endeavour to improve them faithfully, "plainly, and kindly." But though willing to preach to slaveholders, he refused to allow them to preach to him, or to join in their prayers. One of the orthodox Virginia divines called on him to pray with him. Brown asked him if he was ready to fight, if necessity required it, for the freedom of the slave. On his answering in the negative, Brown said that he "would thank him to retire "from his cell, that his prayers would "be an abomination to his God." Mr. March, a Methodist minister, visited him, and having advanced an argument in favour of the institution of slavery as it now exists, received this reply from Brown, "My dear sir, you know nothing "about Christianity: you will have to "learn the A B C's in the lesson of "Christianity, as I find you entirely "ignorant of the meaning of the word. "I of course respect you as a gentleman, "but it is as a *heathen* gentleman."

His letters are so characteristic and so beautiful, I wish I had space for them all, but there is one I must give:—

"Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va.,
"8th November, 1859.

"Dear Wife and Children, every one, "—I will begin by saying that I have "in some degree recovered from my "wounds, but that I am quite weak in my "back, and sore about my left kidney; "my appetite has been quite good for "most of the time since I was hurt. I "am supplied with almost everything "I could desire to make me comfort-"able, and the little I do lack (some arti-"cles of clothing which I lost) I may, "perhaps, get again. I am besides "quite cheerful, having (as I trust) "'the peace of God, which passeth all "understanding' to 'rule in my heart,' "and the testimony (in some degree) of a "good conscience, that I have not lived "altogether in vain. I can trust God 'with both the time and the manner of 'my death, believing, as I now do, that "for me at this time to seal my testimony "(for God and humanity) with my "blood, will do vastly more towards "advancing the cause I have earnestly "endeavoured to promote, than all I "have done in my life before. I beg "of you all meekly and quietly to "submit to this: not feeling yourselves "in the least *degraded* on that account. "Remember, dear wife and children all, "that Jesus of Nazareth suffered a most "excruciating death on the cross, as a "felon, under the most aggravating cir-"cumstances. Think also of the Pro-"phets and Apostles, and Christians of "former days, who went through greater "tribulations than you or I, and try to "be reconciled. May God Almighty "comfort all your hearts, and soon wipe "away all tears from your eyes. To "Him be endless praise. Think, too, of "the crushed millions who 'have no "comforter.' I charge you all, never "(in your trials) to forget the griefs 'of "the poor that cry, and of those that have "none to help them.' I wrote most "earnestly to my dear and afflicted wife "not to come on for the present at any "rate. I will now give her my reasons "for doing so. First, it would use up "all the scanty means she has, or is at "all likely to have, to make her and her "children comfortable hereafter. For "let me tell you, that the sympathy that "is now aroused in your behalf may not "always follow you. There is but little "more of the romantic about helping "poor widows and their children than "there is about trying to relieve poor "'niggers.' Again, the little comfort it "might afford us to meet again would "be dearly bought by the pains of a "final separation. We must part, and I "feel assured for us to meet under such "dreadful circumstances would only add "to our distress. If she come on here, "she must be only a gazing-stock through-"out the whole journey, to be remarked

"upon in every look, word, and action, "and by all sorts of creatures, and by "all sorts of papers throughout the "whole country. . . . Oh, Mary, "do not come, but patiently wait for "the meeting of those who love God and "their fellow men, where no separation "must follow. 'They shall go no "more out for ever.' . . . Finally, "my beloved, be of good comfort. May "all your names be written in the "Lamb's Book of Life; may you all "have the purifying and sustaining in- "fluence of the Christian religion, is "the earnest prayer of your affectionate "husband and father,

"JOHN BROWN.

"P.S.—I cannot remember a night "so dark as to have hindered the coming "day, nor a storm so furious and dread- "ful as to prevent the return of warm "sunshine and a cloudless sky. But, "beloved ones, do remember that this is "not your rest; that in this world you "have no abiding place nor continuing "city. To God and his infinite mercy "I always commend you.

"*Nov. 9th.*" "J. B.

I must give one more extract from his last letter to his family, dated Nov. 30:—" . . I am waiting the hour "of my public murder with great "composure of mind and cheerfulness, "feeling the strong assurance that in no "other possible way could I be used to "so much advantage to the cause of good "and of humanity; and that nothing "that either I or all my family have "suffered or sacrificed will be lost. "The reflection that a wise and merci- "ful, as well as just and holy God, "rules not only the affairs of this world, "but of all worlds, is a rock to set our "feet upon under all circumstances. "* * * I bless God I never felt "stronger confidence in the certain and "near approach of a bright morning "and a glorious day than I have felt, "and do feel, since my confinement "here. I am endeavouring to return, "like a poor prodigal, as I am, to my "Father, against whom I have always "sinned in the hope that He may "kindly and forgivingly meet me, "though a very great way off."

But neither he nor his brave wife could bear to have no meeting, and the night before his execution they were allowed an interview of four hours. His will, which he gave her, characteristically leaves his rifle to his son Owen, who had been with him in Kansas, and "as good a copy of the Bible as could "be purchased for five dollars to each "of his children and grandchildren." The next morning, after taking leave of his fellow-prisoners, and exhorting them to "stand up like men, and not to betray their friends," he was led to his execution, which was military rather than civil; "lines of patrols "and piquets encircling the gallows "for ten miles around, and five hun- "dred troops being posted about them." As he stepped out of the door, a black woman, with her little child in her arms, stood near his way; he stooped down and kissed the child. "From the time of leaving gaol," writes the correspondent of the *Tribune*, "till he "mounted the gallows-stairs, he wore a "smile upon his countenance, and his "keen eye took in every detail of the "scene. He straightened himself up "proudly, as if to set to the soldiers "the example of a soldier's courage. "When asked if he thought he could "endure his fate, he said, 'I can endure "almost anything but parting from "friends; that is very hard.' And again, "'It has been a characteristic of me "from infancy not to suffer from phy- "sical fear: I have suffered a thou- "sand times more from bashfulness "than from fear.' As he came upon an "eminence near the gallows, looking "up earnestly at the sun and sky, and "towards the distant windings of the "Blue Ridge Mountains, 'What a beau- "tiful country you have!' he said to "Captain Avis, his gaoler, a brave, hu- "mane man, whose respect and admira- "tion he had won; 'it seems the more "beautiful to behold because I have "so long been shut from it.'" "You are more cheerful than I am, Captain Brown," said one of those around.

"Yes," he replied, "I ought to be:" and then, "I see no citizens here. "Where are they?" He was told that citizens were not allowed to be present; none but soldiers. "That ought not to "be," said the old man; "citizens should "be allowed to be present as well as "others." After the cap was drawn over his head and he had taken leave of all around him, there was a delay of several minutes while the military were performing some evolutions, until some of the bystanders cried shame. "Shall I give you a handkerchief and let you drop it as a signal?" asked the sheriff. "No; I am ready at any time, but don't keep me waiting needlessly," were his last words. At length the colonel of the troops gave the signal, and the sheriff himself severed the rope;—and thus ended the first American execution for treason; for strangely enough, it is said that this God-fearing, Bible-believing descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers was the first citizen of the United States who has died a traitor's death.

That such a man should thus die is a fact which has set men thinking, and which, if we look well at it, explains why the Northern pro-slavery papers so earnestly entreated their less prudent Southern friends to spare his life, and enables us to understand how the old Captain was not so far wrong in saying, in his own quaint language, that "before he began his "work at Harper's Ferry, he felt assured "that, in the worst event, it would cer-"tainly pay." It *has* paid to the profit of the cause he loved, probably far better than if he had gained his immediate object. Had his plan succeeded to the utmost of his hopes, the advantage to the negro would have been very questionable. Hundreds of slaves might have escaped from bondage; but every man throughout the Union would have had to choose between the possible encouragement of anarchy, and the support of slavery, and many of those whose aim was the same as his, might have assisted in hunting him out of his mountain fastnesses. But, as it is, the cause gains by the nobility of his motives and his aim, and does not lose by the rashness of his means. Here is a man, honest, guileless, brave, Christian, both fearing God and fearless of man to an extent which men read of in the deeds of the heroes and saints of old, but which they feel in their own hearts it is rare enough to see—and yet this man is hanged. Why? Because he is an enthusiast; because while he lives, society in Virginia is not safe. What, then, is this social system, the peace whereof needs the hanging of such a man? A dangerous question is this last; for, when the answer is found to be, that the foundation of the framework of society in Virginia is protection of her slavery, or rather of her internal slave-trade, the next question is a very practical one: Is it worth while for the men of New England or New York to secure to the planters of Virginia the power of breeding men and women for sale, at the price of having to make a martyr of such a hero? Questions such as these are getting answered every day in the States, instinctively as it were, but surely; not merely by sympathising meetings, but by a marked change in the whole tone of Northern feeling. Readers of the *Times* must check its leaders on American affairs by its intelligence. The leader commenting on the last Presidential message, and saying that the "mass of Americans are "taking a pleasure in the most offensive "and cynical enunciation" of pro-slavery "dogmas," is in the same number as that which contains a letter from "our own correspondent," stating that "no free State has receded from its "position of hostility to slavery; that, "on the contrary, the doubtful States "of New Jersey and Pennsylvania have "once more given in their adhesion to "the Republicans; and the State of "New York, which the Democrats made "a great effort to carry, has, by a "decided vote, shown that it must be "counted next year among the Repub-"lican States." It is true that the pro-slavery men are cynical; but this cynicism is the despair of a minority, which feels that power is slipping from

its grasp. The slaveholders of the Kentucky Legislature may emulate the absurdity of Governor Wise by demanding that a fugitive slave law for Canada be included in the next treaty with England; but Cassius Clay, Henry Clay's nephew, who has so bravely dared to be an abolitionist agitator in this same slave state of Kentucky, is every day bringing a larger number of non-slaveholders to his side. A few years ago there was no anti-slavery member of the Senate, and but one or two of the House of Representatives; now the party opposed to slavery is strong in the Senate, and the strongest in the House, and the chances are in favour of its electing the President next autumn.

One fact is quite evident, that whatever John Brown may have done towards freeing the slaves, he has done much towards freeing the millions of the free States from that subservience to three or four hundred thousand slaveholders under which they have so long been degraded. On the one hand he has shown that among the farmers of the North, and the backwoodsmen of the West, there are yet men worthy to claim descent from their Puritan ancestors; for whom, when once their spirit and their conscience are roused, the braggart and bullying slave-hunting filibusters are no match. On the other hand, he has exposed the utter weakness of the slave-system—Virginia having been as much alarmed by an inroad of twenty-two abolitionists and coloured men, as England would have been by the landing of twenty-two thousand French troops on the coast of Sussex.

And if the Northern States ever learn to feel their power in the solution of this negro question, it will have got a long way towards being solved. Let but all the free States declare, as Massachusetts practically declares now, that their soil is really the sanctuary of freedom, and shall no longer be a hunting ground for fugitives; let them but leave the slaveholders unaided by *their* men, or *their* money, by *their* material or moral support, to settle this question by themselves, alone with the slaves and the non-slaveholders—the *white trash* who are every day becoming more conscious that they are paupers because the negroes are slaves,—and Virginia, and Maryland, and Kentucky, and Missouri, will find that it will not any longer do for them to be the outer wall of the prison-house; and even Mississippi and Alabama will begin to discover how cotton can be grown by free labour;—and then the whole Commonwealth of the United States will learn to honour the man who was fanatical enough to fight for an idea—that idea of Freedom of which this Commonwealth itself is but an expression—and will acknowledge that Old Captain Brown was comforted by no unfounded trust, when he wrote to his brother from his prison, "I am quite "cheerful in view of my approaching "end, being fully persuaded that I am "worth inconceivably more to *hang* "than for any other purpose."

Since the execution of Brown, four of his followers have been hanged—two whites and two coloured men. They all died the death of brave men, not disgracing their leader at the gallows. Two prisoners still remain to be tried, but by the Federal not by the State Court. One of these men, Hazlitt, will probably be acquitted, for he was not at Harper's Ferry, and Brown denied all knowledge of him. Surely, should the Federal authorities have the power of sparing or of hanging the other, the citizens of the free North will as one man require that the devoted follower be spared; and even the chivalry of the South may feel that by hanging five men they have done enough to satiate revenge and secure the "peculiar institution," and more than, under like circumstances, would have been done by any despotism in Europe.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT AND QUESTIONS AHEAD.

In addition to the question of Parliamentary Reform, two questions are likely to be prominent in the session of Parliament now commencing.

1. There is the question of National Defences. After some twelve years of gradual rousing on the subject, the people of Britain seem at last to be thoroughly awake. That the condition, in respect of means of national defence, to which we had reduced ourselves during the long peace, was quite inadequate for the emergency of an attack by a foreign power, should it ever arise, was a pure point of military science, decided for us by an authority against which there could be no appeal—that of the late Duke of Wellington; after whose opinion, so emphatically given, all the contradictory talk that we used to hear and sometimes still hear at dinner-tables from corpulent citizens in white neckcloths—"Invasion impossible, Sir," "Our Channel-fleet, Sir," "We should rise as one man, Sir"—was and is but absurd civilian chatter. On that other point, on which civilian opinion might be as good as the Duke's—the political likelihood of any such emergency as was contemplated—events have gradually dissipated the incredulity which did exist. There has been something calculated surely to impress Mr. Bright himself, and to bring to his mind (which is, after all, that of a thoughtful and cultivated, as well as of an honest and fervid man) the saying of the old English statesman, Bishop Williams:—"No man is wise who permanently "opposes himself to the people of Eng-"land"—in the resoluteness with which, since last session of Parliament, his countrymen have been going in the direction in which he would not wish them to go. Against the whole tenor of his preachings, the youth and middle age of Britain have been organizing a Volunteer System which promises, unless dropped through apathy, or paralysed by pedantic Government regulations, to be the agency of a social consolidation more cordial than any which is promised even by Parliamentary Reform, and to have as large and perhaps more intimate political consequences. Government also has been, with popular consent, taking steps towards the increase of our regular defences. And now, in a spirit ready for progress in the same course, Parliament reassembles. Curiously enough, however, just as it reassembles, there comes a blast of new influence across the subject, not unlikely to cool parliamentary zeal and to give greater courage to Mr. Bright's reclamations.

It is a wretched fact, a fact most discreditable to the political intelligence of the country, that the course of our political notions and measures has been so utterly a mere course of ups and downs in our opinions of Louis-Napoleon. As this one man has been up or down with us for the moment—and his ups and downs with us have been numerous enough in all conscience—so, as suddenly as the shoot of colour on a dolphin's back, have our politics changed. One would think that, as Louis-Napoleon *has* a certain character, it might have been within the compass of science to have found out by this time what it is, so as not to be hurrahing him and licking his boot one year and the next pelting him with Billingsgate; but, at all events, that a great nation like Britain should stand for ever gaping on the watch of this one man, as on the motions of a political time-ball set up in Paris to warn us by its ascents and descents when to be active and when to go to play, is surely somewhat humiliating. Yet so it is; and just as the Parliamentary Session of 1860 is beginning, there comes an *up* of Louis-Napoleon. It was something to our timid Protestant hearts to see him at loggerheads with the Pope; but now that he has announced himself as

so far a Free-Trader there are no bounds to our joy—we are dancing and capering and turning heels over head. If he were here we could hug him for fondness; and, where he is, he hears our cry wafted over to him, "Great—yes, we "were in doubt about it, but now we "know it—great, very great, is Louis-"Napoleon of the Parisians."

Now, as regards the two courses of action which have procured for Napoleon III. this sudden whirl of British admiration in his favour, let him by all means receive the credit to which the sincerity of his conduct—tested, let us say, by its continuance—shall entitle him. If it is Mr. Cobden that has converted him to Free Trade, let Mr. Cobden also be publicly thanked for so magnificent a feat of reasoning. But let us not go too fast, nor extend our conclusions beyond the range of the premises. There are parts of our politics which *ought* to be affected by our observations of the momentary state of the time-ball at Paris; but there are parts which ought *not* to be so affected, and this business of national defences on which we have entered is one of them. Let not this new *up* of Louis-Napoleon in our estimation—this sudden flash in our eyes of his golden side as possible Pope-crusher and incipient Free-Trader—though it has happened in the nick of time to influence our measures for self-defence, be permitted to influence them. Why should it do so? The Emperor of the French is now only in his fifty-second year; and there will be more ups and downs in our opinion of him, before we are done with him or he with us. It is to the whole range of the anomalous possibilities of his reign that our determination to an effective system of national defensive armament bears reference. Nay more, it is neither he nor his reign that is the measure of this great necessity, but the possible relations of Britain also to the France that may come after him, and, not only to France, but to other powers, including Russia, during the continuation of a period which has already been one succession of historical surprises bewildering the shrewdest guessers, and falsifying, in particular, Mr. Bright's peace-prophecies.

2. There is the question of our Italian policy—reduced, for the present, to the question whether and how far we shall go with the French Emperor in his efforts to make an Italian settlement.

On the one hand, something might be said in favour of an attempt, at least, to go with the French Emperor. In the year 1849 we went with him, so far as distinct approbation involved us, in restoring that Pope whom he now proposes to see dispossessed of part of his dominion. We—precious Protestants and free Britons that we were—signified to him, through our Government, that we wanted, as much as he did, to see the Pope put back. This fact is not nearly so well known as it should be, and people will not believe it when they are told of it; but we could label all the old walls in London to-morrow with placards containing the exact passage of Lord Normanby's letter to Lord Palmerston—written while Lord Normanby was British ambassador in Paris, and Lord Palmerston British Foreign Minister—in which Lord Normanby declares that he had never ceased to inform the French Government that the object which they had in view in fitting out the expedition to Rome—namely, the restoration of the Pope under an improved form of government—was also that which he *had always been instructed to state was likewise that of her Britannic Majesty's Government.* Now, having been a sleeping partner with France in the transaction of restoring the Pope in 1849, we might be expected to be at least a sleeping partner with France again in mending our joint piece of botchwork. Nay, there might be less reason of decency in this instance for devolving all action on our partner, and only encouraging him underhand. It might seem rather natural for Britain even to lend a little help, if necessary, in accomplishing a result so much to her professedly Protestant mind, as that of diminishing the number of hills upon which the Pope sits. It might seem rather natural too

—if only to show our reverence for the principle of non-interference—to *do* a little, if it were necessary, to prevent Austria, Naples, &c. from forcing back tyranny upon Central Italy.

On the other hand, though the policy of mere spectatorship, criticism, and good wishes, is not a very glorious one, when the battle going on is one for principles which we account among the highest and greatest on earth, yet there are reasons which seem to recommend such a policy as, for the present at least, the wisest. The chief of these is that we are not sure of the Italian policy of the French Emperor, cannot foresee its turns and complications, and yet that the conditions of the case are such that we cannot start a purely British policy of an active kind in the Italian question, nor see the means of reaching Italy in any positive national way round the flank of the French Emperor. Our ideas of duty can only be expressed in respect of possibilities as they may arise through him and by means of him. What are these? Either the French Emperor and the Italians, keeping together, will agree upon some solution—be it the Napoleonic one of the erection of a Central Italian State, or be it the Italian one of an annexation of Central Italy to Piedmont; or (which is surely less likely now) there may yet be a rupture between the French Emperor and the Italians, and an alliance between the Emperor, the Pope, and Austria, to force some horrible compromise. This last would be felt by us an atrocious injustice, and, so far as the language of denunciation and protest went, we should clear ourselves with respect to it; but will any man say in Parliament that we should then be prepared for an active British-Italian alliance with all its consequences? On the other, and more hopeful alternative, of a continued co-operation of the French Emperor and the Italians in behalf of a solution moderately satisfactory in the mean time, we might see our way to active help, if it were necessary; but *would* it be necessary? On the whole, when our Government did determine on taking part in the proposed, but now postponed Congress, they did perhaps all they could when, as the Queen's Speech informs us, they avowed that they would enter it only on "the prin-"ciple that no external force should be "employed to impose upon the people "of Italy any particular government or "constitution."

Seeing that so much of our best policy in any case must consist in honest *language*, whether public, parliamentary, or diplomatic, it were surely well that we should rectify our language and make it as exact to the facts, and as powerful in spirit and in principle, as it may be. Why, for example, should we go on basing our policy of neutrality, if that must be our policy, on the wretched phrase that what may take place in Italy is "no concern of ours"? "No concern of ours"! Wait a little; and, if the present agreement between the French Emperor and the Italians shall result in an attempt to tear up the Papacy, even in part, from its temporal roots in the Italian earth, and to compel it to become (as bold and conscientious English Catholics, like Sir John Simeon, maintain, even against the Pope himself, it may advantageously become) a mere power of the air, with no local or territorial attachments, swaying the hearts and consciences of men from any spot whither it may be driven, then—should a European struggle arise out of the determination of the more retrograde Catholic powers to perpetuate a central Italian tyranny as a socket for the spiritual Papacy—what may not that struggle involve, and how may it not affect ourselves, if only through Ireland?

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1860.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XII.

THE CAPTAIN'S NOTIONS.

THE old lady dropped her work, the barmaid turned round with a start and little ejaculation, and the foreman stared with all his eyes for a moment, and then, jumping up, exclaimed—

"Bless us, if it isn't Muster Drysdale and Muster Brown, of Ambrose's. Why, what's the matter, sir? Muster Brown, you be all covered wi' blood, sir."

"Oh dear me! poor young gentleman!" cried the hostess:—"here, Patty, run and tell Dick to go for the doctor, and get the best room!"

"No, please don't; it's nothing at all," interrupted Tom, laughing;—"a basin of cold water and a towel, if you please, Miss Patty, and I shall be quite presentable in a minute. I'm very sorry to have frightened you all."

Drysdale joined in assurances that it was nothing but a little of his friend's "claret," which he would be all the better for losing, and watched with an envious eye the interest depicted in Patty's pretty face, as she hurried in with a basin of fresh pumped water, and held the towel while Tom bathed his face, and very soon was as respectable a member of society as usual, save for a slight swelling on one side of his nose.

Drysdale meantime—seated on the table—had been explaining the circumstances to the landlady and the foreman, whose reflections on the occasion I shall not trouble my readers with, though they were full of wisdom. "And now, ma'am," said he, as Tom joined them and seated himself on a vacant chair, "I'm sure you must draw famous ale."

"Indeed, sir, I think Dick—that's my ostler, sir—is as good a brewer as is in the town. We always brews at home, sir, and I hope always shall."

"Quite right, ma'am, quite right," said Drysdale; "and I don't think we can do better than follow Jem here. Let us have a jug of the same ale as he is drinking. And you'll take a glass with us, Jem? or will you have spirits?"

Jem was for another glass of ale, and bore witness to its being the best in Oxford, and Patty drew the ale, and supplied two more long glasses. Drysdale, with apologies, produced his cigar-case; and Jem, under the influence of the ale and a first-rate Havannah (for which he deserted his pipe, though he did not enjoy it half as much), volunteered to go and rouse the yard and conduct them safely back to college. This offer was of course politely declined, and then, Jem's hour for bed having come, he, being a methodical man, as became his position, departed, and left our two young friends in sole possession of the bar. Nothing could have suited the two young gentlemen better, and they set to work to make themselves agreeable. They listened with lively interest

to the landlady's statement of the difficulties of a widow woman in a house like hers, and to her praises of her factotum Dick and her niece Patty. They applauded her resolution of not bringing up her two boys in the publican line, though they could offer no very available advice in answer to her appeals for advice as to what trade they should be put to; all trades were so full, and things were not as they used to be. The one thing, apparently, which was wanting to the happiness of Drysdale at Oxford, was the discovery of such beer as he had at last found at "The Choughs." Dick was to come up to St. Ambrose's the first thing in the morning and carry off his barrel, which would never contain in future any other liquid. At last that worthy appeared in the bar to know when he was to shut up, and was sent out by his mistress to see that the street was clear, for which service he received a shilling, though his offer of escort was declined. And so, after paying in a splendid manner for their entertainment, they found themselves in the street, and set off for college, agreeing on the way that "The Choughs" was a great find, the old lady the best old soul in the world, and Patty the prettiest girl in Oxford. They found the streets quiet, and walking quickly along them knocked at the college gates at half-past eleven. The stout porter received them with a long face.

"Senior proctor's sent down here an hour back, gentlemen, to find whether you was in college."

"You don't mean that, porter? How kind of him! What did you say?"

"Said I didn't know, sir; but the marshal said, if you come in after that you was to go to the senior proctor's at half-past nine to-morrow."

"Send my compliments to the senior proctor," said Drysdale, "and say I've a very particular engagement to-morrow morning, which will prevent my having the pleasure of calling on him."

"Very good, sir," said the porter, giving a little dry chuckle, and tapping the keys against his leg; "only perhaps you wouldn't mind writing him a note, sir, as he's rather a particular gentleman."

"Didn't he send after any one else?" said Tom.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Jervis, sir."

"Well, and what about him?"

"Oh, sir, Mr. Jervis! an old hand, sir. He'd been in gates a long time, sir, when the marshal came."

"The sly old beggar!" said Drysdale, "good-night, porter; mind you send my message to the proctor. If he is set on seeing me to-morrow, you can say that he'll find a broiled chicken and a hand at picquet in my rooms, if he likes to drop in to lunch."

The porter looked after them for a moment, and then retired to his deep old chair in the lodge, pulled his nightcap over his ears, put up his feet before the fire on a high stool, and folded his hands on his lap. "The most impidentest thing on the face of the earth is a gen'l'man commoner in his first year," soliloquized the little man. "'Twould ha' done that one a sight of good now if he'd got a good hiding in the street to-night. But he's better than most on 'em, too," he went on; "uncommon free with his tongue, but just as free with his half-sovereigns. Well, I'm not going to peach if the proctor don't send again in the morning. That sort's good for the college; makes things brisk; has his *wind* from town, and don't keep no keys. I wonder, now, if my Peter's been out a fighting? He's pretty nigh as hard to manage, is that boy, as if he was at college hisself."

And so, muttering over his domestic and professional grievances, the small janitor composed himself to a nap. I may add, parenthetically, that his hopeful Peter, a precocious youth of seventeen, scout's boy on No. 3 Staircase of St. Ambrose's College, was represented in the boot-cleaning and errand line by a substitute for some days; and when he returned to duty was minus a front tooth.

"What fools we were not to stick to the Captain. I wonder what we shall get," said Tom, who was troubled in his mind at the proctor's message, and not

gifted naturally with the recklessness and contempt of authority which in Drysdale's case approached the sublime.

"Who cares? I'll be bound now the old fox came straight home to earth. Let's go and knock him up."

Tom assented, for he was anxious to consult Jervis as to his proceedings in the morning; so they soon found themselves drumming at his oak, which was opened shortly by the stroke in an old boating-jacket. They followed him in. At one end of his table stood his tea-service and the remains of his commons, which the scout had not cleared away; at the other, open books, note-books, and maps showed that the Captain read, as he rowed, "hard all."

"Well, are you two only just in?"

"Only just, my Captain," answered Drysdale.

"Have you been well thrashed, then? You don't look much damaged."

"We are innocent of fight since your sudden departure—flight, shall I call it?—my Captain."

"Where have you been, then?"

"Where! why in the paragon of all pothouses; snug little bar with red curtains; stout old benevolent female in spectacles; barmaid a houri; and for malt, the most touching tap in Oxford—home-brewed, too, wasn't it, Brown?"

"Yes, the beer was undeniable," said Tom.

"Well, and you dawdled there till now?" said Jervis.

"Even so. What with mobs that wouldn't fight fair, and captains who would run away, and proctors and marshals who would interfere, we were 'perfectly disgusted with the whole proceeding,' as the Scotchman said when he was sentenced to be hanged."

"Well, Heaven, they say, protects children, sailors, and drunken men; and whatever answers to Heaven in the academical system protects freshmen," remarked Jervis.

"Not us, at any rate," said Tom, "for we are to go to the proctor to-morrow morning."

"What, did he catch you in your famous public?"

"No; the marshal came round to the porter's lodge, asked if we were in, and left word that, if we were not, we were to go to him in the morning. The porter told us just now as we came in."

"Pshaw," said the Captain, with disgust; "now you'll both be gated probably, and the whole crew will be thrown out of gear. Why couldn't you have come home when I did?"

"We do not propose to attend the levee of that excellent person in office to-morrow morning," said Drysdale. "He will forget all about it. Old Copas won't say a word—catch him. He gets too much out of me for that."

"Well, you'll see; I'll back the proctor's memory."

"But, Captain, what are you going to stand?"

"Stand! nothing, unless you like a cup of cold tea. You'll get no wine or spirits here at this time of night, and the buttery is shut. Besides, you've had quite as much beer as is good for you at your paragon public."

"Come, now, Captain, just two glasses of sherry, and I'll promise to go to bed."

"Not a thimbleful."

"You old tyrant!" said Drysdale, hopping off his perch on the elbow of the sofa. "Come along, Brown, let's go and draw for some supper and a hand at Van John. There's sure to be some going up my staircase; or, at any rate, there's a cool bottle of claret in my rooms."

"Stop and have a talk, Brown," said the Captain, and prevailed against Drysdale, who, after another attempt to draw Tom off, departed on his quest for drink and cards.

"He'll never do for the boat, I'm afraid," said the Captain; "with his rascally late hours, and drinking, and eating all sorts of trash one atop of the other. It's a pity, too, for he's a pretty oar for his weight."

"He is such uncommon good company, too," said Tom.

"Yes; but I'll tell you what. He's just a leetle too good company for you and me, or any fellows who mean to

take a degree. Let's see, this is only his third term? I'll give him, perhaps, two more to make the place too hot to hold him. Take my word for it, he'll never get to his little go."

"It will be a great pity, then," said Tom.

"So it will. But after all, you see, what does it matter to him? He gets rusticated; takes his name off with a flourish of trumpets—what then? He falls back on 5000*l.* a year in land, and a good accumulation in consols; runs abroad, or lives in town for a year. Takes the hounds when he comes of age, or is singled out by some discerning constituency, and sent to make laws for his country, having spent the whole of his life hitherto in breaking all the laws he ever came under. You and I, perhaps, go fooling about with him, and get rusticated. We make our friends miserable. We can't take our names off, but have to come cringing back at the end of our year, marked men. Keep our tails between our legs for the rest of our time. Lose a year at our professions, and most likely have the slip casting up against us in one way or another for the next twenty years. It's like the old story of the giant and the dwarf, or like fighting a sweep, or any other one-sided business."

"But I'd sooner have to fight my own way in the world after all; wouldn't you?" said Tom.

"H—m—m!" said the Captain, throwing himself back in his chair, and smiling; "can't answer offhand. I'm a third-year man, and begin to see the other side rather clearer than I did when I was a freshman like you. Three years at Oxford, my boy, will teach you something of what rank and money count for, if they teach you nothing else."

"Why here's the Captain singing the same song as Hardy," thought Tom.

"So you two have to go to the proctor to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Shall you go? Drysdale won't."

"Of course I shall. It seems to me childish not to go; as if I were back in the lower school again. To tell you the truth, the being sent for isn't pleasant; but the other I couldn't stand."

"Well, I don't feel anything of that sort. But I think you're right on the whole. The chances are that he'll remember your name, and send for you again if you don't go; and then you'll be worse off."

"You don't think he'll rusticate us, or anything of that sort?" said Tom, who had felt horrible twinges at the captain's picture of the effects of rustication on ordinary mortals.

"No; not unless he's in a very bad humour. I was caught three times in one night in my freshman's term, and only got an imposition."

"Then I don't care," said Tom. "But it's a bore to have been caught in so seedy an affair; if it had been a real good row, one wouldn't have minded so much."

"Why, what did you expect? It was neither better nor worse than the common run of such things."

"Well, but three parts of the crowd were boys."

"So they are always—or nine times out of ten at any rate."

"But there was no real fighting: at least, I only know I got none."

"There isn't any real fighting as you call it, nine times out of ten."

"What is there then?"

"Why something of this sort. Five shopboys, or scouts' boys, full of sauciness, loitering at an out-of-the-way street corner. Enter two freshmen, full of dignity and bad wine. Explosion of inflammable material. Freshmen mobbed into High Street or Broad Street, where the tables are turned by the gathering of many more freshmen, and the mob of town boys quietly subsides, puts its hands in its pockets, and ceases to shout "Town, town." The triumphant freshmen march up and down for perhaps half an hour, shouting 'Gown, gown,' and looking furious, but not half sorry that the mob vanishes like mist at their approach. Then come the proctors, who hunt down, and break up the gown in some half-hour or hour. The 'town' again marches about in the ascendant,

and mobs the scattered freshmen, wherever they can be caught, in very small numbers."

"But with all your chaff about freshmen, Captain, you were in it yourself to-night; come now."

"Of course, I had to look after you two boys."

"But you didn't know we were in it when you came up."

"I was sure to find some of you. Besides, I'll admit one don't like to go in while there's any chance of a real row as you call it, and so gets proctorized in one's old age for one's patriotism."

"Were you ever in a real row?" said Tom.

"Yes once, about a year ago. The fighting numbers were about equal, and the town all grown men, labourers, and mechanics. It was desperate hard work, none of your shouting and promenading. That Hardy, one of our Bible clerks, fought like a Paladin; I know I shifted a fellow in corduroys on to him, whom I had found an uncommon tough customer, and never felt better pleased in my life than when I saw the light glance on his hobnails as he went over into the gutter two minutes afterwards. It lasted, perhaps, ten minutes, and both sides were very glad to draw off."

"But, of course, you licked them?"

"We said we did."

"Well, I believe that a gentleman will always lick in a fair fight."

"Of course you do, it's the orthodox belief."

"But don't you?"

"Yes; if he is as big and strong, and knows how to fight as well as the other. The odds are that he cares a little more for giving in, and that will pull him through."

"That isn't saying much though."

"No, but it's quite as much as is true. I'll tell you what it is, I think just this, that we are generally better in the fighting way than shopkeepers, clerks, flunkies, and all fellows who don't work hard with their bodies all day. But the moment you come to the real hard-fisted fellow, used to nine or ten hours' work a day, he's a cruel hard customer. Take seventy or eighty of them at haphazard, the first you meet, and turn them into St. Ambrose any morning—by night I take it they would be lords of this venerable establishment if we had to fight for the possession; except, perhaps, for that Hardy—he's one of a thousand, and was born for a fighting man; perhaps he might pull us through."

"Why don't you try him in the boat?"

"Miller manages all that. I spoke to him about it after that row, but he said that Hardy had refused to subscribe to the club, said he couldn't afford it, or something of the sort. I don't see why that need matter myself, but I suppose, as we have rules, we ought to stick to them."

"It's a great pity though. I know Hardy well, and you can't think what a fine fellow he is."

"I'm sure of that. I tried to know him, and we don't get on badly as speaking acquaintance. But he seems a queer solitary bird."

Twelve o'clock struck; so Tom wished the Captain good night and departed, meditating much on what he had heard and seen, but not yet quite persuaded to give up his romantic beliefs as to town and gown rows.

The reader too will be outraged no doubt, and will demur to the prosaic, not to say vulgar sketch, here submitted to him. He will resent the absence of terrific single combats, in which the descendant of a hundred earls polishes off the huge representative of the masses in the most finished style without a scratch on his own aristocratic features.

Well, well! a man can only describe what he has seen with his own eyes and known in his own heart—at least, if he is a true man.

At any rate Tom went to bed that night fairly sickened with his experience of a town and gown row, and with a nasty taste in his mouth. But he felt much pleased at having drawn out the Captain so completely. For the stroke was in general a man of marvellous few words, having many better uses than talking to put his breath to.

Next morning Tom attended at the proctor's rooms at the appointed time, not without some feeling of shame at having to do so; which, however, wore off when he found some dozen men of other colleges waiting about on the same errand as himself. In his turn he was ushered in, and, as he stood by the door, had time to look the great man over as he sat making a note of the case he had just disposed of. The inspection was reassuring. The proctor was a gentlemanly, straightforward-looking man of about thirty, not at all donnish, and his address answered to his appearance.

"Mr. Brown, of St. Ambrose's, I think," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"I sent you to your college yesterday evening: did you go straight home?"

"No, sir."

"How was that, Mr. Brown?"

Tom made no answer, and the proctor looked at him steadily for a few seconds, and then repeated,

"How was that?"

"Well, sir," said Tom, "I don't mean to say I was going straight to college, but I should have been in long before you sent, only I fell in with the mob again, and then there was a cry that you were coming. And so—" He paused.

"Well," said the proctor, with a grim sort of curl about the corners of his mouth.

"Why I ran away, and turned into the first place which was open, and stopped till the streets were quiet."

"A public-house, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; the 'Choughs.'"

The proctor considered a minute, and again scrutinized Tom's look and manner, which certainly were straightforward and without any tinge of cringing or insolence.

"How long have you been up?"

"This is my second term, sir."

"You have never been sent to me before, I think?

"Never, sir."

"Well, I can't overlook this, as you yourself confess to a direct act of disobedience. You must write me out 200 lines of Virgil. And now, Mr. Brown let me advise you to keep out of these disreputable street-quarrels in future. Good morning."

Tom hurried away, wondering what it would feel like to be writing out Virgil again as a punishment at his time of life, but glad above measure that the proctor had asked him no questions about his companion. That hero was, of course, mightily tickled at the result, and seized the occasion to lecture Tom on his future conduct, holding himself up as a living example of the benefits which were sure to accrue to a man who never did anything he was told to do. The soundness of his reasoning, however, was somewhat shaken by the dean, who, on that same afternoon, managed to catch him in quad; and, carrying him off, discoursed with him concerning his various and systematic breaches of discipline, pointed out to him that he had already made such good use of his time that if he were to be discommonsed for three more days he would lose his term; and then took off his cross, gave him a book of Virgil to write out, and gated him for a fortnight after hall. Drysdale sent out his scout to order his punishment as he might have ordered a waistcoat, presented old Copas with a half-sovereign, and then dismissed punishment and gating from his mind at once. He cultivated with great success the science of mental gymnastics, or throwing everything the least unpleasant off his mind at once. And I cannot but allow that it is a science worthy of all cultivation, if one desires to lead a comfortable life. It gets harder, however, as the years roll over us, to attain to any satisfactory proficiency in it; so that it should be mastered as early in life as may be.

The town and gown row was the talk of the college for the next week. Tom, of course, talked much about it, like his neighbours, and confided to one and another the Captain's heresies. They were all incredulous; for no one had ever heard him talk as much in a term as Tom reported him to have done on this one evening.

So it was resolved that he should be taken to task on the subject on the first opportunity, and, as nobody was afraid of him, there was no difficulty in finding the man to bell the cat. Accordingly, at the next wine of the boating set, the Captain had scarcely entered when he was assailed by the host with—

"Jervis, Brown says you don't believe a gentleman can lick a cad, unless he is the biggest and strongest of the two."

The Captain, who hated coming out with his beliefs, shrugged his shoulders, sipped his wine, and tried to turn the subject. But, seeing that they were all bent on drawing him out, he was not the man to run from his guns; and so said quietly,

"No more I do."

Notwithstanding the reverence in which he was held, this saying could not be allowed to pass, and a dozen voices were instantly raised, and a dozen authentic stories told to confute him. He listened patiently, and then, seeing he was in for it, said,

"Never mind fighting. Try something else; cricket, for instance. The players generally beat the gentlemen, don't they?"

"Yes; but they are professionals."

"Well, and we don't often get a University crew which can beat the watermen."

"Professionals again."

"I believe the markers are the best tennis-players, ain't they?" persevered the Captain; "and I generally find keepers and huntsmen shooting and riding better than their masters, don't you?"

"But that's not fair. All the cases you put are those of men who have nothing else to do, who live by the things which gentlemen only take up for pleasure."

"I only say that the cads, as you call them, manage, somehow or another, to do them best," said the Captain.

"How about the army and navy? The officers always lead."

"Well, there they're all professionals, at any rate," said the Captain. "I admit the officers lead; but the men follow pretty close. And in a forlorn hope there are fifty men to one officer, after all."

"But they must be led. The men will never go without an officer to lead."

"It's the officers' business to lead, I know; and they do it. But you won't find the best judges talking as if the men wanted much leading. Read Napier: the finest story in his book is of the sergeant who gave his life for his boy officer's—your namesake, Brown—at the Coa."

"Well, I never thought to hear you crying down gentlemen."

"I'm not crying down gentlemen," said the Captain. "I only say that a gentleman's flesh and blood, and brains, are just the same, and no better, than another man's. He has all the chances on his side in the way of training, and pretty near all the prizes; so it would be hard if he didn't do most things better than poor men. But give them the chance of training, and they will tread on his heels soon enough. That's all I say."

That was all, certainly, that the Captain said, and then relapsed into his usual good-tempered monosyllabic state; from which all the eager talk of the dozen men, who took up the cudgels naturally enough for their own class, and talked themselves, before the wine broke up, into a renewed consciousness of their natural superiority, failed again to rouse him.

This was, in fact, the Captain's weak point, if he had one. He had strong beliefs himself; one of the strongest of which was, that nobody could be taught anything except by his own experience; so he never, or very rarely, exercised his own personal influence, but just quietly went his own way, and let men go theirs. Another of his beliefs was, that there was no man or thing in the world too bad to be tolerated; faithfully acting up to which belief, the Captain himself tolerated persons and things intolerable.

Bearing which facts in mind, the reader will easily guess the result of the

application which the crew duly made to him the day after Miller's back was turned. He simply said that the training they proposed would not be enough, and that he himself should take all who chose to go down to Abingdon twice a week. From that time there were many defaulters; and the spirit of Diogenes groaned within him, as day after day the crew had to be filled up from the torpid or by watermen. Drysdale would ride down to Sandford, meeting the boat on its way up, and then take his place for the pull up to Oxford, while his groom rode his horse up to Folly bridge to meet him; there he would mount again, and ride off to Bullingdon, or to the Isis, or Quentin, or other social meeting equally inimical to good training. Blake often absented himself three days in a week, and other men once or twice.

From considering which facts, Tom came to understand the difference between his two heroes; their strong likeness in many points he had seen from the first. They were alike in truthfulness, bravery, bodily strength, and in most of their opinions. But Jervis worried himself about nothing, and let all men and things alone, in the belief that the world was not going so very wrong, or would right itself somehow without him. Hardy, on the other hand, was consuming his heart over everything that seemed to him to be going wrong in himself and round about him—in the College, in Oxford, in England, in the ends of the earth, and never letting slip a chance of trying to set right, here a thread, and there a thread; a self-questioning, much-enduring man; a slayer of dragons himself, and one with whom you could not live much without getting uncomfortably aware of the dragons which you also had to slay.

What wonder that, apart altogether from the difference in their social position, the one man was ever becoming more and more popular, while the other was left more and more to himself. There are few of us, I believe, at Oxford, or elsewhere, who do not like to see a man living a brave and righteous life, so long as he keeps clear of them, and still fewer who *do* like to be in constant contact with one who, not content with so living himself, is always coming across them, and laying bare to them their own faint-heartedness, and sloth, and meanness. The latter, I admit, inspires the deeper feeling, and lays hold with a firmer grip of the men he does lay hold of, but they are few. For men can't keep always up to high pressure till they have found firm ground to build upon, altogether outside of themselves; and it is hard to be thankful and fair to those who are showing us time after time that our foothold is nothing but shifting sand.

The contrast between Jervis and Hardy now began to force itself daily more and more on our hero's attention. From the night of the town and gown row, "The Choughs" became a regular haunt of the St. Ambrose crew, who were taken there under the guidance of Tom and Drysdale the next day. Not content with calling there on his way from the boats, there was seldom an evening now that Tom did not manage to drop in and spend an hour there.

When one is very much bent on doing a thing, it is generally easy enough to find very good reasons, or excuses at any rate, for it; and whenever any doubts crossed Tom's mind, he silenced them by the reflection that the time he spent at "The Choughs" would otherwise have been devoted to wine parties or billiards; and it was not difficult to persuade himself that his present occupation was the more wholesome of the two. He could not, however, feel satisfied till he had mentioned his change in life to Hardy. This he found a much more embarrassing matter than he had fancied it would be. But, after one or two false starts, he managed to get out, that he had found the best glass of ale in Oxford, at a quiet little public on the way to the boats, kept by the most perfect of old widows, with a factotum of an ostler, who was a regular character, and that he went there most evenings for an hour or so. Wouldn't Hardy come some night?

No, Hardy couldn't spare the time.

Tom felt rather relieved at this answer, but, nevertheless, went on to urge the excellence of the ale as a further inducement.

"I don't believe it's half so good as our college beer, and I'll be bound it's half as dear again."

"Only a penny a pint dearer," said Tom, "that won't ruin you,—all the crew go there."

"If I were the Captain," said Hardy, "I wouldn't let you run about drinking ale at night after wine parties. Does he know about it?"

"Yes, and goes there himself often on the way from the boats," said Tom.

"And at night too?" said Hardy.

"No," said Tom, "but I don't go there after drinking wine; I haven't been to a wine this ten days, at least, not for more than five minutes."

"Well, sound ale is better than Oxford wine," said Hardy, "if you must drink something;" and so the subject dropped.

And Tom went away, satisfied that Hardy had not disapproved of his new habit. It certainly occurred to him that he had omitted all mention of the pretty barmaid in his enumeration of the attractions of "The Choughs," but this he set down to mere accident; it was a slip which he would set right in their next talk. But that talk never came, and the subject was not again mentioned between them. In fact, to tell the truth, Tom's visits to his friend's room in the evenings became shorter and less frequent as "The Choughs" absorbed more and more of his time. He made excuses to himself that Hardy must be glad of more time, and would be only bored if he kept dropping in every night, now that the examination for degree was so near; that he was sure he drove Grey away, who would be of much more use to Hardy just now. These, and many other equally plausible reasons, suggested themselves whenever his conscience smote him for his neglect, as it did not seldom; and he always managed to satisfy himself somehow, without admitting the real fact, that these visits were no longer what they had been to him, that a gulf had sprung up and was widening day by day between him and the only friend who would have had the courage and honesty to tell him the truth about his new pursuit. Meantime Hardy was much pained at the change in his friend, which *he* saw quickly enough, and often thought over it with a sigh as he sat at his solitary tea, and set it down to his own dulness, to the number of new friends whom such a sociable fellow as Tom was sure to make, and who, of course, would take up more and more of his time; and, if he felt a little jealousy every now and then, put it resolutely back, struggling to think no evil, or if there were any, to lay it on his own shoulders.

Cribbage is a most virtuous and respectable game, and yet scarcely, one would think, possessing in itself sufficient attractions to keep a young gentleman in his twentieth year tied to the board, and going through the quaint calculation night after night of "fifteen two, fifteen four, two for his nob, and one for his heels." The old landlady of "The Choughs" liked nothing so much as her game of cribbage in the evenings, and the board lay ready on the little table by her elbow in the cozy bar, a sure stepping-stone to her good graces. Tom somehow became an enthusiast in cribbage, and would always loiter behind his companions for his quiet game; chatting pleasantly while the old lady cut and shuffled the dirty pack, striving keenly for the nightly stake of sixpence, which he seldom failed to lose, and laughingly wrangling with her over the last points in the game which decided the transfer of the two sixpences (duly posted in the snuffer-tray beside the cribbage-board) into his waistcoat pocket or her bag, until she would take off her spectacles to wipe them, and sink back in her chair exhausted with the pleasing excitement.

Such an odd taste as it seemed, too, a bystander might reasonably have thought, when he might have been employing his time so much more pleasantly in the very room. For, flitting in and out of the bar during the game, and

every now and then stooping over the old lady's shoulder to examine her hand and exchange knowing looks with her, was the lithe little figure of Miss Patty, with her oval face, and merry eyes, and bright brown hair, and jaunty little cap, with fresh blue ribbons of the shade of the St. Ambrose colours. However, there is no accounting for tastes, and it is fortunate that some like apples and some onions. It may possibly be, too, that Miss Patty did not feel herself neglected, or did not care about attention. Perhaps she may not have been altogether unconscious that every least motion and word of hers was noticed, even when the game was at its keenest. At any rate, it was clear enough that she and Tom were on the best terms, though she always took her aunt's part vehemently in any little dispute which arose, and sometimes even came to the rescue at the end, and recaptured the vanished sixpences out of the wrongful grasp which he generally laid on them the moment the old lady held out her hand and pronounced the word "game." One knows that size has little to do with strength, or one might have wondered that her little hands should have been able to open his fingers so surely one by one, though he seemed to do all he could to keep them shut. But, after all, if he really thought he had a right to the money, he had always time to put it in his pocket at once, instead of keeping his clenched hand on the table, and arguing about it till she had time to get up to the succour of her aunt.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FIRST BUMP.

"WHAT's the time, Smith?"

"Half-past three, old fellow," answered Diogenes, looking at his watch.

"I never knew a day go so slowly," said Tom; "isn't it time to go down to the boats?"

"Not by two hours and more, old fellow—can't you take a book, or something to keep you quiet? You won't be fit for anything by six o'clock, if you go on worrying like this." And so Diogenes turned himself to his flute, and blew away to all appearances as composedly as if it had been the first week of term, though, if the truth must be told, it was all he could do not to get up and wander about in a feverish and distracted state, for Tom's restlessness infected him.

Diogenes's whole heart was in the College boat: and so, though he had pulled dozens of races in his time, he was almost as nervous as a freshman on this the first day of the races. Tom, all unconscious of the secret discomposure of the other, threw himself into a chair and looked at him with wonder and envy. The flute went "toot, toot, toot," till he could stand it no longer; so he got up and went to the window, and, leaning out, looked up and down the street for some minutes in a purposeless sort of fashion, staring hard at everybody and everything, but unconscious all the time that he was doing so. He would not have been able in fact to answer Diogenes a word, had that worthy inquired of him what he had seen, when he presently drew in his head and returned to his fidgety ramblings about the room.

"How hot the sun is! but there's a stiff breeze from the south-east. I hope it will go down before the evening, don't you?"

"Yes, this wind will make it very rough below the Gut. Mind you feather high now at starting."

"I hope to goodness I sha'n't catch a crab," said Tom.

"Don't think about it, old fellow; that's your best plan."

"But I can't think of anything else," said Tom. "What the deuce is the good of telling a fellow not to think about it?"

Diogenes apparently had nothing particular to reply, for he put his flute to his mouth again; and at the sound of the "toot, toot," Tom caught up his gown, and fled away into the quadrangle.

The crew had had their early dinner of steaks and chops, stale bread, and a glass and a half of old beer apiece at

two o'clock, in the Captain's rooms. The current theory of training at that time was—as much meat as you could eat, the more underdone the better, and the smallest amount of drink upon which you could manage to live. Two pints in the twenty-four hours was all that most boats' crews that pretended to train at all were allowed, and for the last fortnight it had been the nominal allowance of the St. Ambrose crew. The discomfort of such a diet in the hot summer months, when you were at the same time taking regular and violent exercise, was something very serious. Outraged human nature rebelled against it; and, I take it, though they did not admit it in public, there were very few men who did not rush to their water-bottles for relief, more or less often, according to the development of their bumps of conscientiousness and obstinacy. To keep to the diet at all strictly, involved a very respectable amount of physical endurance. I am thankful to hear that our successors have found out the unwisdom of this, as of other old superstitions, and that in order to get a man into training for a boat-race now-a-days, it is not thought of the first importance to keep him in a constant state of consuming thirst, and the restlessness of body and sharpness of temper which thirst generally induces.

Tom appreciated the honour of being in the boat in his first year so keenly, that he had almost managed to keep to his training allowance, and consequently, now that the eventful day had arrived, was in a most uncomfortable state of body and disagreeable frame of mind.

He fled away from Diogenes's flute, but found no rest. He tried Drysdale. That hero was lying on his back on his sofa playing with Jack, and only increased Tom's thirst and soured his temper by the viciousness of his remarks on boating, and every thing and person connected therewith; above all, on Miller, who had just come up, had steered them the day before, and pronounced the crew generally, and Drysdale in particular, "not half trained."

Blake's oak was sported, as usual. Tom looked in at the Captain's door, but found him hard at work reading, and so carried himself off; and, after a vain hunt after others of the crew, and even trying to sit down and read, first a novel, then a play of Shakespeare, with no success whatever, wandered away out of the college, and found himself in five minutes, by a natural and irresistible attraction, on the University barge.

There were half-a-dozen men or so reading the papers, and a group or two discussing the coming races. Amongst other things, the chances of St. Ambrose's making a bump the first night were weighed. Every one joined in praising the stroke, but there were great doubts whether the crew could live up to it. Tom carried himself on to the top of the barge to get out of hearing, for listening made his heart beat and his throat drier than ever. He stood on the top and looked right away down to the Gut, the strong wind blowing his gown about. Not even a pair oar was to be seen; the great event of the evening made the river a solitude at this time of day. Only one or two skiffs were coming home, impelled by reading men, who took their constitutionals on the water, and were coming in to be in time for afternoon chapel. The fastest and best of these soon came near enough for Tom to recognise Hardy's stroke: so he left the barge and went down to meet the servitor at his landing, and accompanied him to the St. Ambrose dressing-room.

"Well, how do you feel for the race to-night?" said Hardy, as he dried his neck and face, which he had been sluicing with cold water, looking as hard and bright as a racer on Derby day.

"Oh, wretched! I'm afraid I shall break down," said Tom, and poured out some of his doubts and miseries. Hardy soon comforted him greatly; and by the time they were half across Christchurch meadow he was quite in heart again. For he knew how well Hardy understood rowing, and what a sound judge he was, and it was therefore cheering to hear that he

thought they were certainly the second best if not the best boat on the river, and that they would be sure to make some bumps unless they had accidents.

"But that's just what I fear so," said Tom. "I'm afraid I shall make some awful blunder."

"Not you!" said Hardy; "only remember. Don't you fancy you can pull the boat by yourself, and go trying to do it. That's where young oars fail. If you keep thorough good time you'll be pretty sure to be doing your share of work. Time is everything, almost."

"I'll be sure to think of that," said Tom; and they entered St. Ambrose just as the chapel bell was going down, and he went to chapel and then to hall, sitting by and talking for companionship while the rest dined.

And so at last the time slipped away, and the Captain and Miller mustered them at the gates and walked off to the boats. A dozen other crews were making their way in the same direction, and half the undergraduates of Oxford streamed along with them. The banks of the river were crowded; and the punts plied rapidly backwards and forwards, carrying loads of men over to the Berkshire side. The University barge, and all the other barges, were decked with flags, and the band was playing lively airs as the St. Ambrose crew reached the scene of action.

No time was lost in the dressing room, and in two minutes they were all standing in flannel trousers and silk jerseys at the landing-place.

"You had better keep your jackets on," said the Captain; "we sha'n't be off yet."

"There goes Brazen-nose."

"They look like work, don't they?"

"The black and yellow seems to slip along so fast. They're no end of good colours. I wish our new boat was black."

"Hang her colours, if she's only stiff in the back and don't dip."

"Well, she didn't dip yesterday. At least, the men on the bank said so."

"There go Balliol, and Oriel, and University."

"By Jove, we shall be late! Where's Miller?"

"In the shed, getting the boat out. Look, here's Exeter."

The talk of the crew was silenced for the moment as every man looked eagerly at the Exeter boat. The Captain nodded to Jervis with a grim smile as they paddled gently by.

Then the talk began again.

"How do you think she goes?"

"Not so badly. They're very strong in the middle of the boat."

"Not a bit of it: it's all lumber."

"You'll see. They're better trained than we are. They looked as fine as stars."

"So they ought. They've pulled seven miles to our five for the last month, I'm sure."

"Then we sha'n't bump them."

"Why not?"

"Don't you know that the value of products consists in the quantity of labour which goes to produce them? Product, pace over course from Iffley up. Labour expended, Exeter, 7; St. Ambrose, 5. You see it is not in the nature of things that we should bump them—Q.E.D."

"What moonshine! as if ten miles behind their stroke are worth two behind Jervis!"

"My dear fellow, it isn't my moonshine; you must settle the matter with the philosophers. I only apply a universal law to a particular case."

Tom, unconscious of the pearls of economic lore which were being poured out for the benefit of the crew, was watching the Exeter eight as it glided away towards the Cherwell. He thought they seemed to keep horribly good time.

"Halloa, Drysdale! look, there's Jack going across in one of the punts."

"Of course he is. You don't suppose he wouldn't go down to see the race."

"Why won't Miller let us start? Almost all the boats are off."

"There's plenty of time. We may just as well be up here as dawdling about the bank at Iffley."

"We sha'n't go down till the last;

Miller never lets us get out down below."

"Well, come; here's the boat, at last."

The new boat now emerged from its shed, guided steadily to where they were standing by Miller and a waterman. Then the coxswain got out and called for bow, who stepped forward.

"Mind how you step now, there are no bottom boards, remember," said Miller.

"Shall I take my jacket?"

"Yes; you had better all go down in jackets in this wind. I've sent a man down to bring them back. Now, two."

"Aye, aye!" said Drysdale, stepping forward. Then came Tom's turn, and soon the boat was manned.

"Now," said Miller, taking his place, "are all your stretchers right?"

"I should like a little more grease for my rollocks."

"I'm taking some down; we'll put it on down below. Are you all right?"

"Yes."

"Then push her off—gently."

The St. Ambrose boat was almost the last, so there were no punts in the way, or other obstructions; and they swung steadily down past the University barge, the top of which was already covered with spectators. Every man in the boat felt as if the eyes of Europe were on him, and pulled in his very best form. Small groups of gownsmen were scattered along the bank in Christchurch meadow, chiefly dons, who were really interested in the races, but, at that time of day, seldom liked to display enthusiasm enough to cross the water and go down to the starting-place. These sombre groups were lightened up here and there by the dresses of a few ladies, who were walking up and down, and watching the boats. At the mouth of the Cherwell were moored two punts, in which reclined at their ease some dozen young gentlemen, smoking; several of these were friends of Drysdale's, and hailed him as the boat passed them.

"What a fool I am to be here!" he grumbled, in an under tone, casting an envious glance at the punts in their comfortable berth, up under the banks, and out of the wind. "I say, Brown, don't you wish we were well past this on the way up?"

"Silence in the bows!" shouted Miller.

"You devil, how I hate you!" growled Drysdale, half in jest and half in earnest, as they sped along under the willows.

Tom got more comfortable at every stroke, and by the time they reached the Gut began to hope that he should not have a fit, or lose all his strength just at the start, or cut a crab, or come to some other unutterable grief, the fear of which had been haunting him all day.

"Here they are at last!—come along now—keep up with them," said Hardy to Grey, as the boat neared the Gut; and the two, who had been waiting on the bank, trotted along downwards, Hardy watching the crew, and Grey watching him.

"Hardy, how eager you look!"

"I'd give twenty pounds to be going to pull in the race."

Grey shambled on in silence by the side of his big friend, and wished he could understand what it was that moved him so.

As the boat shot into the Gut from under the cover of the Oxfordshire bank, the wind caught the bows.

"Feather high, now," shouted Miller; and then added in a low voice to the Captain, "It will be ticklish work, starting in this wind."

"Just as bad for all the other boats," answered the Captain.

"Well said, old philosopher!" said Miller. "It's a comfort to steer you; you never make a fellow nervous. I wonder if you ever felt nervous yourself, now?"

"Can't say," said the Captain. "Here's our post; we may as well turn."

"Easy, bow side—now two and four, pull her round—back water, seven and five!" shouted the coxswain; and the boat's head swung round, and two or three strokes took her into the bank.

Jack instantly made a convulsive attempt to board, but was sternly repulsed, and tumbled backwards into the water.

Hark!—the first gun. The report sent Tom's heart into his mouth again. Several of the boats pushed off at once into the stream; and the crowds of men on the bank began to be agitated, as it were, by the shadow of the coming excitement. The St. Ambrose crew fingered their oars, put a last dash of grease on their rollocks, and settled their feet against the stretchers.

"Shall we push her off?" asked bow.

"No, I can give you another minute," said Miller, who was sitting, watch in hand, in the stern, "only be smart when I give the word."

The Captain turned on his seat, and looked up the boat. His face was quiet, but full of confidence, which seemed to pass from him into the crew. Tom felt calmer and stronger, as he met his eye. "Now mind, boys, don't quicken," he said cheerily; "four short strokes, to get way on her, and then steady. Here, pass up the lemon."

And he took a sliced lemon out of his pocket, put a small piece in his own mouth, and then handed it to Blake, who followed his example, and passed it on. Each man took a piece; and just as bow had secured the end, Miller called out,—

"Now, jackets off, and get her head out steadily."

The jackets were thrown on shore, and gathered up by the boatman in attendance. The crew poised their oars, No. 2 pushing out her head, and the Captain doing the same for the stern. Miller took the starting-rope in his hand.

"How the wind catches her stern," he said; "here, pay out the rope one of you. No, not you—some fellow with a strong hand. Yes, you'll do," he went on, as Hardy stepped down the bank and took hold of the rope; "let me have it foot by foot as I want it. Not too quick; make the most of it—that'll do. Two and three just dip your oars in to give her way."

The rope paid out steadily, and the boat settled to her place. But now the wind rose again, and the stern drifted in towards the bank.

"You *must* back her a bit, Miller, and keep her a little further out, or our oars on stroke side will catch the bank."

"So I see; curse the wind. Back her, one stroke all. Back her, I say!" shouted Miller.

It is no easy matter to get a crew to back her an inch just now, particularly as there are in her two men who have never rowed a race before, except in the torpids, and one who has never rowed a race in his life.

However, back she comes; the starting rope slackens in Miller's left hand, and the stroke, unshipping his oar, pushes the stern gently out again.

There goes the second gun! one short minute more, and we are off. Short minute, indeed! you wouldn't say so if you were in the boat, with your heart in your mouth, and trembling all over like a man with the palsy. Those sixty seconds before the starting gun in your first race—why, they are a little lifetime.

"By Jove, we are drifting in again," said Miller, in horror. The Captain looked grim, but said nothing; it was too late now for him to be unshipping again. "Here, catch hold of the long boat-hook, and fend her off."

Hardy, to whom this was addressed, seized the boat-hook, and, standing with one foot in the water, pressed the end of the boat-hook against the gunwale, at the full stretch of his arm, and so, by main force, kept the stern out. There was just room for stroke oars to dip, and that was all. The starting rope was as taut as a harp-string; will Miller's left hand hold out?

It is an awful moment. But the coxswain, though almost dragged backwards off his seat, is equal to the occasion. He holds his watch in his right hand with the tiller rope.

"Eight seconds more only. Look out for the flash. Remember, all eyes in the boat."

There it comes, at last—the flash of the starting gun. Long before the sound of the report can roll up the river, the whole pent-up life and energy which has been held in leash, as it were, for the last six

minutes, is let loose, and breaks away with a bound and a dash which he who has felt it will remember for his life, but the like of which, will he ever feel again? The starting ropes drop from the coxswains' hands, the oars flash into the water, and gleam on the feather, the spray flies from them, and the boats leap forward.

The crowds on the bank scatter, and rush along, each keeping as near as may be to its own boat. Some of the men on the towing path, some on the very edge of, often in, the water—some slightly in advance, as if they could help to drag their boat forward—some behind, where they can see the pulling better—but all at full speed, in wild excitement, and shouting at the top of their voices to those on whom the honour of the college is laid.

"Well pulled, all!" "Pick her up there, five!" "You're gaining, every stroke!" "Time in the bows!" "Bravo, St. Ambrose!"

On they rush by the side of the boats, jostling one another, stumbling, struggling, and panting along.

For a quarter of a mile along the bank the glorious maddening hurly-burly extends, and rolls up the side of the stream.

For the first ten strokes Tom was in too great fear of making a mistake to feel or hear or see. His whole soul was glued to the back of the man before him, his one thought to keep time, and get his strength into the stroke. But as the crew settled down into the well-known long sweep, what we may call consciousness returned; and while every muscle in his body was straining, and his chest heaved, and his heart leapt, every nerve seemed to be gathering new life, and his senses to wake into unwonted acuteness. He caught the scent of wild thyme in the air, and found room in his brain to wonder how it could have got there, as he had never seen the plant near the river, or smelt it before. Though his eye never wandered from the back of Diogenes, he seemed to see all things at once. The boat behind, which seemed to be gaining—it was all he could do to prevent himself from quickening on the stroke as he fancied that—the eager face of Miller, with his compressed lips, and eyes fixed so earnestly ahead that Tom could almost feel the glance passing over his right shoulder; the flying banks and the shouting crowd; see them with his bodily eyes he could not, but he knew nevertheless that Grey had been upset and nearly rolled down the bank into the water in the first hundred yards, that Jack was bounding and scrambling and barking along by the very edge of the stream; above all, he was just as well aware as if he had been looking at it, of a stalwart form in cap and gown, bounding along, brandishing the long boat-hook, and always keeping just opposite the boat; and amid all the Babel of voices, and the dash and pulse of the stroke, and the labouring of his own breathing, he heard Hardy's voice coming to him again and again, and clear as if there had been no other sound in the air, "Steady, two! steady! well pulled! steady, steady." The voice seemed to give him strength and keep him to his work. And what work it was! he had had many a hard pull in the last six weeks, but never aught like this.

But it can't last for ever; men's muscles are not steel, or their lungs bulls' hide, and hearts can't go on pumping a hundred miles an hour long without bursting. The St. Ambrose boat is well away from the boat behind, there is a great gap between the accompanying crowds; and now, as they near the Gut, she hangs for a moment or two in hand, though the roar from the bank grows louder and louder, and Tom is already aware that the St. Ambrose crowd is melting into the one ahead of them.

"We must be close to Exeter!" The thought flashes into him, and it would seem into the rest of the crew at the same moment. For, all at once, the strain seems taken off their arms again; there is no more drag; she springs to the stroke as she did at the start; and Miller's face, which had darkened for a few seconds, lightens up again.

Miller's face and attitude are a study. Coiled up into the smallest possible space, his chin almost resting on his knees, his hands close to his sides, firmly but lightly feeling the rudder, as a good horseman handles the mouth of a free-going hunter,—if a coxswain could make a bump by his own exertions, surely he will do it. No sudden jerks of the St. Ambrose rudder will you see, watch as you will from the bank; the boat never hangs through fault of his, but easily and gracefully rounds every point. "You're gaining! you're gaining!" he now and then mutters to the Captain, who responds with a wink, keeping his breath for other matters. Isn't he grand, the Captain, as he comes forward like lightning, stroke after stroke, his back flat, his teeth set, his whole frame working from the hips with the regularity of a machine? As the space still narrows, the eyes of the fiery little Coxswain flash with excitement, but he is far too good a judge to hurry the final effort before the victory is safe in his grasp.

The two crowds are mingled now, and no mistake; and the shouts come all in a heap over the water. "Now, St. Ambrose, six strokes more." "Now, Exeter, you're gaining; pick her up." "Mind the Gut, Exeter." "Bravo, St. Ambrose." The water rushes by, still eddying from the strokes of the boat ahead. Tom fancies now he can hear their oars and the workings of their rudder, and the voice of their coxswain. In another moment both boats are in the Gut, and a perfect storm of shouts reaches them from the crowd, as it rushes madly off to the left to the footbridge, amidst which "Oh, well steered, well steered, St. Ambrose!" is the prevailing cry. Then Miller, motionless as a statue till now, lifts his right hand and whirls the tassel round his head: "Give it her now, boys; six strokes and we're into them." Old Jervis lays down that great broad back, and lashes his oar through the water with the might of a giant, the crew catch him up in another stroke, the tight new boat answers to the spurt, and Tom feels a little shock behind him, and then a grating sound, as Miller shouts, "Unship oars bow and three," and the nose of the St. Ambrose boat glides quietly up the side of the Exeter, till it touches their stroke oar.

"Take care where you're coming to." It is the coxswain of the bumped boat who speaks.

Tom finds himself within a foot or two of him when he looks round; and, being utterly unable to contain his joy, and yet unwilling to exhibit it before the eyes of a gallant rival, turns away towards the shore, and begins telegraphing to Hardy.

"Now then, what are you at there in the bows? Cast her off quick. Come, look alive! Push across at once out of the way of the other boats."

"I congratulate you, Jervis," says the Exeter stroke, as the St. Ambrose boat shoots past him. "Do it again next race and I sha'n't care."

"We were within three lengths of Brazen-nose when we bumped," says the all-observant Miller in a low voice.

"All right," answers the Captain; "Brazen-nose isn't so strong as usual. We sha'n't have much trouble there, but a tough job up above, I take it."

"Brazen-nose was better steered than Exeter."

"They muffed it in the Gut, eh?" said the Captain. "I thought so by the shouts."

"Yes, we were pressing them a little down below, and their coxswain kept looking over his shoulder. He was in the Gut before he knew it, and had to pull his left hand hard or they would have fouled the Oxfordshire corner. That stopped their way, and in we went."

"Bravo; and how well we started too."

"Yes, thanks to that Hardy. It was touch and go though; I couldn't have held the rope two seconds more."

"How did our fellows work? she dragged a good deal below the Gut."

Miller looked somewhat serious, but even he cannot be finding fault just now. For the first step is gained, the first

victory won; and, as Homer sometimes nods, so Miller relaxes the sternness of his rule. The crew, as soon as they have found their voices again, laugh and talk and answer the congratulations of their friends, as the boat slips along close to the towing-path on the Berks side, "easy all," almost keeping pace nevertheless with the lower boats, which are racing up under the willows on the Oxfordshire side. Jack, after one or two feints, makes a frantic bound into the water, and is hauled dripping into the boat by Drysdale, unchid by Miller, but to the intense disgust of Diogenes, whose pantaloons and principles are alike outraged by the proceeding. He—the Cato of the oar—scorns to relax the strictness of his code even after victory won. Neither word nor look does he cast to the exulting St. Ambrosians on the bank; a twinkle in his eye, and a subdued chuckle or two, alone betray that though an oarsman he is mortal. Already he revolves in his mind the project of an early walk under a few pea-coats, not being quite satisfied (conscientious old boy!) that he tried his stretcher enough in that final spurt, and thinking that there must be an extra pound of flesh on him somewhere or other which did the mischief.

"I say, Brown," said Drysdale, "how do you feel?"

"All right," said Tom; "I never felt jollier in my life."

"By Jove, though, it was an awful grind; didn't you wish yourself well out of it below the Gut?"

"No, nor you either."

"Didn't I though! I was awfully baked, my throat is like a lime-kiln yet. What did you think about?"

"Well, about keeping time, I think," said Tom, laughing, "but I can't remember much."

"I only kept on by thinking how I hated those devils in the Exeter boat, and how done up they must be, and hoping their number 2 felt like having a fit."

At this moment they came opposite the Cherwell. The leading boat was just passing the winning-post, off the University barge, and the band struck up the "Conquering Hero," with a crash. And while a mighty sound of shouts, murmurs, and music went up into the evening sky, Miller shook the tiller-ropes again, the Captain shouted, "Now then, pick her up," and the St. Ambrose boat shot up between the swarming banks at racing pace to her landing-place, the lion of the evening.

Dear readers of the gentler sex! you, I know, will pardon the enthusiasm which stirs our pulses, now in sober middle age, as we call up again the memories of this the most exciting sport of our boyhood (for we were but boys then, after all). You will pardon, though I fear hopelessly unable to understand the above sketch; your sons and brothers will tell you it could not have been made less technical.

For you, male readers, who have never handled an oar,—what shall I say to you? You at least, I hope, in some way—in other contests of one kind or another—have felt as we felt, and have striven as we strove. You *ought* to understand and sympathise with us in all our boating memories. Oh, how fresh and sweet they are! Above all that one of the gay little Henley town, the carriage-crowded bridge, the noble river reach, the giant poplars, which mark the critical point of the course—the roaring column of "undergrads," light blue and dark purple, Cantab and Oxonian, alike and yet how different,—hurling along together, and hiding the towing-path—the clang of Henley church-bells—the cheering, the waving of embroidered handkerchiefs, and glancing of bright eyes, the ill-concealed pride of fathers, the open delight and exultation of mothers and sisters—the levée in the town-hall when the race was rowed, the great cup full of champagne (inn-champagne, but we were not critical)—the chops, the steaks, the bitter beer—but we run into anti-climax—remember, we were boys then, and bear with us if you cannot sympathise.

And you, old companions, θρανῖται, benchers (of the gallant eight-oar), now seldom met, but never-forgotten, lairds,

squires, soldiers, merchants, lawyers, grave J. P.'s, graver clergymen, gravest bishops (for of two bishops at least does our brotherhood boast), I turn for a moment, from my task, to reach to you the right hand of fellowship from these pages, and empty this solemn pewter—trophy of hard-won victory—to your health and happiness.

Surely none the worse Christians and citizens are ye for your involuntary failing of muscularity!

To be continued.

THE GRENVILLES: GOVERNMENT BY FAMILIES.

BY G. S. VENABLES.

The Constitution is always varying, and Acts of Parliament are, fortunately, seldom the instruments by which the process is carried on. The natural growth and gradual transformation of society reflects itself in the distribution of power in the State, and competent observers can often track the deserted channels of the stream by examining the deposit of legal and political fictions which it has left behind. Even hasty readers of history perceive that the opinions and systems of the last century have already become in many respects obsolete, but a minute familiarity with the age of George III. almost increases the difficulty of determining the nature and extent of the changes which has taken place. The popular term of "progress," at the same time inadequate and exaggerated, involves a dogmatic assumption which is essentially unhistorical. It is perfectly possible that improvement may stand still or recede, although the alterations of English society and government have on the whole been for the better. The world has become more comfortable and probably more moral; education, although its standard may not have been elevated, has been widely diffused; the population has doubled, and the general wealth has increased in a much larger proportion. Yet the England of the eighteenth century was the most prosperous, the most free, and, even more indisputably than at present, the most powerful State in Europe. A hundred years have produced no advance in political or administrative ability; and among the ministers of the last thirty years, Sir Robert Peel alone is entitled to rank as an equal with Walpole and with the second Pitt.

Mr. D'Israeli has, with ingenious inaccuracy, described the constitution of England under the Georges as a Venetian oligarchy. It is true that the Whigs, who formed the strongest section of the aristocracy, often claimed for themselves the right of defending and administering the freedom which they had mainly won. The royal power was, almost within the memory of the present generation, the principal object of popular jealousy; and the uninterrupted experience of all continental States proves the reality of a danger which is not necessarily imaginary because it has in a single instance been averted. In Europe at least liberty has never yet existed in the absence of aristocratic institutions, and the great parliamentary families might well be proud of their services in excluding the Stuarts from the throne, and in preventing the revival of their principles. It is not surprising that their members profited by the position which had in the first instance been fairly won. The peers and the great proprietors were rapacious of emoluments and of honours, but Mr. D'Israeli is mistaken if he believes that they long continued to govern the country. The inherent soundness of the political system was proved by the effective demand for personal ability in the conduct of affairs. In the course of a hundred years, Lord

John Russell is the only member of the great Revolution families who has held a conspicuous place as a statesman. The Duke of Newcastle was universally ridiculed, and he was always dependent on abler colleagues. Lord Rockingham brought to the conduct of affairs the capacity of a second-rate lord of the bedchamber. The Duke of Portland, though he was Prime Minister both of the Whigs and of the Tories, was entirely overshadowed by Fox, and in his second administration he had even less influence than Percival. The able statesmen who at short intervals succeeded each other in office, pursued their own policy or personal objects without any other regard to the great Whig league than that which in all free governments is necessarily paid to a powerful and independent interest. From the death of Pelham, in 1754, to the accession of Lord Grey in 1830, the Venetian oligarchy scarcely enjoyed ten years of office. Chatham disdained them; Grenville held them at bay till they overthrew him; Lord North, Pitt, Liverpool, and Canning were all their declared opponents. Their power has recovered itself in the present day only by changing its character, and by allying itself once more with popular opinions. For the attainment of supreme power in England it was only indispensable that a fortune or circumstances should cause an early admission to Parliament. The collective patrimonies of all the chief political leaders in two or three generations would scarcely have amounted to a year's income of many individuals who were content to follow their guidance.

The recurrence of the same names in high office during more than one generation furnishes a curious commentary on the careless and mistaken commonplaces, that talent is not hereditary, or that it is ordinarily traced through the mother. In a competition open to all the nobility and gentry of England, the highest prize was won in succession by three or four sons of fathers who had held the same position. The principal ministers and parliamentary leaders between the death of Pelham and the American War were Pitt, Fox, and Grenville; the principal ministers and parliamentary leaders between the American War and the Regency, were again Pitt, Fox, and Grenville. The ablest politician among the King's friends, the first political economist among the official statesmen of his time, was Mr. Jenkinson, who raised himself from an obscure position through the lower ranks of the peerage to an earldom. His son, the second Earl of Liverpool, held the office of Prime Minister longer than any statesman of modern times. Lord Hardwicke's son died Lord Chancellor. Charles Townshend, who was regarded as only second to Chatham in eloquence, and to Grenville in administrative ability, was the son of the minister who had been famous under George I. as the friend and the rival of Walpole. The instances of Grey, of Stanley, of Wilberforce, and of Canning in later times, may perhaps be attributed by sceptics to the accidents of interest and opportunity; but in the earlier list of examples, the superiority of the second generation was as personal and as well deserved as the triumphs of their fathers. Lord Holland, at the time when Charles Fox first astonished the House of Commons, was an elderly invalid, of damaged character, detested by the King, and, as he said himself, the most unpopular man in the country. Neither Lord Chatham nor Mr. Grenville lived to see their sons in public life; and the names which they bequeathed to their families only gave the opportunity of a trial without affording any assurance of success. In after years it would have been absurd to explain by family connexion the unrivalled eminence of Pitt and of Fox, or even the matured wisdom and authority of Lord Grenville. It might as reasonably be contended that the wit and genius of Horace Walpole were the product of a job of Sir Robert's.

The importance and constant elevation of a single family which always stood aloof from the great Whig organization, illustrates the working of the English constitution during more than half a century, although it by no means

exhausts the complicated elements of the system. The Grenvilles were an ancient family of commoners, settled for hundreds of years at Wotton in Buckinghamshire. The Temples of Stowe, in the same county, claimed a descent from the Earls of Mercia; and the fierce Leofric and the gentle Godiva still figure in the pedigree of the house, of which the younger or Irish branch is represented by Lord Palmerston. Sir Richard Temple, after acquiring distinction under Marlborough, rose to the honours of the peerage as Lord Cobham, and became famous for the magnificent tastes, which have since become hereditary in his family, as well as for the patriotism which was popularly assumed to characterise all the leading opponents of Walpole. At the present day his reputation, like that of many of his contemporaries, depends exclusively on two or three passages of Pope, who introduces his name in the poem on the "Use of Riches," as an improver of his patrimonial demesne:—

"Nature shall join you, Time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stowe.
Without it, proud Versailles, thy glory falls,
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make—
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake."

A higher compliment is paid in the peroration of the well-known "Essay on the Ruling Passion":—

"And you, brave Cobham, to your latest breath
Shall feel the ruling passion strong in death:
Such in those moments as in all the past—
'Oh! save my country, Heaven!' shall be your last."

On being promoted to the rank of Viscount, Lord Cobham procured a limitation of his dignities to his sister Mrs. Grenville of Wotton and her children, and he settled his great estates on his eldest nephew, Richard Grenville, who was afterwards so well known as Lord Temple. It was as followers of Lord Cobham in the opposition to Walpole that the Grenvilles formed the close alliance with Pitt, which afterwards exercised a remarkable influence on the fortunes of both families. After the fall of the great minister, George Grenville the second brother was rewarded by a post in the Admiralty, at the same time that Pitt obtained the more valuable office of Paymaster to the Forces. By Lord Cobham's death in 1752 Richard Grenville became the head of the family, and he instantly demanded from the Government, in imperious language, an earldom to be conferred in the first instance on his mother. When the Duke of Newcastle objected to his proposed title of Buckingham that there was already an Earl of Buckinghamshire, the claimant contented himself with the prophetic reflection that the adjournment of his pretensions would hereafter furnish an excuse for a second step in the peerage. His successors steadily pursued his designs, even after the second earl had become Marquis of Buckingham, until, after the lapse of twenty years, Lord Liverpool was unwillingly compelled to purchase the alliance of the Grenvilles at a price of which a dukedom was but a portion. Lord Temple's mode of procuring the aggrandizement of himself and his family was perfectly consistent with his first application to the Government. He contrived to make his acceptance of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Buckinghamshire appear a favour conferred on the Minister; and he afterwards demanded the Garter with a haughty pertinacity, which provoked George II., at his investiture, to turn his back on the new-made knight, and throw the ribbon to him over his shoulder. He was through life a dissatisfied and disappointed man, and yet the distinctions acquired by his family might well have contented a merely selfish ambition. Lord Temple him-

self, as First Lord of the Admiralty, or Privy Seal, was the principal colleague of his brother-in-law during Pitt's brilliant administration, and he afterwards twice refused the offer of the post of Prime Minister, although George III. cordially sympathised with the hatred which his grandfather had felt towards the turbulent magnate of Stowe. The Right Honourable James Grenville was Cofferer of the Household; the Right Honourable Henry Grenville was Ambassador at Constantinople, till he retired as a Commissioner of Customs; and the second brother of the family, George Grenville, rose even to higher political rank than the head of his house. Lord Temple, with all his many faults, was not a mere selfish schemer, but an impetuous, irritable, and eccentric politician, with something of the faculty and temperament of genius. Over his friends and family, in the intervals of their frequent quarrels, he exercised an influence which was due even more to his hearty attachment, than to his princely liberality. On one occasion, and probably at other times, he sent his brother George £1,000 in approval of a speech which he had made the day before in the House of Commons. When Mr. Pitt was dismissed from office he gave him £1,000 a year, and treated his acceptance of the gift as an obligation to himself. At another time he bestowed a munificent present on his brother James, in approval of his renunciation of all relations with George Grenville. Lord Temple's open friendship for Wilkes was dictated by personal regard for a Buckinghamshire neighbour, as well as by a natural tendency to opposition, and perhaps to faction; and although his patronage was, to a great extent, undeserved and injudicious, the error was not that of a cautious and cold-blooded intriguer. A label on a portrait of Lord Temple by one of his younger relatives, represented him as using a phrase which was evidently habitual—"I rise to express my deepest contempt and indignation." There is some reason to suppose that for these characteristic feelings he found a channel of utterance which attracted universal attention at the time, and still presents a puzzle to inquirers. No rival candidate seems to have a stronger claim to the authorship of Junius; and it is at least certain that Lord Temple's acknowledged writings display no small portion of the acrimony and vigour of the celebrated anonymous lampoons. His private letters prove his animosity against George III. and many of his Ministers; and it has often been observed that Junius never attacked any of the Grenville connexion except Lord Chatham, and that he retracted his charges when the great orator after a time became reconciled to Lord Temple.[1]

George Grenville was of a colder and more practical disposition, and he excelled all his contemporaries in the qualities, rare among the statesmen of the age, which are now thought to constitute an able man of business. From the days of Walpole to the rise of the younger Pitt, no minister paid so much attention to the restriction of public expenditure. Burke's posthumous language of qualified eulogy records his pre-eminent knowledge of the business of the State, and of the forms of Parliament. Like Sir Robert Peel, who possessed similar faculties in a still higher degree, George Grenville was proud and sensitive, notwithstanding his caution and external coldness. None of the ministers of the reign treated George III. with a haughtier reserve; and Pitt and Temple found to their cost that their brother and ally would not allow himself to be regarded as their follower.

After much experience in the subordinate ranks of office, George Grenville found with angry surprise that he was still excluded from the Cabinet in which his kinsman held the highest place; and when Lord Bute procured him the promotion which he desired, he was eager to take an opportunity of showing that he cared more for a recognition of his own merits, than for the

[1] The argument is to be found at length in an Appendix to the Grenville Correspondence, by Mr. Smith, the editor.

triumph of the family alliance. On the resignation of Pitt and Lord Temple, Mr. Grenville became Secretary of State, and he even consented afterwards to accept the inferior post of First Lord of the Admiralty, although he never forgave Lord Bute for the proposal. The favourite, when he found it impossible to resist the storm of unpopularity by which he was assailed, arranged, 'in concert with the King,' all the details of the Cabinet which was to succeed him, and placed Mr. Grenville at its head. The new Minister had not a confidential supporter among his colleagues; he was opposed by the great body of the Newcastle Whigs; he was attacked with the fiercest hostility by Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple; and he was unwillingly involved in the controversy which resulted in the triumph of Wilkes. The American Stamp Act, which proved to be by far the most important measure of his administration, was the work of Mr. Jenkinson, of Lord Mansfield, and of Mr. Grenville himself. The measure might be plausibly defended on legal grounds, and its ulterior consequences never occurred to the Minister, who was honestly engaged in an endeavour to increase the public revenue. For two years he kept his numerous assailants at bay; but his defiance of Lord Bute alienated the King, who was afterwards naturally exasperated by the omission of his mother's name in the Regency Bill, at the express instance of his Ministers. When Grenville's fall became inevitable, he welcomed Lord Temple's overtures of reconciliation, and the cordiality of their intercourse was never again disturbed.

George Grenville died in 1770, and within ten years the friends and rivals with whom he had acted all passed away from the political stage. Lord Chatham's last attack of illness in the House of Lords has become a familiar event of popular history. Lord Temple died two or three years earlier from the effects of an accident, leaving his title and estates to the eldest son of his brother George. The second generation of the family of Stowe proved to be as able, as ambitious, and as successful as the former owners of the name; and it happened by a strange coincidence that their fortunes were once more intimately connected with the pre-eminence of a William Pitt. The strong feeling of family affection which always characterised the Grenvilles survived, as in the former generation, some angry dissensions; and the younger brothers, notwithstanding their own higher political position, always displayed a ready deference to the head of their house. The second Earl Temple inherited the ambition, the susceptibility, and the open-handed liberality of his celebrated predecessor; and at the commencement of his career he seemed likely to occupy as prominent a place in public life, although he relied on the favour of the King instead of associating himself with the opponents of the royal authority. The second brother, Thomas Grenville, distinguished himself as a zealous adherent of Fox, at a time when youth seemed to be regarded as a qualification for the conduct of public business. Fox himself had entered the House of Commons at nineteen as a follower of Lord North, and at five-and-twenty he was recognised as the leader of the Whig opposition. When he became principal minister under the nominal premiership of Lord Rockingham in 1782, he selected Thomas Grenville for the arduous duty of negotiating the peace with France and America. At the same time Lord Shelburne, who was Fox's colleague as Secretary of State and rival in the Cabinet, endeavoured to secure the conduct of the negotiation by employing an agent of his own at Paris; and in the height of the irritation which was produced by the discovery of the intrigue, Lord Rockingham's death broke up the ministry. The King probably foresaw that by placing Lord Shelburne at the head of the Government he would divide the Whig party, and relieve himself of the unwelcome presence of its obnoxious leader; and Fox, with his usual intemperance, at once justified the royal anticipations. It was natural that he should

dislike the new Prime Minister; but he had no plausible ground of objection to the King's choice, and the demand that he should nominate an insignificant nobleman to the vacant office was vexatious and wholly untenable. The Duke of Portland was merely the political heir of Lord Rockingham and of the Duke of Newcastle, while Lord Shelburne was, notwithstanding his deserved unpopularity, one of the most capable statesmen of his time. An additional proof of Fox's blunder was furnished by the refusal of many of his colleagues to share in his resignation. By making room for Pitt to lead the House of Commons as Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three, he gave himself a rival whose fortune from that moment eclipsed his own.

On the formation of the new Government, Lord Temple accepted the Viceroyalty of Ireland, while Thomas Grenville, not unnaturally, preserved his allegiance to the statesman with whose struggle against the interference of Lord Shelburne he had been so recently associated. The secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant was his youngest brother, William Grenville, already at the age of twenty-two an assiduous and intelligent man of business. The great advantage of an early introduction to office is not unfrequently counterbalanced by a hardness and narrowness, from which Pitt himself was not wholly exempted even by his lofty nature and commanding genius. Lord Grenville, who up to middle life was almost uninterruptedly engaged in office, seems to have found the means of educating himself by actual experience in business. In the maturity of his powers, no statesman took a larger or more thoughtful view of politics; and the questions with which his name is most intimately connected for the most part involve general principles. His advocacy of the rights of the Irish Catholics never induced him to countenance sedition; and he opposed Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh without depreciating the triumphs of Wellington or sympathising with the implacable enemy of his country. As a speaker he would perhaps not have been able, in default of connexion, to force himself into the position of a Parliamentary leader. His first essays in the House of Commons were comparatively unsuccessful; but his early removal into the House of Lords relieved him from an unequal competition with Pitt and Fox and Sheridan, with Windham, Wilberforce, and Grey. His riper eloquence did justice to the authority of his character and of his great experience. He was always regarded by his contemporaries as worthy of his position, both as the principal colleague of Pitt and as the equal ally and official superior of Fox.

The short-sighted violence of the Whig leader, after dragging his followers from power, forced them back into office within a few months by means which, destroying their popularity, relegated them for fifty years into almost uninterrupted opposition. It was the fatal error of Fox to treat the King as the natural enemy of the House of Commons, when he ought to have recognised the possibility of making himself, as a Parliamentary minister, indispensable to the Crown. In his earlier days, George III. had contended, by underhand methods, against the insulting control of the Whig aristocracy, and he had bitterly resented the arrogant superiority of Chatham and the jealous austerity of George Grenville. Lord North had deferred too tamely to the prejudices of the sovereign, and Fox blindly rushed into the opposite extreme, in the idle hope of permanently coercing, through a majority of the House of Commons, the ruler whom the mass of the people still regarded as something more real than a pageant. Faithful to the impressions of his youth, Fox always believed or asserted himself that George III. was a despot; and long after Pitt had acquired absolute control over the policy of the country, the leader of the Opposition still described his rival as a supple courtier.

Lord Temple, after indignantly rejecting an offer of retaining the Lord-

Lieutenancy under the coalition Ministry, succeeded in acquiring the personal confidence of the King, who was anxious to shake off the yoke which had been imposed upon him. After the India Bill had passed the Commons, Lord Temple undertook the singular employment of canvassing the House of Lords in the name of the King against the ministerial measure. When the Government was dismissed he held all the seals of office, until Pitt had, by his advice, been placed at the head of the Treasury; but his own ambition was defeated by a vote of censure directed against the King's secret adviser, and eagerly passed by the hostile majority of the House of Commons. Lord Temple was deeply hurt by the concurrence of his brother, Thomas Grenville, in a vote which he declared to be directed against his honour and his life. His questionable activity during the contest with the coalition had ended in disappointment to himself; while Pitt, who had abstained from participation in the intrigue, reaped all the advantage of victory. Two years later the Minister consoled his kinsman by raising him to the Marquisate of Buckingham, and restoring him to the Government of Ireland; but, except through his connexion with his brothers, the head of the house never again succeeded in exercising any political influence. It was to his credit that he discerned and encouraged the rising merit of Lord Mornington, at whose intercession he admitted his young brother, Arthur Wellesley, into his household at Dublin Castle.

Thomas Grenville adhered to the Opposition until the great Whig secession, which was organized by Burke after the death of Louis XVI. At a later period he found himself together with all his family once more in close alliance with Fox, and as First Lord of the Admiralty he succeeded his great chief in 1807 in the lead of the House of Commons. A few years later he retired from political life, and thenceforth employed his leisure in literary pursuits, for which he had displayed an early aptitude at Oxford. He survived into the present reign, and his memory is still cherished by many who knew and admired the aged scholar and statesman.

William Grenville by his own merit, aided by the friendship of Pitt, became a member of the Government soon after it was formed; before he was thirty he was Secretary of State; and soon afterwards, under the title of Lord Grenville, he became the representative of the Cabinet in the House of Lords. It was as Foreign Minister that in 1792 he congratulated Parliament and the country on the prospect of a permanent peace. In the following year he concurred with his chief in the necessity of the war, and from that time to the overthrow of Napoleon he was a steady advocate of the struggle against France. Pitt himself soon became impatient of burdens and difficulties, while the Secretary of State insisted on the prosecution of the contest. A breach would have been inevitable if the enemy had not seconded Lord Grenville's warlike policy. During the abortive negotiations at Lille the Prime Minister informed Lord Malmesbury, that if it became necessary to part with his colleague for the sake of making peace, he would not shrink from the sacrifice. The obstinacy of the Directory in rejecting all feasible terms of accommodation satisfied Pitt himself that the continuance of the war was unavoidable.

The repugnance of the King to the Catholic claims broke up the long administration in 1801, and Lord Grenville, who was more zealous in the cause than Pitt himself, was also free from personal engagements to the imbecile Addington. In the debates on the Peace of Amiens he strongly condemned the terms of the treaty, and he gradually established an understanding with the Whig leaders, who were engaged in a common opposition to the Government. As the incapacity of the Minister became more evident, Pitt himself approximated to the coalition; and when Addington was forced to resign, he urged the expediency of including

Fox in the Government. On the King's refusal to treat with his ancient adversary, Lord Grenville declined to countenance, by the acceptance of office, the personal proscription of a great political leader. During the short administration which terminated with the death of Pitt, Lord Grenville was regarded as chief of the Opposition in the House of Lords, and he presided, before and after the death of Fox, over the Cabinet, which was known as "All the Talents." After the dismissal of the Whig Government, he continued for several years to act in concert with Lord Grey, although the Grenvilles, as they were called, always formed a separate political section—a position not unlike that of the Peelites in more recent times. In the House of Commons the party was represented by Mr. Thomas Grenville, and by his nephew, who inherited the pushing disposition and much of the ability which had long been associated with the title of Temple. The Marquis of Buckingham continued to be the centre of the political activity of his family, and he steadily kept his eye on the dukedom which was destined ultimately to crown the long series of Grenville dignities. The Minister of 1806 never returned to office. He refused to act with Percival and afterwards with Lord Wellesley, on his attempt to form a Government with the aid of Canning; and in concert with Lord Grey he rejected the overtures which were conveyed from the Prince of Wales by Lord Moira, soon after the commencement of the Regency. The Liberal leaders, who had hoped to storm the doors of the Cabinet, were condemned to disappointment by the popularity which the successes of Wellington reflected on the Government of Lord Liverpool. Before another prospect of Whig ascendancy was opened, Lord Grenville retired from the political struggle, leaving the conduct of the party which bore his name to his nephew, Lord Temple. United in close intimacy with his brother, Mr. Grenville, and generally respected by statesmen of all parties, he long watched with interest the prosperity of the family of Buckingham and the progress of public affairs, and he lived to witness the accomplishment of that Catholic Emancipation for which he had so often sacrificed his personal ambition.

The second Marquis of Buckingham pursued the hereditary object of family aggrandizement with all the energy of his predecessors. He disposed of three or four seats in Parliament, and he made it his business to prolong the isolation of the little party, which after the retirement of his uncles owned him as its undoubted chief. Long custom seemed to have made the Grenvilles an indispensable element in the Constitution, and both the Ministry and the Opposition were slow to discover that a political combination had degenerated into a personal faction. Lord Buckingham had neither a definite principle to advocate nor a cadet of his family capable of acquiring political ascendency. His brother, Lord George Grenville, who afterwards inherited from his mother's family the Irish peerage of Nugent, devoted his moderate abilities to the support of the more violent Whigs. The leader of the Stowe party in the House of Commons was the Marquis's cousin, Mr. Charles William Wynn, an honest and enlightened man of business, to whom Nature had denied the qualities of an orator. Less selfish, and more deeply interested in public affairs, than his imperious patron, Mr. Wynn was constantly restrained from indulging his Liberal tendencies, and reminded that his Parliamentary importance was inseparable from his position as the head of a separate section. The subordinate members of the party, though not deficient in ability, possessed no weight in Parliament except that which they derived from their habit of acting in concert. When they indulged in the expression of a political opinion, they must still have been painfully conscious that their primary duty was the conversion of a Marquis into a Duke, and, if possible, into a Minister. The veteran statesman of Dropmore, and his brother, lent their kinsman the influence of their

reputation, and from time to time they promoted the interests of his party by prudent advice. They no longer, however, took any active part in political contests, and Lord Grenville entertained the strong aversion to London which is often felt by those who have known it only as a scene of labour and turmoil. The Grenville party remained, the shadow of a great name, and it no longer consisted of Grenvilles. Like some greater dynasties, the House of Stowe rose to its highest elevation when the sources of its political greatness were already drying up.

The opportunity for which Lord Buckingham had long been waiting, occurred when Lord Liverpool found it necessary, after the Queen's death, to strengthen his Ministry by some new alliance. The admission of Mr. Canning into the Government would have been agreeable to the Premier, and to the majority of the Cabinet; and his eloquence would have established an undoubted Ministerial ascendency in the House of Commons; but the King resented the conduct of some of Mr. Canning's friends, who had voted in favour of the Queen in the House of Lords, and having secured the valuable assistance of Mr. Peel, the Government only required for the moment a few additional votes which might otherwise be transferred to the Opposition. Lord Buckingham's terms were high, and Lord Liverpool was strongly inclined to refuse the expensive purchase; but the Duke of Wellington, perhaps remembering his first appointment as aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant, had always cultivated friendly relations with the family, and now took an active part in negotiating the alliance. It was finally agreed that the Marquis should have a dukedom for himself, a Cabinet office for Mr. Wynn, and two seats at Government boards for his less conspicuous followers. At this price the Grenvilles consented to merge themselves in the Ministerial majority, and the bargain was literally carried out, although Lord Liverpool took care to construe it in the strictest manner. Seventy years after Lord Temple had demanded his earldom from the Duke of Newcastle, his representative forced his way into the highest rank of the peerage. His own personal ambition was by no means satisfied by his success, and his nominees in the Government were deeply mortified by the discovery of the insignificance of their position. Mr. Wynn, as President of the Board of Control, was never consulted about the general administration, nor admitted into the confidence of the leading members of the Cabinet. His two followers were, to their own extreme disgust, thrust into the same inferior department, instead of finding admission to the Treasury or the Admiralty. The Duke of Wellington felt that he had done enough for the family, and Lord Liverpool grudged having done so much. When Mr. Canning soon afterwards became the principal member of the Ministry, he indicated on many occasions his resentment of the preference which had been previously accorded to the Grenvilles. He had commenced his own political life as Under Secretary to Lord Grenville, but he always avowed himself a personal follower of Pitt. In subsequent contests he had often been bitterly opposed to his early chief; and among the statesmen of his time, although no leader was so loyally admired by his friends, Canning was pre-eminent for the quality or defect of making himself disliked by his opponents. Instead of enlisting Mr. Wynn among his political supporters, he took every opportunity of showing his disregard for the Grenville section of the Government; and as he was intimately connected with Lord Liverpool, his influence in the Cabinet was predominant, notwithstanding the distrust with which the Duke of Wellington regarded his character and policy.

An attempt was made to relieve Mr. Wynn from his uncomfortable position, by transferring him into the Speaker's chair, for which he was admirably qualified. His grasping and arrogant patron disappointed his reasonable wishes by an inadmissible demand that he should himself succeed to the seat which would

be vacated in the Ministry. On Lord Liverpool's positive rejection of the proposal, the Duke of Buckingham insisted on the maintenance of the former compact, and Mr. Wynn honourably sacrificed his prospects of honour and emolument to the caprice of his arbitrary leader. On several other occasions the Duke endeavoured to obtain admission to office, but he found that, when he consented to join the Government, he had played his last card. The organization of his party was at an end, and the Grenvilles were henceforth to take an equal rank with the other great families of England. It was impossible to deny that their splendid success had been attained by real public services, and by the exercise of extraordinary abilities. The proudest distinction which can adorn a family of subjects, is the close connexion of their fortunes with the history of their country. It may be added, that the key to English politics is to be found in the biography of leading statesmen; and the personal element of history acquires additional significance when it has become hereditary for two or three generations.

ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY.[1]

BY HERBERT COLERIDGE.

Mr. Wedgwood may fairly claim the credit of having been the first to turn the great advance which philological science has made during the last half-century to practical account for the benefit of the student of our own language. During the last thirty years many detached essays and articles, and several works of higher pretensions, have been published in this country on subjects falling within the domain of comparative philology, but for the solution of the various difficulties which our own composite and heterogeneous language is perpetually manifesting, the student is still obliged as a general rule to fall back on the old authorities, however keenly he may feel that such a reference will merely tend to show him what the true Etymology is *not*. The work before us in a great measure supplies this desideratum; and although it may not furnish a key to every difficulty, the student may use it with the full assurance that he will rarely, if ever, be led away by plausible but unsound reasoning, or offended by the extravagancies which too frequently disfigure the works of earlier etymologists. Indeed, one great recommendation of the book is, that it is almost entirely confined to the investigation of the analogies of English words within the circle of European languages: with the Oriental analogues it does not meddle; as we think, wisely. Considering the very small amount of available material bequeathed by his predecessors, Mr. Wedgwood had already an ample field of labour before him, without attempting to include in his scheme what still to a great extent remains matter of speculation and uncertainty. Moreover, the simplicity of the theory which he has put forward respecting the origin of language relieves him in a great measure from the necessity of importing into his work much that otherwise might have been expected to find a place there. As this theory, though not strictly original, has assumed an importance, by his extension and development of its capabilities, quite unrecognised before, we must briefly endeavour to put our readers in posession of its main outlines.

Every one has heard of the figure dignified by the sesquipedalian title of Onomatopœia. It means the attempt

[1] A Dictionary of English Etymology. By Hensleigh Wedgwood, M.A. Vol. I. (A—D). London: Trübner & Co. 1859.

to represent a sound by a word; and such words as *Whizz, Bang, Hum,* &c. are familiar examples of its application. The words formed in this manner in a language, for the principle is of course common to all, have usually been considered as specialties standing by themselves; outsiders, whose origin and descent were radically different from the great multitude of ordinary words, where no connexion with sound can be traced or even imagined. How can a term expressing some abstract idea, for instance, be derived from anything so concrete and material as the imitation of a sound? Now Mr. Wedgwood in his interesting preface addresses himself to this question directly, and succeeds in showing that the principle of imitation is sufficient in a very great number of cases to explain the origin of words and expressions, which at first sight would appear hopeless enough. In some instances, no doubt, the interval, which has elapsed between the imitative origin and the present form of a word, has been so great as to allow of a degradation which has rendered the former unascertainable; but this is a difficulty, which is sure to occur in every theory of the origin of language hitherto proposed, and therefore cannot be urged as a special objection to this. The chief merits of the new theory are: 1. That it is pre-eminently intelligible, and that we may see it in actual operation every day of our lives, if we only attend to the words we utter in free and careless converse. It is the only way in which new radicals can be formed in a formed language; the united authority of all the authors in England, backed up by a dozen Acts of Parliament, could not make a senseless syllable such as "chang" take root among us as a synonym for "apple-pie;" but invent a new sound in any-way, and bring it in contact with the mass of the population, and a new word will be sure to arise to represent it. We have very little doubt, but that the verb "fiz" was coeval with the introduction of effervescing drinks into this country. 2. The theory explains in a natural manner the occurrence of singular coincidences between unconnected languages; thus the root "*cap,*" meaning to take, is common both to Latin and the Galla language of South Africa; being simply the attempt to express phonetically the noise made by slapping down the hand upon an object with a view of capturing it. But 3. As by the difference of their acoustic and vocal organs different nations express the same sound in divers ways, the theory equally accounts for the discrepancies observable between classes of words where a resemblance might have been expected; and *à fortiori* for those parallel and analogical lines of words in an individual language or in connected languages, for which the laws of letter-change are often taxed in vain to account. *Cab, nab, grab, rap,* are phonetic radicals, each of which gives rise to a train of derivatives, but which are probably entirely independent attempts to represent the sound produced by the act of seizing or capturing something.

Our space will not permit us to follow Mr. Wedgwood into the details of his theory. We will proceed to give some instances of his mode of treatment by an example or two of those words, whose history reflects so vividly that of the times during which they have been current in the language; and we could hardly find one more suited to our purpose than *Bullion.* This word with us means, at the present day, uncoined gold and silver of standard fineness; but in accounting for the word in this sense, considerable difficulty occurs from the fact that the equivalent terms *billon* in French, and *vellon* in Spanish, mean just the reverse, viz. *base* metal, or silver alloyed with copper. The explanation is as follows. The word *bullion* originally meant the mint or office where the precious metals were reduced to the proper alloy, and coined; and in this sense it is found in several of our early statutes. By these statutes all trafficking in coin was forbidden except at the *bullion* or exchanges of the king, and similar restrictions were enforced in France, where the tampering with the coin was carried on more system-

atically than in England. Hence in France the decried money brought to be melted up was termed *monnaie de billon*, and *billon* hence became a common name for base alloy; while in the purer administration of England, the Mint, instead of being the receptacle of base coin, came to be looked upon as the authority which determined the standard of the coin, and hence the name "bullion" has been given to the alloy or composition for the current coin allowed by the *bullion* or Mint.

Ban, which among ourselves is restricted to the meaning of cursing or excommunication, derives that meaning from one almost its converse. We go back to the days of feudalism, and we find the expression *bannire in hostem*, used to denote the summons which bound all male persons to give their personal attendance whenever the king planted his *bandum*, or banner, in the field. Then the term came to be used of a proclamation generally, whence our marriage *banns;* and in a special sense the term was applied to excommunication by proclamation. Thus a summons to come, in process of time, became converted into a summons to go.

One of the most important articles in the book, however, is that devoted to *Bigot*, which has hitherto proved a sore bone of contention to etymologists. All sorts of nonsense have been perpetrated about this word, of which some choice specimens may be seen in Richardson; but the true account is as follows. The Franciscan and Dominican orders of mendicant friars admitted into the ranks of their followers a tertiary order of men and women, who, without quitting their secular avocations, bound themselves to a strict life and vows of charity. This led to imitation on the part of others, who neither connected themselves in any way with the order, nor fettered themselves in any way with vows of obedience, but merely adopted the dress and imitated the practices of these affiliated tertiaries, and, in consequence, became highly obnoxious to the hierarchy. From the grey colour of their habit they received a number of names, Beguini, Beguttæ, Bighini, Bighiotti, &c., all connected with the Ital. *bigio*, grey, a derivation confirmed by two other variations of the name, Bizocchi and Bizzocari, which stand in a similar relation to the Venetian form of *bigio*, viz. *biso*. In process of time, and under the potent influences of ecclesiastical hostility, the name was used to denote a hypocrite or false pretender to religious feeling; indeed the Beguttæ themselves are rarely mentioned by mediæval writers without the addition of some disparaging remark as to the sincerity of their motives. Persons, however, who profess much zeal for religion are usually apt to attribute undue importance to their own views respecting it, and hence the modern use of the term to denote a person unreasonably attached to particular opinions, and impervious to all objections that may be brought against them.

Danger, a more difficult word, is a curious instance of the gradual sublimation of an intensely concrete and material term into a pure abstraction. We abridge the following from Mr. Wedgwood's article. The Med. Lat. *damnum* meant among other things a fine imposed by legal authority. It then came to signify the limits within which the right to impose a fine for territorial offences extended, and then the area inclosed by these limits. In this sense the word in Fr. became *dommage;* and *damage* then acquired the sense of "trespass," as in our legal phrase, "*damage feasant*," whence the verb *damager*, to distrain. From the verb again came *damigerium*, the power of exacting a fine for trespass, and this has lastly passed into *danger*, which in early writers, such as Chaucer, is actually found in the sense of a close or inclosure. It also meant the power of exacting a fine, as we have said, and hence to "be in the danger of any one," *estre en son danger*, came to signify to be subjected to any one, to be in his power, and hence the ordinary acceptation of the term at the present day, as in such phrases as "in danger of the judgment," "in danger of hell fire."

Not less remarkable are the revelations which etymology affords of the persistence of those associations of ideas and fancied similitudes between animate and inanimate objects, upon which so much of the poetry of language depends. The ram and the battering engine were united by Rome, and the union has given birth to other, and perhaps little suspected, analogies. Thus our English *Cable*, *Caliver* (a small cannon), *Capstan*, *Crab*, and *Carbine* are all derived from Lat. *capra*, Ptg. *cabra*, a goat. We cannot spare space for each step of the analysis, which will well repay perusal; it is enough to say that the name of the goat, like that of the ram, was early applied to a projectile engine used for attacking walls, and thence to the powerful rope which formed an essential part of such a machine (cable); that the names of the old projectile engines were, after the invention of gunpowder, often transferred to the new instruments (caliver—carbine), and occasionally to machines of a more peaceful character, used for raising heavy weights (crab and capstan—the *cabre stante* in opposition to the windlass, of which the axis is horizontal). The goat, we may add by the way, fares somewhat singularly in Mr. Wedgwood's hands, for while he is made responsible for the family of words we have just been considering (besides his own undoubted "caper" to jump), he has been deprived of another derivative, of which he has hitherto unanimously been considered a direct ancestor —we allude to *Caprice*, Ital. capriccio. By a collation of numerous parallels from other languages, the force of which can only be felt by viewing them *en masse*, and which we cannot reproduce here, it is shown that the true derivation is from the sense of shivering expressed in Italian by *arriccia—capo* or *capriccio*, *both forms* being found, and that thus we get the meaning of a "sudden fear apprehended, a fantastical humour, a humorous conceit making one's hair stand on end." Mr. Wedgwood happily compares the Sophoclean ἔφριξ' ἔρωτι—I have shivered with love.

We pass on to consider briefly two classes of words, which constantly present difficulties to the minds of persons unaccustomed to inquiries of this nature, and about which much nonsense has often been written. In the first of these the etymology is obvious, but the sense deduced therefrom is unfortunately exactly the converse of that which has obtained at the present day. The second exhibits the phenomenon of two or more utterly unconnected and irreconcileable senses being exhibited by what is apparently one word. As an instance of the former class we take Beldam, a word with a transparent etymology, and a modern usage exactly the converse of that which the etymology would lead us to. Mr. Wedgwood however writes,—

"*Beldam.* Fair Sir and Fair Lady "were civil terms of address, in Fr. "*beau sire* and *bel dame*. Then, probably "because a respectful form of address "would be more frequent towards an "elderly than a young person, *beldam* "became appropriated to signify an old "woman; and finally, an ugly and "decrepit old woman."

To get the meaning we ordinarily attach to *Comely* out of the verb *Come*, does not seem particularly easy, and yet the similarity of form is too great to allow us to suppose them to be unconnected words. Mr. Wedgwood solves the problem thus—

"*To Come—Comely.* Goth. *cwiman;* "A.S. *cwiman, cuman;* Germ. *kommen.* "Dut. *komen*, to come. The Biglotton "also explains the Da. *komen*, cadere, "convenire, decere, quadrare. *Dat* "*comt wel*, bene cadit, convenit, decet "quadrat. In the same way to *fall* was "used in old English—

> "'It nothing *falls* to thee
> To make fair semblant where thou
> mayest blame.'—*Chaucer, R. R.*

"G. *gefallen*, to fall to a person's mind, "to please. In this sense the verb "*come* must be understood in the "English *comely* and the Dut. *komelik*, "conveniens, congruens, commodus, "aptus."—Kil.

Of the other class of difficulties we have alluded to, those namely which arise in consequence of a single word being observed to bear senses utterly foreign to, and unconnected with, each other, the work before us offers numerous and striking illustrations. How many backgammon players must have been struck with the curious term "blot," which, as every one knows, is applied to designate a single man left on a point which may be reached by one of the other side, and have puzzled themselves in vain endeavours to connect it with a "blot" of ink upon paper! Mr. Wedgwood sets the matter at rest by showing that the "blot" at backgammon is derived from the Swedish "blott," Dan. "blot," naked or exposed; and that the phrase *göra blott* actually exists in the former language, in the sense of making an exposed point, or blot, at backgammon; while the other "blot" is a totally distinct word, derived on the onomato-poetic principle, "from an attempt to repre-" sent the sound of a drop of liquid, or " portion of something wet or soft, " falling on the ground." Many a guess has probably been hazarded with a view of establishing a connexion between the "burden" of a song that is sung with the "burden" of a load that is borne; but success was impossible, seeing that the latter is Teutonic, and derived from A.S. *beran* to bear—the former is nothing but the Fr. "bourdon," the drone of a bagpipe, hence, musical accompaniment, repetition of sounds, with or without meaning, at the end of stated divisions of a song. Mr. Wedgwood adduces an apposite quotation from Spenser.

"And there in mourning spend their time
With wailful tunes, while wolves do howl and barke,
And seem to bear a *bourdon* to their plaints."

Once more it might be supposed that light was not the only source of colour, as is generally believed, seeing that most of us, at times, have fallen into the state of abstraction denominated a "brown study;" but Etymology comes to the rescue of Optics, and shows that "brown," in this instance, is the O. French *embrons*, explained as, soucieux, préoccupé, la tête basse.

It would be easy enough to multiply instances of this nature, but we prefer to pass on, and devote some space to the illustration of a class of word-problems, which constantly present themselves for solution, and tax the sagacity, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, the judgment and discretion, of the etymologist more than any other. In all languages there is, more or less, a tendency to assimilate imported words to natives wherever a resemblance in sound may be detected or fancied between the importation and the native, and this assimilation gradually takes place without the slightest reference to the different significations of the two words, until the true etymology of the imported word is completely obscured or lost. A familiar instance, in the case of a proper name, is the sailor's metamorphosis of Bellerophon into Billy Ruffian; but many more striking examples may be gleaned from Mr. Wedgwood's book. Of *dormouse* he says:—

"The termination *mouse* is probably " an instance of false etymology, the " real origin being a French *dormeuse*, " which cannot, it is true, be cited from " the dictionaries, but is rendered pro-" bable by the name by which the " animal is known in Languedoc, *radour-" meire.*"

Counterpane belongs to the same category. *Culcita*, which in mediæval Latin means a mattress, through the French "coulte" gave rise to our "quilt." When the stitches of the quilt came to be arranged in patterns for ornament it was called, *culcita puncta;* this in French became *coulte-pointe, conte-pointe, courte-pointe*, and then, adds Mr. Wedgwood, with that instinctive striving after meaning which is so often the source of corruption in language, *contre-pointe*, as if from the opposite pits made

by the stitches on either side of the quilt or mattress. Hence finally, the English *counterpane.*

Bombast is another instance which is interesting in more ways than one. The Greek *βόμβυξ*, the silkworm, gave rise to the Ital. *bombice*, a silkworm, and *bombicina*, bombasine; but when cotton was introduced, it was confounded with silk and called in Med. Lat. *bambacium*, whence English *bombaze*, or *bombast*, cotton. Cotton was used for padding clothes, and hence *bombast* came to signify inflated language. When, however, the name passed into the languages of Northern Europe, the tendency to give meaning to the elements of a word introduced from abroad, produced the Low German *baum-bast*, Germ. *baumwolle*, as if made from the *bast* or inner bark of a tree; and Kilian explains it *boom-basyn, boom-wolle*, gossipium, lana lignea, sive de arbore; vulgo *bombasium*, q.d. *boom-sye*, i.e. sericum arboreum, from *boom*, tree, and *sijde, sije*, silk.

Arquebuse, for which Richardson gives the following etymology from Menage, —"composed of *arco*, an arc or bow, and *busio*, which signifies a hole in Italian"— is thus treated by the more modern philologist: "*Arquebuss.* Ital. *archibuso*, "affording an example of a foreign "word altered in order to square with a "proposed etymology. It is commonly "derived from *arco*, a bow, as the only "implement of analogous effect before "the invention of fire-arms, and *buso*, "pierced, hollow. But Diez has well "observed how incongruous an expres- "sion a hollow bow or pierced bow would "be, and the true derivation is the Dutch "*haeck-buyse, haeck-busse*, properly a gun "fired from a rest, from *haeck*, the hook "or forked rest on which it is supported, "and *busse*, Germ. *büchse*, a fire-arm. "From *haeck-busse* it became *harque-* "*buss*, and in Ital. *archibuso* or *arco-* "*buzia*, a bow."

Diez's remark in the above extract well illustrates a feature which characterises almost all the etymological treatises of the old school; and, we may add, most of the attempts of amateurs of the present day; namely, the utter indifference displayed in correctly deducing the known meaning from the proposed etymology, so long as the all-essential requisite of external resemblance was secured. Thus the *Carnival* was supposed to derive its appellation from the two words "Carni vale," farewell to flesh, an excellent etymology, had *carnival* meant the long fast of Lent instead of the festive season which preceded it, as is unfortunately the case. Mr. Wedgwood shows that we have here another instance of accommodating modification, and that the true origin is the Mediæval Latin "carne levamen," or "carnis levamen," *i.e.* the solace of the flesh or bodily appetite permitted in anticipation of the approaching fast; and that this phrase was subsequently corrupted into the forms *carnelevarium, carnelevale, carnevale.* We have ourselves heard it gravely paraded as a great discovery, that the origin of *cannibal* was in reality to be found in the two Greek words, *κάννα*, a reed, and *βάλλω*, to cast, because cannibals frequently used reeds both as arrows and also when hollowed out into tubes as arrow-shooters; and we have also been favoured with the valuable suggestion, that the Latin *cepe*, an onion, was a connexion of the adverb *sæpe*, often, on account of the *multiplicity* of coats possessed by the vegetable!!!

The class of cases we have just been considering show the influence of external similarity of form apart from any real connexion in signification; and it is generally the utter discrepancy which is sure to come to light in this respect, that guards, or ought to guard, the etymologist against being led away by the deceptive resemblance. In these cases of two apparent derivations, if one is true, the other must be absolutely false; however plausible it may at first sight appear. But there are, besides these, numerous instances of words, which have really as well as apparently resulted from the confluence of lines of derivation which, though manifesting little if any connexion with each other, have each of them generally pretty nearly equal claims to be considered the true source; and the separation of these elements is

frequently a matter of no small difficulty.

The word "*Cove*" may be taken as a good example. It means a nook or sheltered harbour, and its analogues in the modern languages leave us uncertain whether to refer it primarily to the Latin *cavus*, hollow, or *cubare*, to lie. From the first comes the Spanish *cueva*, a cave, den of wild beast: Ptg. *cova*, a hole, pit; Ital. *covo*, a den, *covile*, a kennel, sty, or lurking-place. But besides these forms, we also find others which cannot be disconnected from them: Ptg. *covo*, a coop for chickens; Ital. *covare*, to sit or brood on eggs; *covale*, *covaccio*, a hatching nest, —and these seem to point as clearly to the Lat. *cubare* and *cubile*, Gael. *cúb*, to crouch or stoop, *cúba*, a bed, as the others do to *cavus*. Other instances will be found under Damp, Crimp, and Abridge, and the articles on those words will be found well worth perusal.

In concluding this notice of a very meritorious work, we may be allowed to point out one or two slight defects, which should be remedied in the succeeding volumes. Firstly, the vocabulary is hardly copious enough to be quite satisfactory, and many words which might well find place in a work of this sort are omitted. Moreover the author has not always given all the senses of the words he has inserted: thus, under *Domino*, there is no allusion to the game of dominoes; under *Curry* we find nothing about the dish of that name. *Dit*, to stop out, exclude, is curiously used by Chapman in the sense of "winnow," which needs explanation in a work of this kind. *Horse-chanter* should certainly have come in under *chant* or *cant*, as *horse-couper* does under *chop*; and *Box* might well have been completed by a word or two upon Christmas boxes. Secondly, it would have been in our opinion advisable in cases (such as *Dudgeon*) where no satisfactory etymology can be assigned, to have given, in a classified arrangement, all the various data which exist for its discovery, together with a clear statement of the difficulties which stand in the way of a solution. Such a statement would materially facilitate the operations of those who might hereafter bring additional knowledge to bear upon the subject, by clearing off all extraneous and irrelevant matter, and bringing the conditions of the problem more definitely into view. These, however, are but trifling blemishes in a work of such general excellence; nor should we have called attention to them, but from a desire that the book should be rendered as complete and perfect as possible. We trust that the reception of this first instalment of the work may be sufficiently encouraging to enable Mr. Wedgwood to complete it without the intervention of any unnecessary delay.

GOETHE AND FREDERIKA.

I.

Wander, O wander, maiden sweet,
In the fairy bower, while yet you may.
See, in rapture he lies at your feet;
Rest on the truth of the glorious youth,
Rest—for a summer day.
That great clear spirit of flickering fire
You have lulled awhile in magic sleep,
But you cannot fill his wide desire.
His heart is tender, his eyes are deep,
His words divinely flow;
But his voice and his glance are not for you;
He never can be to a maiden true;
Soon will he wake and go.

II.

"Well, well, 'twere a piteous thing
"To chain for ever that strong young wing.
"Let the butterfly break for his own sweet sake
"The gossamer threads that have bound him:
"Let him shed in free flight his rainbow light,
"And gladden the world around him.
"Short is the struggle and slight is the strain:
"Such a web was made to be broken,
"And she that wove it may weave again.
"Or if no power of love to bless
"Can heal the wound in her bosom true,
"It is but a lorn heart more or less,
"And hearts are many and poets few;"
So his pardon is lightly spoken. Y. K.

THE "IDEA" OF NATIONALITY: SAVOY.

BY J. M. LUDLOW.

THERE is great fascination in the idea of "nationality," as founded upon unity of language, for it is connected with a great truth. Life can offer no more beautiful spectacle than that of a family united in common pursuits, common labours, each helping each to the utmost of his or her power. It offers none more hideous than that of a family at feud within itself—the children rebellious towards the parent, brother at strife with brother. The source of unity in the one case, of disunion in the other, lies, in the deepest sense, in the existence or the want of a mutual understanding. If there be unity, be sure that all the members of the household speak one common language of truth, and trust, and love; if there be disunion, it must be that the gracious words of the gentle have no meaning in the ears of the proud;—that the noble acts of the self-devoted are as a foreign tongue to the selfish. And so, when we come to those great families of mankind called nations, or states, we feel at once that the only perfect basis of mutual understanding and trust between the different provinces of a realm, the different states of a federation, is the habitual use of a common language; and where the tie of language exists, but is not carried out in the polities of those who speak it,—if war should break out between the separate states to which these belong, it is always felt that there is something fratricidal in the strife of those whose cradles were rocked to the sound of the same mother-tongue.

There is, therefore, that which always appeals to our sympathies, in the effort to gather together into one the scattered fragments of a race united by language, divided by polity. The cry, "Italy for the Italians!" or, "Germany for the Germans!" is not a merely geographical one. It does not mean that any particular race, as such, has any right to any particular portion of the earth's surface,—else might Welshmen claim all England in fee. It means that a certain number of human beings, joined together by one common language, or by dialects founded upon, or reducible, or at least kindred to, a common language, claim for themselves the government of so much of the earth's surface as they occupy—claim not to be subject to men of another land and another tongue. And therefore, but for the consequences of the weakening of Turkey, who could view with aught but unmixed satisfaction the late resuscitation to autonomy of a portion of the Rouman race? Who does not rejoice over the frequent demonstrations of fellow-feeling which have taken place of late years between

the populations of the three Scandinavian kingdoms? Many men are beginning to see that if the creation of the kingdom of Greece was a mistake, it was mainly because that kingdom was not made large enough — because the boundary-line chosen left outside whole masses of the Romaic race, which, by their natural attraction towards the remainder, have rendered that country a perpetual nuisance to Turkey. At the bottom of our hearts, and notwithstanding all the contempt poured upon poor Sir John Young for his famous purloined despatch, could we get quite rid of the fear of weakening ourselves in the Mediterranean, should we not be all very glad to hand over to King Otho those most troublesome currant-growers, the Ionians? Nay, the very dream of Panslavism, threatening as it must be to the West, whilst used as a cover to Russian aggression, would yet be a blessed exchange for those internecine struggles of Russ and Pole which fill so many a bloody page in history—for those mutual head-cuttings of Serb and Bosniak which have scarcely ceased to be an element in the normal condition of the Austrian frontier to the south-east.

But the first condition of true family unity is freedom. Where the father rules his children by fear and not by love—where the big brother bullies the lesser ones, the unity of the family is a mockery. The tie, to bind at all, must be a silken one. It must hinder in no way the full development, the full activity, of each grown member of the household. If life under the same roof becomes irksome, by dividing the household the tie will bind all the firmer. And so nothing can be more hateful than when a state, composed perhaps itself of different aggregated races, asserts, in the name of the dominant one of the amalgam, the right to deal at its pleasure with any of its outlying members, and even to detach them to itself from the dominions of a friendly state.

I am speaking of the man who now wields all the powers of the French state—of the pretensions upon Savoy and Nice which are put forth by that press which crouches at his feet and yelps at his bidding. Nor are such pretensions henceforth a mere newspaper skirmish. The House of Commons and the House of Lords have by turns been informed of communications addressed by the Court of Paris to that of Turin and to our own, to the effect that in the event of the annexation of Central Italy to Sardinia, the French Government would deem it "necessary" to have some increase of territory on the side of Savoy. It is true that Lord John Russell seems to have steadily expressed his disapproval of such a scheme. It is true that the feeling of both Houses of Parliament has hitherto been unanimous against it. It is true that the Emperor, as we are told, has declared that the annexation would not be made without the consent of the people of Savoy, nor without consulting with the great powers. But Louis Napoleon, as we should know by this time, is not one to give up a project once entertained, though he may adjourn its execution. And this attempt to absorb Savoy and Nice appears to me one of the most important steps in the prosecution of that constant struggle against the liberties of Europe which a man in the position of the Emperor Napoleon, the despot-ruler over a noble country that has tasted freedom and must ever hunger for it, can never cease to carry on but at the peril of his throne and of his life.

I will say all I feel. Were France free, I should not complain if any detached portion of the French race, of its own free will, came to reunite itself to the parent stock. I do not believe that a truly free country can ever be too powerful. Freedom is the great moderator of might. With our present freedom, notwithstanding our enormous advance in power, the wars of conquest of Plantagenets and Lancasters are impossible in Europe. If such wars have been possible of late years in Asia, let it be observed that they have all taken rise in those portions of our empire to which English freedom cannot be said

to extend,—in India, the chosen theatre of English "enlightened despotism," or in the smuggler-dens of the China seas; that every effort has mostly been made to withdraw them from the cognizance of the British Parliament, or to deceive it as to their character, by garbled despatches or otherwise. The only really national, because really Parliamentary war, that with Russia, gave England not one inch of territory. And so long as English freedom subsists, and shows itself alive and sensitive, any increase in the might of England is really a pledge of safety for the world. So would it be for a free France, for a free Germany, for a free Italy. Freedom is light, in which all men walk secure. Despotism is darkness, with crime and terror in its womb.

But France is not free, and, by a singular coincidence, every scrap of land is comparatively free, where French is spoken, out of France. The Channel Islands belong to free England; Savoy and Nice form part of constitutional Sardinia; Geneva, Neuchâtel, and other Swiss Cantons, are members of the free Swiss Confederation; Belgium is constitutional, and might be called free but for a few laws dictated from Paris, and for the subserviency of its police to the French. Hence it happens that every one of these several nooks of earth, inhabited by French-speaking races, has become the natural asylum of all who, too free-spoken or too free-minded for France, cling yet above all things to the sound of their mother-tongue. Each, therefore, is a thorn in the side of the great French despotism; each, in the presence of some one or other noble exile, wholly voluntary henceforth, keeps alive against it the tradition of that freedom which must sooner or later take its place. Louis Napoleon betrays himself when he lets his journals attribute to the "machinations of the republicans" any opposition which may exist to the proposed annexations. He knows very well indeed that the surest antidote to the blandishments of his emissaries is the living testimony of those men who have filled his prisons, or have been hunted from one foreign shelter to another by the influence of his diplomacy. Hence his repeated attempts to bully one or other of the neighbouring States which gave them an asylum: Count Walewski's famous *sortie* against Belgium at the Conferences of Paris; the new laws wrung from Belgium first, then from Sardinia; the almost rupture with Switzerland; the pressure put upon England herself, which had well nigh succeeded through the truckling of the last Palmerston Cabinet, but for the rejection of the "Conspiracy Bill" by the Commons. And in seeking the possession of Savoy and France, depend upon it, what most interests Napoleon is, not the addition of a few scraps of territory to a country which he knows well to be powerful enough already, but the successive extinction of every subsisting focus of free French thought, the gradual assimilation of the whole French-speaking race to the pattern of Napoleonic despotism.

For it would be folly to rail at this as an isolated act which does not concern us. The same plea which is now put forth to annex Savoy, will avail for the French Cantons of Switzerland, the valuable precedent once acquired being rendered invaluable by the strategical position acquired with it; since, between France proper and Savoy, the South-West portion of Switzerland, being precisely the French-speaking portion of it, would be nipped as with iron pincers. The same traditions would be recalled for the purpose, as are now recalled in respect of Savoy. Each country has already formed part of a French empire; each has been lotted out on the map of Europe into French departments. Next would come the turn of Belgium, with the same arguments and traditions still available, and a double precedent. Would the Channel Islands long remain unclaimed? Is it not from thence that the author of "Napoleon the Little" has thundered forth his "Châtiments"? Lie they not within sight of the French shore? In right of that "idea" for which we are told that France goes to war, are they not hers?

It is worth while, even in presence of the claim now put forth, to dwell for one moment upon the remoter logical consequences of the "idea" by which it seeks to justify itself. For France herself is not homogeneous; and what would she say, if, starting from the same grounds, Germany were seriously to enforce her already muttered pretensions upon Alsace? What would she say, if Sardinia were to claim the very birth-place of Napoleonism, the old fief of Genoa, that island of Corsica, peopled certainly by a branch of the Italian race, and lying so conveniently between the island of Sardinia and the Italian mainland? What would she say if Spain, as the cradle of the Iberian race, and containing within herself the largest remaining block of it in the so-called Basque provinces, were to claim the outlying spur of the French Basque country, the "Labourd,"—the "Pays de Soule,"—"Navarre," the birthplace of a race of French kings,—the port of Bayonne,—the very bathing establishment of Biarritz? At the other end of the Pyrenees, again, Queen Isabella, as ruler of Catalonia, would have a fair claim to Roussillon, where a Catalan *patois* is, I believe, the dialect of the country, and to many a valley besides within the French slopes of that mountain wall. Nay, if England were given to riding such hobbies, even Queen Victoria herself, in right of her Principality of Wales, as the lawful head of the Kymric race, might fairly put forth her demand for the three or four departments of Brittany, peopled of old by Kymric emigrants, still speaking a corrupt Kymric as their mother-tongue.

Nor may we forget that nationality, so far as it rests upon unity of language, rests upon that which is itself, from one end of Europe to the other, more of an idea than a fact; or, to speak more exactly, is only a fact as respects the educated classes of any nation. Take France, as being, though not wholly, yet the most homogeneous probably among European nations. From north to south, from east to west, there are probably not half a dozen departments, excluding even those where a really distinct language, as before adverted to, prevails, in which some *patois* is not the habitual language of great masses of the peasantry; in which French has not to be learned as a foreign language; in which the particular *patois* spoken is not absolutely unintelligible to the speakers of a dozen others, let alone the speakers of French. See if the Norman *patois* is not as foreign as Greek or Erse to the pure Béarnais, if the Provençal is not equally so to the Lorrain. Notice the puzzled look of the Parisian at the *charabia* (as he terms it), of the Limousin mason, or the Auvergnat water-carrier. It is very doubtful indeed whether the group of dialects of the old *langue d'oc* do not deserve to be still considered as forming a language of themselves, being at least as distinct from French as Portuguese from Spanish. If from France we proceed to Italy, the case is still stronger. The conventional Italian, or Tuscan, is the language of a very small numerical minority. Several of the dialects are quite worthy to reckon as distinct languages. The subdivision of these dialects in themselves is something perfectly marvellous. Signor B. Biondelli has published, under the title of "Saggio sui Dialetti Gallo-Italiani" (Milan, Bernardoni, 1853), an elaborate volume of 692 pages, devoted to one family only of these dialects, itself apportioned into three branches (Piedmontese, Lombard, Venetian), these branches into groups, these groups into individual dialects. Thus, to take one instance only: the Piedmontese branch comprises three separate groups,—the first of these, or Piedmontese proper, two sub-groups, the former of which includes five principal dialects; the latter, some ten. Nor are these the over-refinements of a grammarian; thus, the three groups of the Piedmontese branch (Piedmontese proper, Canavese, Monferrino), represent the Italian word *dato* respectively, by *dàit*, *dèt*, and *dàc*. Nor do even such subdivisions as the above suffice to classify the variety of speech in the mountain valleys of the Alps, where,

through the infrequency of inter-communication, every ravine almost has a dialect of its own.

Why do I point out these facts, which could be easily paralleled in Spain, Germany, or any other continental country? Surely not to impair the value of that Italian nationality which ten millions of people have now practically realized in the sphere of policy, and which many millions more are sighing to realize with them. On the contrary, it is only by contemplating this Babel of Italian dialects that we can appreciate the heroic character of the Italian struggle for unity, through the obstacles which it has to conquer. But surely, also, we should see that the idea of nationality, if not purely geographical, is not purely philological either. Nationality is possible, even in spite of actual strangeness of language. France, as little as any, should forget this fact; to deny which would be to deny the patriotism of her Alsatian, her Basque, her Breton citizens. The more we consider the subject, the more we shall feel that the *fact* of nationality is not made up out of a single element, but out of several. Not only has geography much to say to it, as well as language, but polity also, and social relations. For the habits of life are, so to speak, a language in themselves. Take a Welshman, the most absolutely ignorant of "Saxon;" put him in the heart of England, but within sight of a soldier's red coat, a policeman's blue one, and a dissenting chapel; do you suppose he will not feel himself much more at home than in a Bas-Breton village, where the speech is perhaps intelligible, but every mode of life is strange? Carry the one-sided idea of nationality, as founded upon language alone, to its extreme consequences, and there is not a society in Europe that will not be torn up by the roots. Let the Italians look to it; to no country is it more threatening. Do they suppose that the claim of France once established in Savoy and Nice will stop there? Does not the title itself of Signor Biondelli's work, "Essay on the *Gallo*-Italian Dialects," convey a sufficient omen? Are they prepared to see Piedmont follow Savoy, and Lombardy Piedmont, and Venetia Lombardy? Have they forgotten how the formation of Savoy into the department of the "Montblanc," and that of Nice into the "Alpes Maritimes," were but the first steps towards the annexation of all Upper Italy—it is true, as a separate kingdom—to an earlier French empire? Already the Piedmontese branch of these "Gallo-Lombard" dialects is really Provençal rather than Italian at all, and a horrid, gritty Provençal too. Take the first three lines of Isler's (the "Piedmontese Horace's") last piece in praise of Piedmont:—

> I son pa pr deslodè
> Gnun pais, ch'i seu ch'ai n'è
> Ch'a l'han d'merìt singolar—

(I am not about to dispraise any country, for I know there are some which have singular merits)—would a Tuscan have any greater facility in understanding them than a Frenchman? Is not this specimen, from Torre in the Vaudois valleys, almost pure French:—

> Pare, dùne-me la part de bèn che me vèn;
> (Fr.) Père, donne moi la part de bien qui me vient?

And yet who, that feels the reality of the Italian struggle, would dream of severing from Italy that glorious Piedmont which has done and suffered so much for the Italian cause, which has been its standard-bearer hitherto?

No man of cool judgment, not hopelessly blinded by beliefs against all evidence, but foresaw, from the very outbreak of the Italian war, that Savoy and Nice would in some shape or other be claimed as the price of imperial assistance. Lord Malmesbury indicated the danger in his despatches; the Savoyard deputies instinctively recognised it, and assigned it as the ground of their reluctance to enter into the war,—for which they incurred, as we may well recollect, such loud reprobation from the *Italianissimi*. But the danger of Savoy is this, that she is but feebly supported by Italy herself, as not being enough Italian.

Hence that lamentable hint in a Turin official journal, that if Venetia could be had, Savoy might be let go. A falser policy, I firmly believe, could not be pursued. It is no vain title for the liberator of Italy, that of being sprung from "the house of Savoy;" the "cross of Savoy" is no vain symbol. Savoy, even before Piedmont, has too often borne the Italian cross; many a time has she borne it almost alone; nor has the cause of Italy ever been wholly lost while the "house of Savoy" yet reigned. Nor will geography allow it to be otherwise. The mountain-fastness of Savoy is the only counterpoise to that other grim mountain-fastness of Tyrol, jutting out into the plains of Lombardy, ever ready to pour the armies of the north down through the very centre of the peninsula. Nay, Savoy is the only remaining natural fortress of Italy, since the improvements in modern artillery have destroyed the impregnability of Venice, and the security of steam navigation has rendered long spurs of coast-land between two seas like Calabria practically indefensible. Italy without Savoy is open almost everywhere; for the mostly inland ridge of the Apennine has never opposed a serious obstacle to any invasion. This would be the case, even were Venetia politically Italian; but who does not see that, whilst Austria retains the line of the Tyrol and the fortresses of the "Quadrilateral," should Savoy become foreign, Northern Italy is simply placed between two fires, whenever it suits the ruler of Venetia and him of Savoy to combine against her? Surely, the very mooting of the idea of an alienation of Savoy is sufficient to light up to the most incredulous the depths of that design, which must have prompted the Italian war on the part of the French ruler,—the design, namely, of simply substituting a dominant French influence over Italy for a dominant Austrian one. Till now, thank God, the national instinct of the Italians has enabled them to see through, and steadily to reject, that specious plan of an Italian federation, meant only to render Italy as impotent as the German federation has rendered Germany. Least of all can any one now believe in the sincerity of that plan, as exhibited in the Villa Franca peace, when we see the contempt with which the Emperor is now treating that poor puppet of the Papacy which he attempted to foist upon the proposed Italian federation as its head. And now, when for very shame he dare not resist any longer the union of Northern and Central Italy, he shows his hand once more in this ill-disguised coveting of Savoy and Nice. The emperor's game is Italy's weakness; so alarmed is he lest she should become strong, that he asks her,—or bids his newsmongers ask her,—for the very patrimony of her kings, the very birthplace of her Garibaldi. He, the ruler of great, glorious, noble France, which has stood alone against a world in arms, actually declares that if Sardinia is enlarged by Central Italy, France will not be safe without a scrap of Savoy!

Let the pretension be firmly resisted at once, and we shall hear no more similar ones—for a time. Let it be allowed, and each successive step in the same direction will be more difficult to hinder. An English squadron would be sufficient to preserve Nice; an English division would be needed to save Savoy; but if Savoy be French, who can help Switzerland? Her danger is most real, and she has keenly felt it for years. French influence in Switzerland has of late years been constantly on the increase, and I have heard Swiss gentlemen complain that, chiefly through the overweight of a French railway company, a most important Swiss railway line has been actually diverted from the direction which best suited the interests of Switzerland, to that which would best subserve the strategical combinations of France.

But now another side of the question unfolds itself to us. The cession of Savoy to France cannot take place, at least in its entirety, by the sole act of Sardinia and France. There is no more solemnly sanctioned act in the records of modern diplomacy than the establish-

ment of Swiss neutrality, and with it that of certain portions of Savoy, comprising chiefly the provinces of Chablais and Faucigny. In ceding certain other portions of Savoy to Switzerland, the king of Sardinia did it on the express condition that Chablais, Faucigny, &c. should be "comprised in Helvetic neutrality, as "guaranteed by all the powers." (*Acte de Cession de sa Majesté le roi de Sardaigne en faveur du canton de Genève*, 26 March, 1815, Martens, Recueil des Traités, Supp. vol. ii. p. 175.) By the treaty between Sardinia, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and France, signed at Vienna, the 20th May, 1815, it was accordingly provided that the territories in question should "form part of the neutrality of "Switzerland, as recognised and guaranteed by all the powers." (Martens, *Ibid.* 298; see Art. 8, p. 301.) This neutrality was again confirmed by reference, and the extent of neutral territory in Savoy enlarged, by means of the protocol as to territorial arrangements signed by the Austrian, Russian, British, and Prussian ministers of the 3d—20th November (Martens, *Ibid.* 668; see Art. III.); of the definitive treaty of peace of Paris between Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia, on the one side, and France on the other, 20th November (*Ibid.* 682; see Art. III.); of the "*Declaration des puissances signée "à Paris*" (20th November, 1815) "*portant reconnaissance et garantie de la "neutralité perpétuelle de la Suisse et "de l'inviolabilité de son territoire.*" (Martens, Supp. vol. iv. p. 186.) "The powers," it is said in the last referred-to document, "recognise and guarantee "equally the neutrality of those parts of "Savoy indicated in the act of the Congress of Vienna of the 20th March, "1815, and in the treaty of Paris of "this day, as being entitled to take "advantage of Swiss neutrality in the "same manner as if they belonged to "it." The whole of these proceedings were again separately confirmed, on the part of Switzerland, by an act of the Diet of 12th August, and on behalf of all parties most directly interested, by the treaty between Sardinia, Switzerland, and the canton of Geneva, of the 16th March, 1816. (Martens, *Ibid.* p. 214, &c.)

Now, these declarations and stipulations as to Switzerland and Savoy, form precisely one of those portions of the treaties of Vienna and Paris which men, who otherwise have least relish for those treaties as a whole, may yet fairly accept and cling to, as being founded upon the abiding interests of Europe; and it is idle to suppose that they are not infringed by a change in the ownership of Savoy, which in fact simply places the toe of France in the Italian boot. And the same applies almost in an equal degree to the whole Alpine frontier of France, although the neutrality of Nice, comprising as it does the important harbour of Villa Franca, is not actually stipulated. Sardinia, as we learn from Lord John Russell, has already suggested, in the event of annexation, the handing over of the neutral territory to the Swiss. But Switzerland has a clear right to insist, as towards all the powers which signed in 1815-16 by their representatives the different documents I have referred to, that no alteration whatever of the French south-eastern frontier shall take place without the assent of all.

But it is impossible to conceal from oneself that the respect for treaties, as a fundamental principle of European policy, is greatly weakened in men's minds, so that of late years not a question of international obligation has arisen without the *Times* seeking to reduce it to a *cui bono* argument. This is partly owing, no doubt, to that general relaxation of morality which, in our days, has given patents to inventions for moulding sham coffee berries, and which still defends false trade-marks. But, in part also, it flows from a vague feeling which is at the bottom of most men's minds, that the present system of European treaties is no longer in harmony with the social state of Europe, and would require to be in great measure renewed upon new bases, one of the chief of which should be that idea of nationality of which I have spoken, considered with reference to all its constituent elements. England,

Lord John Russell says, has indeed apprized Switzerland that she is "determined" to maintain Swiss neutrality. But, however solemnly guaranteed may be the neutrality of Switzerland, its best guarantee must be her power to defend herself. That power is gone, with France on both sides of the French-Swiss cantons. It was always too slight; it needs to be strengthened.

Now I have no hesitation in saying, that if the feelings of Savoy are now what they appear to have been in 1815, there is another solution to the present difficulty, which might be a happier one for Savoy herself than the maintenance of her present relations with Sardinia. Notwithstanding the marvellous self-control of which she has given us the spectacle during the last twelvemonth, Italy's troubles as a free country are all before her. Even though left undisturbed by foreign powers, she will have, I fear, many a wild and probably many a bloody struggle to pass through before she settles down into quiet self-government; and, in particular, her political renovation can never be complete without a thorough religious reform. The frugal, quiet, unimaginative Savoyards, too few or too inconspicuous to lead the ship of Italy through those storms, will have yet to bear all the fury of them. It may well be that they would prefer associating their political destinies with those of their Swiss neighbours, the French portion of whom are most intimately connected with them in language, manners, habits; indeed, Geneva rather than Chambéry is the true capital of at least a part of Savoy already.

Switzerland, on the other hand, is the single power of Europe which of itself can give umbrage to no other—every increase of whose power and territory is a manifest guarantee of the peace of Europe. It is matter of European interest that Switzerland should be fully able to resist any one of her neighbours singly; since, for want of possessing within herself the needful means of subsistence, she is wholly incapable of resisting a coalition of all, and therefore is never likely to provoke such a coalition by aggression on any. Her neutral hands alone are therefore those to whose keeping Italy could entrust Savoy without fear. Europe knows well that Switzerland deserves the trust. Twice within the life of the present generation has Switzerland been ready to maintain the rights of freedom and hospitality against all the power of her Western neighbour—once in defence of Louis Napoleon, citizen of a Swiss canton—once in opposition to Louis Napoleon, Emperor of France. The union under Swiss control of the highways of Mont Cenis and of the Little St. Bernard with those of the St. Gothard and the Splugen (to which should be added the whole of the Simplon, of which she now holds only the upper part) and all the minor mountain passes of the Alps of Savoy and Switzerland, would give to Europe the best assurance it could have against the flooding of the Lombard plain by a Western army.

Let it be observed that the project is not a new one. The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, in its number of February 5th, rightly brought to our notice the terms of a memorial addressed by the Savoyards on the 14th of June, 1814, to Count de Babua, governor of Savoy, on behalf of the Allied Powers. "Every time," say the memorialists, "hostilities break out between Austria "and France, our country becomes the "theatre of the war. . . In the past cen-"tury the French, the Germans, or the "Spaniards occupied Savoy for thirty-"seven years, in the previous century "for fifty, and for more than sixty years "in the course of the sixteenth century. "Why, then, should we not desire to "form part of a peaceful and neutral "state, which would save us from the "calamity of these invasions? Inha-"bitants of a poor country, subject to "atmospheric severities, without manu-"factures, . . . at a distance from the "capital of the kingdom, and which sees "itself menaced with separation from "Geneva, its natural market, why should "we not desire a better lot? It is not "now for the first time we have asked "to become a canton of Switzerland.

"We asked it of the Congress of West-
"phalia; we asked it in 1713, and
"King Victor Amadeus II. would have
"granted it if France and Austria had
"agreed. We again demanded it of
"the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in
"1748, and Charles Emmanuel only
"asked as the condition of his accept-
"ance an increase of territory in the
"Milanese. We assure your Excellency
"that we are not tempted by any feeling
"contrary to the august house of Savoy
". . . but why should we not try to find
"a shelter from the evils of war, and
"why should we not desire to see raised
"between France and Italy a barrier
"which could not be passed?"

I infer that this memorial was in fact only presented on behalf of the districts of the Genevese, Chablais, and Faucigny, the two latter of which, and something more, as we have seen, were actually included in "Swiss neutrality." But the reasonings which it alleges are cogent on behalf of the whole country. The Swiss themselves allege that the feelings which they correspond to, however overlaid with habits of traditional loyalty, slumber in the depths of every Savoyard breast. It may be that the costly jewel of Italian freedom might be worth the price of such a transfer. Austria could not complain of it, since it would weaken Italy without strengthening France.

Let the European Congress, therefore, so long talked of, assemble. Let the representatives of Switzerland be admitted. Let the sentiments of Savoy be ascertained. If those sentiments be in favour of remaining joined to the fortunes of Italy, let well alone. If, on the other hand, they should be in favour of union with Switzerland, let it be done. Switzerland, Italy, Europe, have each and all the right to say that union with despotic France is as impossible, as it is visibly repugnant to the Savoyard people.

Not being a cabinet minister, I will not shrink from looking farther still. In the apparently imminent disruption of the Austrian Empire, the house of Hapsburg, if it do not founder altogether in the storm, will in all likelihood have to attach itself to one or other of its subject races,—to become, we will say, Slavonian or Magyar. German it is little likely to remain, for in the organization of a united Germany, such as this generation will no doubt see, there will be no room left for its imperial pretensions.

When these changes take place,—and they might take place very soon,—there is one political molecule of the Austrian Empire, which, once detached from the present aggregate of which it forms part, ought, for the safety of Europe, to gravitate also towards Switzerland. A united Germany, if not sufficiently intent on its own internal freedom, would begin to be a dangerous Germany; and the highway of danger from Germany to Italy has always been the road over the Brenner. The Tyrolese are nearly as akin to the Swiss of the north-east, as the Savoyards to those of the south-west. Faithful hitherto to the house of Hapsburg, there are not wanting signs that their allegiance is henceforth rudely shaken. Were the Southern Tyrol united to Italy, to which, in fact, it belongs; were the Northern Tyrol and Vorarlberg annexed to Switzerland, a further guarantee would be given to the peace of Europe. Italy would breathe at last in full freedom; the road over the Brenner, that of the Stelvio pass, entrusted to the same neutral hands that held already those of the west, would render an invasion of Italy from the north nearly impossible. The *Times'* correspondent from Florence has indeed broached a bolder project still, that of adding also Styria and Carinthia to Switzerland. This would no doubt make Italy's security from the north perfect, but it seems probable, in the present dearth of good cross roads through the breadth of the Alps, that Switzerland would be weakened instead of strengthened by such an extension. Those provinces are, moreover, in part Slavonic, and belong geographically perhaps less to the Swiss than to the Dalmatian Alps. The addition of Dau-

phiné, which the same writer further suggests, would be purely ridiculous.

But the talk, even of annexing the Tyrol to Switzerland, is mere distant speculation. The present danger is, that by the supineness of Europe France should be suffered to occupy positions which give her the command of Italy, and that by the supineness of England one or two small free countries be handed over to swell a despotic mass; that a precedent be established for future French aggressions, which might serve at last,—if the ruler of France ever felt himself strong enough,—even against ourselves. The point to be borne in mind is, that no greater guarantee can be afforded to the peace of Europe than the placing from time to time as much as possible of the great mountain fortress of Central Europe in the hands of neutral Switzerland, so that from none of its Alpine battlements shall any conqueror, be he Gaul or Teuton, have power to swoop on the plains below. Of course no such considerations of policy should be suffered to outweigh the honest feelings of the inhabitants; for the time ought surely to be past when a people can be sold or bartered away against its will. But if the policy is a true one, the feelings of the inhabitants are sure, sooner or later, to coincide with it. And it seems at least possible that those of the Savoyards do already incline towards a union with the Swiss. The Savoyard residents at Geneva have already declared themselves in favour of it.

Strange to say, I believe that by such a union the "idea" of French nationality would be the gainer. For, after all, the French element is the dominant one in the Swiss compound. Though German be the official language of Switzerland, her glory is mainly French. Almost all her illustrious names in literature or science belong to her French cantons, or have adopted the French language in their writings; nay, she has influenced the world far more through the great Frenchmen to which she has given an asylum, than through her own children; since Calvin's name weighs more than Zwingli's, and Johann von Müller must kick the beam against Voltaire. This French element is only likely to be strengthened by the addition of the Savoyard people, — less illustrious, hitherto, probably only because less enlightened,—but which has at least given to Romanism in the nineteenth century its most original thinker, the real founder of the neo-catholic school, Joseph de Maistre.

But the French influence of Switzerland, however enlarged, will be an influence of peace and freedom. Of course the Emperor of the French must oppose the extension of such an influence. True; and the more he does so,—unless on the terms of leaving Sardinia alone, —the more should free and peaceful England feel herself bound to favour it.

THE REVIVALS OF 1859.

BY THE REV. J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

The revival of religion which began in Ulster last spring, and of which the small district at the north-east of that province has presented the most conspicuous scenes, would not have excited the attention which is now directed upon it throughout the British empire by any novelties which appear on the face of it. It is to its prevailing influence in its head-quarters, and to its contagious effects in stimulating similar movements elsewhere, that it owes the importance now generally attached to it. It has caught the public eye by its bulk. What the actual extent, indeed, of the revival has been, it is not easy to estimate. Those who have observed it upon the spot have the best opportunities of judging, and they by no means agree in their judgment. We ought unquestionably to make large allowance for enthusiastic reports, and for the ten-

dency to exaggerate by which the reporters for the religious world are at least as much affected as any others. But after all deductions that can reasonably be made, it is impossible to deny that an effect has been produced which even those who look but carelessly at the larger phenomena of contemporary history would be unable to pass by.

If we had only heard of the fact of a revival of religion taking place in certain localities in Ireland or Wales, with the accompaniments of bodily affections which the common people regarded as supernatural, those of us who have read accounts of camp-meetings in America and Great Britain, or who have met with allusions to the singular religious epidemics which have set people dancing, jerking, or jumping together, would not have wondered much at the report, but would probably have been sorry to hear of it, as a sign of imperfect civilization, and as unlikely to leave permanent good behind it. Even now, the irregularities which have attended the Ulster movement are temptingly prominent. The natural course for the ordinary critic to take, when he wishes to entertain intelligent readers, is to cull out the strangest phenomena, and to compare them with analogous cases which the history of every century can furnish, with the inference that they are perfectly natural, and anything but desirable.

I would submit, however, that even the paltriest revival, if it came so near ourselves as this movement has done, would present facts and involve questions which would make it most interesting and instructive to study. In considering a revival of such magnitude as that now before us, I ask leave to take the position of one who wishes to find what is to be learnt from it. With this desire, I could scarcely avoid regarding such a subject from my own point of view, which is that of an English Churchman and parochial clergyman. This, at least, ought to repress any disposition to be scornful and contemptuous. It ought also to be the pledge of a sympathising and catholic spirit, in the consideration of any phenomena which betoken a stirring of the deepest human affections.

For, surely, the very name Revival, however it may have been vulgarised, should be of good omen. We cannot afford to treat slightingly anything which bears witness of life. Any member of the Church who thinks for a moment what Church-life ought to be, according to the very terms of our constitution —according to the rights we inherit, the promises held out to us, and our own confessions—and then considers what our spiritual condition actually is, must be strangely constituted if he experiences nothing like shame or misgivings. I only say thus much now, to bespeak respectful attention to any apparent manifestations of Christian life, in a higher degree, which may come in our way. Even should they be found to be counterfeit, they are counterfeits of that which ought to be ours, and is not. Who amongst us will deny this?

Well, let us see what we can gather by way of a general account of the Ulster revival of religion. Testimonies in its favour will appear naturally in connexion with a short and rapid sketch of the history of the movement. I must then speak of the questionable features of it; and, in considering these, I shall offer some reflections upon the revival as a whole.

The History of the Movement.—The origin of the revival appears to be made out more clearly than one would expect it to be. In the county of Antrim, about half-way between Belfast and Coleraine, there is a small town called Ballymena, with a population mostly Presbyterian, under the ministry of the Rev. Samuel J. Moore, a Presbyterian clergyman. Near this town is the village of Connor, situated in a Presbyterian parish of that name, of which the Rev. John H. Moore is the minister. Both these gentlemen are represented as having long laboured zealously amongst their people, and as having sought to stir up the religious spirit amongst them by multiplied Sunday-schools, prayer-meetings, and other agencies. We have

the advantage of an original narrative of the progress of the revival in Ballymena, by Mr. Samuel J. Moore. He tells us that the remarkable prayer-meetings in New York, which began in 1857, had attracted the notice of ministers and people in Ulster. In the September of that year, a young man belonging to Connor, having been spiritually awakened during a stay at Ballymena, on his return to his parish succeeded in establishing a "believers' fellowship meeting," to pray for a blessing on the work of the Gospel in Connor and its neighbourhood. Before long this meeting excited attention; other prayer-meetings were instituted in the parish, and by the time of the spring communion, in 1858, the Presbyterian congregation had begun to feel the stirrings of a general revival. The organization immediately assumed by the movement was that of numberless small prayer-meetings, "on an ave-"rage, sixteen prayer-meetings every "night in the week throughout the "bounds of that one congregation." The following is Mr. Moore's account of what ensued in Connor:—"The awaken-"ing to a sense of sin, the conviction of "its sinfulness, the illumination of the "soul in the knowledge of a glorious "Saviour, and conversion to Him—all "this operation, carried on by the life-"giving Spirit, was in the Connor dis-"trict, for more than eighteen months, "a calm, quiet, gradual, in some cases a "lengthened, process, not commencing "in, or accompanied by, a 'smiting "down' of the body, or any extraordi-"nary physical prostration more than "might be expected to result from great "anxiety and deep sorrow."

A new phase appeared in the early part of the year 1859. "A convert "from Connor visited his friends near "Ahoghill." That family was awakened. "These became missionaries to their "neighbours and friends; and about the "middle of February, hundreds through "the parishes of Drummaul and Ahoghill "were overwhelmed with convictions of "sin, its dangers and demerits." It was in those places, according to Mr. Moore, that the "*violent* convictions" began. The work spread to Ballymena in April; and there "the now common hysteric phenomena" soon made their appearance. All Ballymena was moved: the news spread far and wide, and visitors flocked by scores to the little town. Mr. Moore complains that the inquisitiveness of these visitors was troublesome, and in some cases very injurious. He speaks of one convert getting rid "of the tenth party of inquisitors in one day." As to the general results, writing at the end of July, Mr. Moore expresses a scarcely modified satisfaction and thankfulness. The following sentences are from his conclusion. "The ignorant, whether "young or old, are docile; they are "learning to read, that they may read "God's book for themselves; the bois-"terous and quarrelsome have become "calm and peaceful; enemies love one "another; the mouths that bellowed "forth cursing and blasphemy, now "praise and bless God's holy name; the "sabbath-breaker remembers and keeps "holy the Lord's Day; the impure "have abandoned their pollutions: the "drunkard is sober, notwithstanding "fiendish temptations from old ac-"quaintances, and perhaps, poor fellow, "from within also. . . . . We have here "some of the finest specimens of the "Christian, by this extraordinary in-"fluence of the Spirit, that I ever met "with in my life; and I have no more "apprehension of them proving faithless "to their Lord and Master, than I have "that I will do so myself. The changed "lives of thousands in this town, and "in the neighbouring towns and dis-"tricts, testify to the truthfulness of the "representation now given, as to the "results of this revival." The minister who gives this testimony shows that he is not carried away by a superstitious deference to supposed supernatural visitations, in the following remarks upon the bodily attacks. "True indeed, while "the moral results have generally been "so good and great, there are in some "cases and districts physical precursors, "and physical and mental concomitants "and results, the absence of which we "would have preferred. But they have

"come in the providence of God, and "we must therefore hope that He will "overrule them for ultimate good. By "terrible things does He occasionally "answer prayer. That fearful bodily "prostration, which in some precedes "consideration; and in others,—the "intelligent,—marks the crisis reached "after a lengthened and serious consi- "deration of sin and of eternal realities, "those frequent agonies, or ecstacies, "and swoons which occur to a few, and "greatly diminish their bodily strength, "their ability for work, and to sustain "themselves and their dependants; the "dumbness, and deafness, and blindness, "which of late have affected a few,— "some for hours, some for days, and "some for weeks; these physical affec- "tions or afflctions we would rather not "witness, though the inspiring Spirit for "some purpose has revealed to us that "Saul and John, in very different cir- "cumstances, were struck down to the "ground, and that Ezekiel, Zacharias, "and Daniel, were struck dumb." And again, he is aware that a certain power of influencing patients to particular results under particular circumstances "is "notorious to all who have witnessed the "feats of the biologist."

This account of the revival at Ballymena is a fair average specimen of the whole movement in that north-west corner of Ireland. In some places the excitement has been more intense, and the bodily attacks more fearful. In these it is reported that the statistics of the change produced are also more decisive. No part of the country seems to rival Coleraine and its neighbourhood in the force with which the revival took possession of almost the whole population. The local newspaper there became the chief organ of the new movement; and more than once, it is stated, the publication of the *Coleraine Chronicle* was seriously impeded by the striking down of some of the contributors or compositors. The town-hall was consecrated to the use of the revival by a remarkable incident. It was a new building, and there was talk in the place about the ceremony with which it should be opened. One evening in June, a multitude assembled to hear preaching in the open air. Many had come in from the country round; "and towards the close of the meeting," says the Presbyterian minister of Coleraine, "very "many of these people were reduced to "a state of perfect physical helplessness "beneath an overwhelming sense of "guilt and danger. The question arose, "where were those poor distressed ones "to be sheltered during the night? A "pewed church is not the most con- "venient place on such an occasion; "and some one having experienced this "fact, and happily thinking of the town- "hall, suggested that those stricken ones "should be conveyed thither. The sug- "gestion was at once acted upon; and "the hall having been opened, it was "very soon filled with poor sinners "crying for mercy, and Christian men "and women labouring to direct the "broken-hearted to Him who alone can "bind up." The hall, thus inaugurated, was used as a daily temple. "Some "five hundred people meet there at half- "past nine o'clock, and pass a delightful "half-hour in communion with God and "with one another. High and low, rich "and poor, kneel side by side in prayer, "and most earnestly drink in the brief "word of instruction and exhortation "addressed to them."

These examples may suffice to bring before our minds what was going on in various parts of Ulster during last summer. The same pathology would apply to nearly all the places and congregations affected by the revival. Sudden conversions, with or without the bodily fits; an overwhelming sense of guilt and danger, succeeded by contentment and joy, and an enthusiastic eagerness to help in the conversion of others;—these experiences, multiplying as if by contagion, and arresting the attention of the whole of society, were the process of what is declared by competent witnesses to be a very marked and decided moral reformation. It is curious to see what stress is laid upon the substitution of a pious and charitable observance of the great Orange

anniversary for the mode of spending that day which has hitherto prevailed amongst the Ulster Protestants. The change is surely one to be rejoiced in. Other facts dwelt upon as everywhere observable are the diminution of drunkenness and of drinking at public-houses, the abstinence from profane language, and the increase of general goodwill. Certainly these are good fruits; and Dr. McCosh, a sober and intelligent divine, insists that "in a vast multitude of cases" all the fruits of the Spirit have been manifestly produced. The address of Dr. McCosh, given at a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Belfast, is one of the most instructive and impressive of the numerous reports of the revival; and his plain-spoken condemnation of much that he witnessed—stronger, it seems to me, than is to be found in the pamphlet of Archdeacon Stopford, which made the partisans of the revival so angry—gives greater authority to his emphatic testimonies on the other side.

Incautious and exaggerated statements have no doubt been made as to the degree of the reformation effected; and the *Northern Whig* produced something like consternation in the religious world of Ulster by showing that there had been more committals at Belfast during the great months of the revival than during the same months of the former year. But the Bishop of Down and Connor explains that the *crime* of Belfast is to be found chiefly amongst classes of the population not supposed to be touched by the revival—the low Irish Romanists, and the strangers and sailors who abound in the town. The social reformation really effected has been amongst the working people, who were many of them careless and dissolute in their lives, without committing actual crimes. An English layman, predisposed certainly to regard the movement with favour, but one whose experience and high character are a sufficient warrant for the sobriety and truthfulness of his reports—Mr. Robert Baxter—sums up the testimony of others as to the change produced in the country, and adds his own. He tells us that the bishop of the diocese, the moderator of the Presbyterian body, the superintendent of the Wesleyans, and the chief ministers of other sects agreed together, when they met in the Evangelical Alliance, to give thanks for the work as a great work of God. I add quotations from Mr. Baxter's lecture.

"It was not only that assembly, but "the general assembly of the Presby- "terian Church in Ireland also reported "upon it as a most gracious outpouring "of the Spirit of God. The general "assembly of the Free Church of Scot- "land also issued a similar proclamation: "so that we have the clear indubitable "testimony of all parties in the Pro- "testant Church. But, in addition to "this, we have the testimony of a "Roman Catholic judge. When some- "thing was said in disparagement of the "revival movement, Chief Baron Pigott, "the judge referred to, said that there "was less crime and disorganization "where the revival movement was found, "and that it appeared to him it would "be a public benefit if it extended "throughout the kingdom.

"I also went to a large employer of "labour at Belfast, to a gentleman who "employs three thousands hands. I "said to him, 'What is the effect of this "movement upon your workpeople?' "He said, 'I can answer you distinctly. "I consider my workpeople are better "than the average, because, having been "in business one-third of a century, I "have had an opportunity of selecting "them, but the revival movement has "produced the very best effects in im- "proving the manners and conduct of "my people, morally as well as spi- "ritually.'"—Pp. 11, 12.

Mr. Baxter states most positively, as the result of many visits paid to converts, and much observation of their conduct, that in his judgment the spiritual life of the new believers was thoroughly healthy, manifesting itself not only by the usual religious signs, but also by a special happiness and vigour in the discharge of secular duties. —See pp. 18, 19, of his Lecture.

The most recent testimony I have seen with reference to the general results at the present time of the work thus described is that of the Rev. T. Campbell, incumbent of Trinity Church, Belfast, given at a meeting called by the Lord Mayor of London, at the Mansion House, on Tuesday, November 8th. He mentioned that, in answer to queries sent by the Bishop, thirty incumbents in the diocese of Down and Connor had declared their conviction that the work was of God. "There was not the "slightest appearance of any diminu- "tion of the great work. The excite- "ment was subsiding, but the interest "was deepening and extending; and "amongst the converts of the last few "months there was no backsliding."

Simultaneously, it would seem, with the awakening in Ireland, and similarly caught from America, there have been religious movements both in Scotland and in Wales, not so powerful or absorbing as those of Ulster, nor attended by the physical prostrations, but stamped with precisely the same theology. And at this moment the religious press, including some journals started expressly for the purpose, is exceedingly active throughout the kingdom in reporting new attempts at revival in England, as well as extensions of the work in the old localities. There can be no doubt that this revival has assumed proportions which may possibly make it an event in our national history.

To those readers whose interest and perhaps wonder have been excited by such a phenomenon, I would propose, as topics of reflection, the following heads.

Special Characteristics of this Revival.—On this topic the facts already given will permit me to be brief. In our own country, the movement of which all who are acquainted with our religious history will be reminded, is that which took place under the auspices of Wesley and Whitefield. In that revival, the whole result was associated with the preaching of those eminent men. More or less directly, every local awakening, I suppose, was traceable in part to their influence. And the impression was felt to come, in great measure, from the doctrine which they preached. This doctrine was that of the new birth, or of sudden conversion from a state of extreme and dangerous insecurity to a state of peace and happiness in believing. Wherever the impression had *permanent* fruits, it was through associations and meetings of those who were of one mind in their belief. But the beginning was due to the proclaiming of certain doctrines by certain preachers. Now, the doctrines preached in common by Wesley and Whitefield are universally the doctrines of the present revival. But they have not been brought fresh to the minds of men by any great preacher. They are the accepted doctrines of the religious public in the midst of which the movement has taken its rise, whether in Ulster, in Aberdeen, or in Cardiganshire. The work has been a people's work, and not a preachers' work. This characteristic has been caught from the late American revival. The *prayer-meeting* has been the mother of what we now behold. It is probably to this fact that the freedom of the work from any novelties or extravagances of doctrine is due. Whether in the same fact there may not be an element of comparative weakness, is a reasonable question. Certainly, the greatest effects in the former history of the Church have been produced by the revelation, through some man divinely taught for the purpose, of some aspect of the Divine Mind which was previously hidden.

One of the best of the revival tracts, which are legion, is a series of papers by the Rev. J. A. James, a Congregationalist minister held in very high honour, who, before his recent death at an advanced age, had been writing upon this subject with much piety, fervour, and good sense. An interesting estimate of the American "prayer-revival," partly by an American friend, partly by Mr. James, in relation to the American character and customs, may be found in this tract. There is no commendation of what is so distasteful to us in American proceedings, the mob-like action, the craving for novelty and publicity,

the discouragement of individuality, the turning of everything into bustle and organized demonstrations. But the question is fairly asked, whether, on the other hand, in England "the genius of "our institutions does not hold us too "much apart?" At any rate, the revival in our own islands has been gained by a triumph over the instincts which "hold us apart;" and this is what is most special in its character.

Relation of the Revival to the Church and to Church Doctrine.—In England more than in Ireland or Scotland, the question of this relation is likely to arise at once, and will do so in the minds of many of the readers of this paper, in considering the work of the revival. The movement has exultingly broken down ecclesiastical barriers; it knows neither Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, nor Wesleyan. One of its greatest boasts is that it has triumphed over the spirit of rivalry, and brought all denominations to act together for the conversion of sinners. *Within certain limits* it is perfectly broad and inclusive. Those limits are the boundaries of the large party which has no outward organization but that of the Evangelical Alliance, but which the London City Mission faithfully represents, and of which Lord Shaftesbury is the recognised head. We might call it the Evangelical Denomination. The creed of this denomination does not profess to be the creed of the Church: how far it agrees with the creed of the Church is a question upon which there are great differences of opinion. My own opinion is, that the teaching of the Church of England, rightly understood, would come into collision, in more than trifling matters, with the teaching of the immense body represented as I have indicated. More of this presently. But first, what follows from the supposed difference between the Churchman and the champions of the revival? President Edwards, in his "Thoughts on the New England Revival," says, "Now is a good "time for Arminians to change their "principles." No doubt our friends of the Evangelical denomination, with the same simplicity or humour, will say to those Churchmen who do not go with them, "Now is a good time for you to "change your principles, and to adopt our "views of regeneration." I admit that in recognising the goodness of the work going on under their auspices, we concede to them at the moment a very great advantage. I dare not refuse it. But at the same time let it be understood, we may claim the same right to recognise the good in every other "revival" movement in the Church or in the whole world. It is common enough for good Protestants to rejoice in the revivals stirred up by Tauler and others, by Francis of Assisi, by the Port Royalists. It is scarcely an eccentricity to regard even Buddhism and Mahometanism as wholesome revivals. There are few prominent High Churchmen living who have not spoken with respect and sympathy of the movement under Wesley and Whitefield. It is very possible, therefore, that the most respectful and reverent consideration of the Ulster revival may lead us to be thankful for it, and yet to hold our own principles the more firmly. We ought not to rush to such conclusions without being aware how much our prejudices would help us to them; but we have a right to inquire whether they are not really borne out by the facts.

Revival Results traced to their Roots.—In the first place, as I have already noted, it is a plain fact, that the revival grew out of the doctrines already accepted by the community, and has not caused the slightest change of doctrine in any church, congregation, or minister. It has not apparently altered the relative proportions of Church and Dissent, or of the various nonconformist bodies. If the state of the people, as revived, is better than it was before, *we* may as reasonably be glad of it, as the Roman Catholic Chief Baron. Given the doctrine constant, the improvement of the life, if genuine, should surely be welcome, even to those who do not hold the doctrine.

But I am very far from supposing that there is no relation between the things believed and the phenomena

produced. On the contrary, it seems to me that the relation is a very close and interesting one, and that much may be learnt from it.

It is at this point that we are compelled to give closer attention than we have yet done to the bodily affections for which this revival is notorious. I accept almost all that is urged with regard to them by the leading exponents of the movement. They protest against the notion that these affections are propagated by a purely physical epidemic. They say there is every sign of their arising out of a previous spiritual affection. This is very reasonable, or, as the American religionists are fond of saying, "philosophical." Every external phenomenon may be traced backwards or downwards to something more mysterious than bodily causes. Let us allow then, that these attacks are not produced by hysteria. But that, when produced, they are hysterical, or cataleptic, or may be described by some other nosological term, no one attempts to deny. In the quotations I have given, such phrases are employed. The Rev. William Arthur, a Wesleyan, and an able English advocate of the revival, says incidentally, "Among the common "people the movement is spoken of as "a disease; 'he took it!' he 'caught "it!' and such like phrases, are com- "mon." I am unwilling to give details of the kind of affections which have prevailed. They are painful, and in many cases, to speak frankly, disgusting. The attacks have so far the character of an epidemic, that they have had a singular resemblance to one another. The prevailing symptoms have been sudden prostration in a state of utter helplessness, shrieks and cries, cataleptic rigidity, extreme oppression at the heart and stomach, in some cases temporary blindness, deafness, and dumbness. I am speaking here of the bodily symptoms only. Now what is there beneath the body, to which these affections may be traceable? Here, again, I take the statements of the friends of the revival. They protest that the effect has not been produced by loud and violent preaching. Most of the preaching in Ulster has been calm and common-place. They tell us, that without that stimulus acting on the nerves, a sense of sin and danger has been brought home to the imaginations of the people which has naturally reduced them to the abject bodily state into which they have fallen. "The man convicted "of sin—and how fearfully judgment "will overtake it,—sees hell yawning "beneath his feet, and is overwhelmed "by it." (Mr. R. Baxter.) "I am of "opinion that those bodily prostrations "are the native product of the deepest "and most overwhelming mental emo- "tion of which the human heart is "capable, and which emotion is itself "the native product of the sudden and "realizing discovery of guilt and ex- "posedness to eternal ruin." (Rev. J. A. Canning.) These conclusions are borne out by all the narratives. "She screamed in an agony of terror." "For "four long hours he literally writhed "in torture, as if in the very depths of "hell." Such are the accounts strewed over the pages before me. These have been the thoughts "realized,"—Hell yawning with its fearful terrors for every one not "born again," the new birth an escape into peace and security; this change to be gained as rapidly as possible. The change began to take the form of paroxysms or fits; and the contagion of feeling became fruitful in similar affections. To those who deny the power of sympathy in such cases, Dr. McCosh replies, by stating a singular fact within his own personal knowledge. "I once saw a boy whipped in school "till he fell into convulsions, whereon "several others fell into convulsions "from sheer sympathy."

Are such effects to be welcomed—to be received with indifference—or to be denounced? It is plain that the best men concerned in the revival shrank from them with instinctive repugnance. Some retain the repugnance; others have argued themselves into the belief that they are but the natural expression of the doctrine received and taught. I think this last observation cannot well

be disputed: what I submit is, that the external signs condemn the doctrine.

There is nothing new in these physical affections. It is curious to see how President Edwards, in his book on the New England Revival of 1742,—a book which I have read with sincere admiration, and with an earnest wish that our evangelical friends in the United States would turn from such degenerate works as Finney on Revivals to the study of its grave and modest and masculine reasonings,—moves uneasily under the same burden, wishing, but unable, to throw it off, and anxious to make the best apology for symptoms which he does not approve of. Edwards' statements suggest an observation which I think might be fully verified, and which is important, that the particular nature of the *physical affections* in any place or age, varies with the nature of the *spiritual persuasions* then borne in upon men's minds. The comparison of such histories is surely one source of instruction and guidance in these matters. But Edwards is almost angry that former examples of similar affections should be studied.

"Is it not a shame to New England "that such a work should be much "doubted of here? Need we look over "the histories of all past times to see "if there be not some circumstances "and external appearances that attend "this work that have been formerly "found amongst enthusiasts? Whether "the Montanists had not great transports "of joy, and whether the French pro-"phets had not agitations of body? "Blessed be God! He does not put "us to the toil of such inquiries. We "need not say, Who shall ascend into "heaven to bring us down something "whereby to judge of this work? Nor "does God send us beyond the seas, "nor into the past ages, to obtain a rule "that shall determine and satisfy us. "But we have a rule near at hand, a "sacred book that God himself has put "into our hands, with clear and infal-"lible marks sufficient to resolve us in "things of this nature; which book I "think we must reject, not only in "some particular passages, but in the "substance of it, if we reject such a "work as has now been described, as "not being the work of God."

He urges in another place that ministers have nothing to do with bodily affections; that their calling is to judge of the spiritual state, without regard to any bodily conditions which may be present or absent. Granted: but spiritual doctors may learn to judge more wisely within their own province from what belongs more properly to the province of the physician. Certainly the Book to which Edwards appeals, if it teaches anything at all, teaches this, that Christ himself made bodily disorders the symptom and fruit of being under evil influence, bodily restoration the sign of his own kingdom and the fruit of his own spiritual power. By all means let the appeal be to the Scriptures. Let it be shown in how many cases, besides the exceptional case of St. Paul, any fit, or convulsion, or bodily disorder, was produced by a revelation of the truth coming into the heart of a man. Did not the Saviour deliberately make a bodily cure the very sign and sacrament of the forgiveness of sins? Every one will remember the answer given by Him to the inquiring disciples of the Baptist,—"Go and show John again what ye see and hear." Suppose any inquirer had sent to Belfast or Coleraine to know whether the work there was of God or not; how would the following particulars of things seen and heard sound in the report to be returned to him:—"The seeing are struck blind; the "strong are thrown into convulsions; "from being able to hear and speak, men "become deaf and dumb; the young and "healthy are stricken with feebleness as "of death itself, and cast into a death-"like trance, while a few have become "permanently insane"? Such effects are put down in the Gospels—the fact is beyond dispute, the inference I do not wish to insinuate, but with hesitation and perplexity I plainly submit it—to quite another influence than that of Christ. And assuredly, when one reads

of a scene such as the town-hall of Coleraine once presented, "no less than "120 men, women, and children lying "senseless together," one is reminded much more of the worship of some bad Oriental divinity than of that of the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Children, it is to be observed, are the subjects of these visitations, with their elders. This will be peculiarly shocking to English Christians, at least to Churchmen and Churchwomen. At an incredibly tender age they, poor things! are made "convicts," arrive at "peace," and afterwards become leaders of prayer and exhortation. Something of the same kind was known in Jonathan Edwards' time. See how he deals with those who objected to it:—

"What has more especially given "offence to many, and raised a loud cry "against some preachers, as though "their conduct were intolerable, is their "frighting poor innocent children with "talk of hell-fire and eternal damna-"tion. But if those that complain so "loudly of this really believe what is "the general profession of the country, "viz. that all are by nature the children "of wrath and heirs of hell, and that "every one that has not been born "again, whether he be young or old, "is exposed every moment to eternal "destruction, under the wrath of Al-"mighty God: I say, if they really "believe this, then such a complaint "and cry as this betrays a great deal of "weakness and inconsideration. As "innocent as children seem to be to us, "yet if they are out of Christ, they are "not so in God's sight, but are young "vipers, and are infinitely more hateful "than vipers, and are in a most miser-"able condition, as well as grown "persons: and they are naturally very "stupid and senseless, being *born as the "wild ass's colt*, and need much to "awaken them."

In the Scriptures you will as soon find cases of little children "convicted" of sin, as you will cases of grown persons thrown into epileptic convulsions by receiving the Gospel. These things are utterly unknown to both the Testaments.

Surely this is an *à priori* presumption against the doctrine, which produces the outward results. The Church teaches that all baptized children may be treated as children of grace; and many are now learning that it is an additional glory for this sacrament, that it bears witness of a heavenly Father to those also who have not been actually baptized. What Edwards calls "the general profession of the country," compels men to believe that the most innocent of young children, if they have not been "born again," are *infinitely more hateful than young vipers.* And is all this doctrine, then, the doctrine of the New Testament? It is no more there than "violent convictions," and conversions of young children, are there. The Saviour, pointing to a group of young children, said, "Of *such* is the kingdom of heaven." Let us hear of any New Testament preacher, of our Lord, St. Peter, St. Paul, giving a discourse according to the pattern of "the general profession of the country." Let us be shown where they strive to make every hearer sensible of his personal danger of falling into hell when he dies, and of the urgent necessity of securing his own personal escape from the general lot. Did Edwards learn from the New Testament his striking image of mankind walking over the rotten roof of an eternal hell, into which one after another drops out of our sight? A few characteristic addresses of St. Paul are preserved: what would be thought of these in Aberdeen or Ulster, compared with the appeals of Mr. Brownlow North or Mr. J. G. Guinness?

The vehement advocates of the revival would like to bring the question to this issue, "Is the whole 'work' of God, or is it of the devil?" And some of their opponents would too readily accept the issue. My chief object is to help in discriminating the good from the evil, that we may freely rejoice in the good, and may know how to shun the evil. It is to be feared that the evil mixed up with the revival movement, may tempt strict Churchmen to be scornful and uncharitable towards their evan-

gelical neighbours. But I would put it to such whether the sight of communities of people at this day living joyfully in the faith of being reconciled to God in a living Saviour, and of having received the gift of the Holy Ghost, is not one to make us ashamed and silent? Those people are acting upon privileges which we profess to hold. God's forgiveness of sin is a blessing which we should cling to as much as they. The presence of Christ should be as supporting and comforting to us as to them. The Spirit of God should be acknowledged as Lord and Life-giver by us as much as by them. What would England be, if we had, according to our rights and privileges, the *life* which we hear of in Ireland?

I find that the consideration of the various aspects of this revival has led me into something like an argument for the simple Catholic Gospel, of which the Church of England is the expositor. For this, I must ask the indulgence of those who own no allegiance to that Church. I am expressing no one's opinions but my own. But I must continue to maintain that the revival can in no way be so well understood, as by the light which the theory of our Church, interpreted by its own ordinances, throws upon it. Many estimates of the revivals have been given to the world; but are not these generally open to one of two objections, either that in condemning the evil they lower the good, or that in defending the good they justify the evil? May I not ask therefore a candid consideration for a view which professes to do discriminating justice?

I am not, however, opening a controversy with Nonconformists. I wish to draw a concluding lesson for Christians in general, from the facts we now have before us. The Christianity of our Church and of most Christian communities is embodied in the two sacraments; and the teaching of these finds a much needed witness in the good fruits of the revival movement. The strength of the movement is in the belief of a Divine forgiveness, and of a living spirit of fellowship. Its weakness is that it appeals to a sense of frightful personal danger, and that it creates a tyranny of moods and frames. The first sacrament bids us regard ourselves and the Christian community as inheritors of the forgiveness of sins and of filial adoption. It forbids us to paint God in the colours of an angry avenger to the young and careless; but then it requires us to feel the deepest possible shame and contrition for our unfilial conduct towards God. The second Sacrament teaches us that the Christian life has not its seat in ourselves; that it flows from the Head and Heart of the Body; that we must never claim it as privately our own—that we ought always to be claiming it as our common inheritance. Remembering these truths, we shall not be inclined to mock at any degree of fervour or realizing apprehension in men who love the Saviour; we shall know that such convictions should be the support of our lives, the consecration of our interests, the stimulus to all domestic, and social, and national duties. We shall not, indeed, like some of the Ulster converts, turn away from newspapers as things of mere secular interest; but we shall be most anxious that newspapers should report to us that governments and communities, secular as well as religious, are carrying out the principles of the kingdom of Christ.

P.S. The revivals are discussed in an article in the current number of the *Westminster Review*. The writer agrees with the extreme revivalists, in regarding convulsions as the natural and proper symptoms of the receiving of Christian doctrine into the heart. If we were all to become real Christians, he says, we should all fall into convulsions. He believes, of course, that Christianity is utterly incredible to persons of any education. Such a view surely gives an additional claim to be heard to any one who urges, as I have done, that what is really incredible in the doctrine of many Christians is not Christian doctrine at all.

A CHAPTER OF MODERN KNIGHT-ERRANTRY.

BY PERCY GREG.

On the morning of Monday, the 21st February, 1814, the Stock Exchange was thrown into a state of wild excitement by rumours of great news which had arrived from France. It was said that a great battle had been fought near Paris, that the French armies were totally defeated, and that Napoleon was no more. Large quantities of stock were soon sold out at considerable profits; and the funds would have continued to rise rapidly, had any confirmation of the report appeared. But, ere many hours had passed, its falsehood had become evident. Before long it had been ascertained that a deliberate hoax had been perpetrated, the details of which had been obviously arranged with much forethought, skill, and elaboration. An officer in French uniform, paying his way with Napoleons, had landed at Dover, and proceeded in haste to London, spreading everywhere the false news which had produced so great an effect on the Exchange. The Committee of that institution first stopped the payment of all moneys due on transfers effected on the morning in question, and then proceeded to seek for the authors of the stratagem. Suspicion fell immediately on two persons, a Mr. Butt and Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, each of whom had effected enormous sales during the brief success of the deception. No proof could be obtained against either, but inquiries were instituted, and circumstances indicating their complicity came to light one after another, till people began openly to name them as the probable perpetrators of the fraud. Still, no clue had been obtained to the means or persons employed in the execution of their ingenious plot; and without such a clue it was impossible to collect available evidence of their guilt. But presently rumours arose which affected the honour of a much less prudent and more sensitive person than either of these two speculators. An officer, said to be dressed like the chief instrument of the fraud, in a foreign uniform, had, it was whispered, been seen to alight on that important morning at the house of Mr. Johnstone's nephew, Lord Cochrane, at that time M.P. for Westminster, and heir to the Earldom of Dundonald. No sooner did this report reach the ears of his Lordship, then absent from home, than the indignant sailor hastened to town, and filed a voluntary affidavit, giving an account of the only visit he had received on the morning of the 21st; affirming his visitor to have been a Captain Berenger, who wore the *green* uniform of a rifle corps to which he belonged—that of the messenger of falsehood having been *scarlet*. Taking up the clue thus furnished, the Committee of the Stock Exchange were enabled to prove that Berenger or De Berenger was the officer who had landed at Dover, and to bring home a guilty knowledge of the scheme to Cochrane Johnstone and Butt, with whom, for reasons best known to themselves, they chose to join Lord Cochrane in the indictment tried before Lord Ellenborough on the 8th of June, 1814. Unfortunately for himself, that gallant nobleman had been induced to speculate largely just before the perpetration of the hoax. Orders had been given to his broker to sell as soon as the funds should have risen one per cent.; the state of Continental affairs seeming to Lord Cochrane, not without reason, to indicate a speedy turn of fortune against Napoleon, which must ensure a profit to all fundholders. Under these orders the broker sold in his Lordship's name some 130,000*l.* worth of *omnium* on that unlucky day; this, and the fact of De Berenger's having called at his house, constituted the evidence against him; he himself not having been near the Exchange that morning. But, trusting his defence to his guilty relative,

Lord Cochrane was involved in his ruin. Lord Ellenborough, the bitterest of Tories, pressed with malignant severity against the energetic Radical who represented Westminster and badgered the Admiralty. He took part against the accused from the first; refused to adjourn, so as to force their jaded counsel to begin the defence after midnight, and then, when the defence was concluded, adjourned the reply till the counsel for the prosecution had enjoyed a night's rest. Then he summed up the case in an attack on Lord Cochrane more violent and one-sided than would now be ventured by counsel for the crown. Despite all his efforts, the jury hesitated for two hours and a half; nor, in all probability, would the Chief Justice have succeeded better against Lord Cochrane than against Hone, had not the gallant nobleman's generous confidence induced him to allow himself to be defended along with and by the counsel for his uncle, so as to encumber his own innocence with the manifest guilt of another. As it was, he was found guilty; and the bravest sailor, the most vigilant and devoted officer in the British service, was condemned to twelve months' imprisonment, to a fine of 1,000*l.*, and *to stand for an hour in the pillory.* Popular indignation on behalf of such a man was too vehement to allow the infliction of the most infamous portion of the sentence. But no degradation that his enemies dared inflict was spared to the man who had guided fireships and bomb-ships into Basque roads, who had destroyed with a single frigate the French communications and telegraph stations between Toulon and the south-east coast of Spain, who had captured a 32-gun frigate with a tiny brig, and a line-of-battle ship with a frigate; to the man whose name stood next to Nelson's among "the bravest of the brave." He was still a Knight of the Bath and member for Westminster; the Ministerialists voted his expulsion from the House, the Government dismissed him from the service, and "played a midnight game of football with his decorations." His banner was torn down at midnight from its place in St. George's chapel; his spurs were hewn from the heels of the man who represented him with a butcher's cleaver — the parade with which a recreant knight was degraded from his rank in the old days of chivalry. Westminster re-elected him while yet a prisoner, the popular feeling in his favour being so strong that no one dared to stand against him. He made his voice heard in the House of Commons again on his release, in bitter and well deserved complaint against the manner in which the Chief Justice had treated a political adversary whose liberty and honour were in his hands. But England was no place for him, nor for the wife and children over whom was flung the dark shade of his unmerited disgrace; and he was glad indeed when the Chilian Republic, then preparing for a last effort to break off finally the shattered yoke of Spain, sent to request him to assume the command of its naval forces. With Lady Cochrane and their two children, he sailed for Valparaiso, and arrived there on the 28th of November, 1818.

The Spaniards were in possession of the whole of Peru on the north, and of part of the Chilian coast, including the strong fortified port of Valdivia, to the south. Spain was also endeavouring to send to her Pacific fleet reinforcements sufficient to crush at once the rising navy of the Republic, which consisted of three vessels ranking as frigates, and three smaller ships. Lord Cochrane hoisted his flag on board the *O'Higgins*, 50 guns, as Vice-Admiral of Chili, and Commander-in-Chief of its naval forces, under the government, which consisted of a Supreme Director, Señor O'Higgins, and the ministers who rather directed than assisted him. With these superiors Lord Cochrane was in constant conflict; and they appear to have managed affairs with the laziness and helplessness of Creoles, and to have treated those who bled in their cause with the proverbial ingratitude of statesmen. But with quarrels of this kind it is not well to meddle; and we shall find more that is worth remembrance in the feats

of Lord Cochrane than in the errors and iniquities of those whom he served.

His fleet was ill equipped and provided, but tolerably well manned, most of his officers being adventurers from Europe or the United States—many of them English, and the crews being composed in part of British seamen, while even the Chilenos made good sailors and courageous fighting men. In his first cruise Lord Cochrane was unable to do more than take some treasure-ships on the Peruvian coast, seize an island within sight of Callao, where lay the enemy, and run his flagship into that port, under the 350 guns of the Spanish shipping, and 160 belonging to the batteries on shore. His son, of five years old, accompanied him on this occasion, having stolen on board when the ship was actually under weigh, and in the action in the port of Callao was covered with the blood and brains of a marine killed close to him. The father thought him killed; but the child was so little frightened by the accident, as to insist on remaining on deck, inheriting, apparently, that perfect insensibility to fear which is manifested in every action of Lord Cochrane's adventurous life. There is no word, no deed, in any part of his published narratives, from which we could infer that he knew what fear meant, or could understand the possibility of such a weakness in others; and under his leadership, men of all nations seem to have behaved with a courage almost as perfect as his own. His unexampled daring alarmed the Government of Chili, and on his second cruise they sent him absolute orders to abstain from such feats as that above described; a prohibition which was to him utterly incomprehensible. Disappointed in Peru by the defective equipment of his ships, and the worthlessness of much of his ammunition and *matériel*, and forbidden to attempt there a *coup de main*, he dismissed the rest of the fleet, and sailed southward with his flagship, resolved with her to capture the town and fortress of Valdivia. Having obtained 250 soldiers from General Freire, then stationed at Concepcion, he proceeded towards the scene of action. By and bye one of his officers ran the *O'Higgins* on a rock, nearly sank her,—so nearly that few except Lord Cochrane could have saved her,—and sprang a leak which floated the powder-magazine, rendering the ammunition wholly useless. Hereupon, the intrepid commander coolly remarks: "About this I cared little, as it involved the necessity of using the bayonet in our anticipated attack; and to facing this weapon the Spaniards had, in every case, evinced a rooted aversion." He entertained no doubt as to the willingness of his heterogeneous crew and Chileno troops to carry well manned and unbreached forts with the bayonet only; and, strange to say, the men justified his confidence, though most of them were but Creoles, of the blood of these very Spaniards who "had a rooted aversion" to facing that weapon. So much can be done by the personal character and example of one man, if that man be a Cochrane!

Leaving the flag-ship out of sight of shore, Lord Cochrane approached the harbour of Valdivia, commanded by fifteen strong forts, with two small vessels and 300 men. At first, finding the weather unfavourable, he endeavoured to pass his vessels off as Spanish; being accidentally detected, and fired upon, he was forced to land at once, and in a few hours all the forts on the western side of the harbour had been captured at the point of the bayonet. The next day the frigate came in sight, and the forts on the eastern side, astounded by the successes already achieved, surrendered also. The garrison, eighteen hundred strong, evacuated the town; and thus the strongest place in Chili, with quantities of ammunition and much valuable property, was taken by a 50-gun ship and 300 men. Leaving his ship again behind him, Lord Cochrane next attempted, with two unarmed vessels and 200 soldiers, to take possession of the important island of Chiloë, guarded by at least a thousand regulars, with a numerous militia. He relied partly on rumoured discontents among the garrison; but was disappointed in

the hopes he had been led to form of a defection among them, and of course beaten off with heavy loss. But the capture of Valdivia had accomplished the independence of Chili. The Spaniards had now no hold on *terra firma*, south of Peru, and the war was transferred from the Chilian territory to the provinces still held by Spain, now bordered both on the north and south by the revolted states—Chili and La Plata, Venezuela, and Nueva Granada (now under the vigorous rule of Bolivar). The fate of South America, so far as it depended on the struggle between Spain and her colonies, was virtually decided by this blow. The moral effect on the Creoles was enormous; the discouragement of the Spaniards was almost as great. Henceforward, while Lord Cochrane remained in the Pacific, the enemy never dared to meet him on equal terms, or ventured on an aggressive movement. It was his business to drive them from post after post, and assist in the emancipation of one after another of the provinces whose inhabitants were emboldened by his appearance to strike a blow for their own liberation.

He was received at Valparaiso with every demonstration of honour and public gratitude; but he was ill-satisfied with the conduct of the government in substantial matters. The pay and prize-money due to the squadron were not forthcoming; the sailors were mutinous in consequence; a new expedition was preparing for the liberation of Peru, in which it was clear that they would not serve till they were paid: while Lord Cochrane's applications were disregarded and his authority slighted. At last, his patience fairly exhausted, the Vice-Admiral sent in his resignation, and demanded passports. On learning this, his officers held council together, and almost unanimously sent in their commissions, refusing to serve under any other chief. This brought the Minister of Marine to terms; the seamen received their pay, though not their prize-money; Lord Cochrane's offended dignity was appeased by concession; and on August 21st, 1820, the Chilian squadron sailed from Valparaiso, conveying General San Martin and the "liberating army" to Pisco, many leagues southwards of Lima, the Peruvian capital, where the Spanish forces were concentrated. But dissatisfied with the movements of San Martin, who did not act with that despatch and vigour which his fiery colleague displayed and expected, Lord Cochrane characteristically determined, with three of his frigates, to drive the enemy out of Lima without waiting for the assistance of the land forces. By striking a sudden and severe blow at their shipping in Callao (the port of Lima), where his former exploit had greatly alarmed the Spaniards, he hoped so completely to terrify them as to induce them to abandon the capital.

This enterprise, audacious and impracticable as it appears to the reader, was planned with a deliberate calculation, a cool estimation of means, conditions, and circumstances, which precludes the reproach of rashness. However daring, Lord Cochrane was never reckless. The distinctive quality of his bravery was rather his indifference to danger and to possible failure, his resolute belief that results utterly disproportionate might be achieved by small resources well applied, and the calm unsensibility to peril, which enabled him to calculate the chances of a night attack as closely as moves on a chessboard, than the headlong impulsiveness of inconsiderate valour.

The Spanish frigate *Esmeralda* lay in the inner harbour of Callao, fortified by several strong works, known as the castles of Callao, and by batteries mounting 300 guns. A strong Spanish force was in possession of the town, the port, and the castles; a boom was moored with chains in front of the *Esmeralda*, which was further guarded by two brigs of war, mounting each eighteen guns, by armed blockships, and by twenty-seven gunboats surrounding the whole, so that no ship could possibly get near her, even if any ship could evade or survive the fire of the forts and batteries that guarded the harbour. The *Esmeralda* was crowded with picked seamen

and marines, who slept at quarters, so great was the fear of Lord Cochrane. Besides these fortified vessels, there were in the harbour several Spanish merchantmen, one reported to have on board a million of dollars, the English frigate *Hyperion*, and the American frigate *Macedonian*. For three days Lord Cochrane, with his three frigates, remained in the outer roads, busily engaged in preparations. On the evening of the 5th November, the order for the attack was issued, and volunteers called for; it being intimated that, despite his rank, the Admiral intended to lead them in person. All the seamen and marines of the three ships hereupon volunteered to follow him; and he, selecting two hundred and forty men, concentrated them in fourteen boats, under cover of the flag-ship, sending her two consorts out of the roads, to disarm the suspicions of the enemy. At night-fall the little flotilla pulled for the harbour, the Admiral leading in his launch. They fell foul of the guard-boat; an incident which bade fair to defeat their scheme, and expose them to certain destruction. Threats of instant death, however, silenced the astounded crew; and the boats pulled on. The British frigate—whose captain, Searle, had previously manifested his hostility to Lord Cochrane and the Chilian squadron—hailed each boat loudly as it passed her, doing her best, without breach of neutrality, to warn the Spaniards. But Lord Cochrane's precaution, in sending the ships away, had effectually thrown them off their guard. In a few minutes the boats were alongside of the *Esmeralda*, and their crews sprang into the chains, and clambered on deck. The Admiral was struck back by the butt of a sentry's musket, and falling on a thole-pin of the boat, it entered his back, inflicting a serious injury. Again climbing to the enemy's deck, he was wounded by a musket-ball in the thigh. These wounds did not prevent him from directing the progress of the struggle, but they spoiled the fruits of victory. The *Esmeralda* being taken, the awakened garrison began firing upon her, hitting many of their own men. The British and American ships immediately hoisted light-signals, previously concerted, to prevent the Spanish batteries from firing upon them in the confusion. The conquerors of the *Esmeralda* repeated these signals, and confused the garrison, whose fire was thereby at once slackened and divided. It had been Lord Cochrane's intention so to profit by this manœuvre as to board, one after another, all the Spanish vessels in the harbour, and cut them all adrift. But his second in command was less daring; and now that the Admiral was utterly disabled by his wounds, the cables of the captured vessel were cut, and she sailed out of harbour, unaccompanied by any other prize. With this result of his dashing enterprize, Lord Cochrane was bitterly disappointed.

But the blockade of Callao was steadily maintained by the squadron, and Lima was thereby reduced to such a state of famine—the country apparently supplying no adequate maintenance for the garrison—that soon after the prolonged armistice expired, the Viceroy abandoned it, leaving a garrison in the port of Callao; and on the 10th July, General San Martin took possession, and seized the supreme authority, contrary to the repeated promises made by himself, by Lord Cochrane, and by the Chilian Government, that, Peru once free, the liberators would retire, and leave the Peruvians to their own guidance.

The *San Martin* having been wrecked in landing corn under the General's orders, Lord Cochrane shifted his flag again to the *O'Higgins;* and while continuing hostilities against the garrison of Callao, busied himself chiefly to obtain the liquidation—repeatedly promised by the new Protector of Peru—of the arrears due to the squadron. San Martin would not pay, and endeavoured to procure the transfer of ships and crews from the Chilian service to his own; first by large offers to Lord Cochrane, which only aggravated the anger of his deceived colleague in command, who felt himself insulted, as well as

betrayed; and then by seducing the subordinate officers. Twenty-three of these, and all the foreign seamen, ill-used and unpaid through this treachery, were induced to desert; but the firmness of Lord Cochrane preserved the squadron to Chili. When the Protector had allowed the garrison of Callao, with millions of plundered dollars, to escape by land in face of an army fourfold their number, the Admiral determined to extort by force what he could not obtain from the honour or justice of San Martin; and just as the whole of the squadron was on the point of mutiny, an opportunity occurred. The Protector had shipped a large quantity of treasure, wrung from the Limeños, to Ancon. Lord Cochrane seized all that portion of it which was avowedly public property, amounting to 285,000 dollars, and applied it to the payment of one year's arrears to every man in the fleet, except himself. The Peruvian Government, having remonstrated in vain, thought it best formally to acquiesce in this application of its money. A fastidious casuist might have scrupled at extorting payment of a debt in this manner; but Lord Cochrane was a hot-tempered seaman, and not a casuist; and to him it seemed just enough to redress fraud by force. Had he not done so, Chili would not only have liberated Peru at her own cost, but would have been rewarded by the loss of her whole navy; it being San Martin's object, by refusing Lord Cochrane the means of paying his men, to bring about a general mutiny, and obtain both ships and crews for Peru.

After several quarrels with the Peruvian Government, the squadron returned to Valparaiso, having put an end to the last remnant of the Spanish naval power on the coast of South America, and reduced by storm or blockade, with little or no aid from the army, the most important fortresses on that coast; securing at once the cause of independence and the commerce of the new States. In two years and a half after he took command, Lord Cochrane had made Chili mistress of her own waters, and her flag the most powerful and respected from Cape Horn to Panama. How he was rewarded for these services; how not only did he never receive pay or prize-money, but was involved in heavy expenses in English courts on account of services rendered to Chili; how barren honours and a tardy payment, after twenty-three years, of 6,000*l.* are all the proofs of Republican gratitude he has ever received, his own just though bitter and sadly prolix account informs us. The great misfortune of his life—the one cruel wrong done to him—made him suspicious, resentful, and eager in refuting accusations which no other man of equal eminence would have deemed worthy of notice. Never was there a sadder instance of an heroic character fretted away, a generous temper galled and stung into waspish irritability, a noble nature spoiled, than is unconsciously displayed in Lord Dundonald's fretful, angry, self-exculpatory, rather than self-laudatory, narrative of his services and his injuries.[1]

The remainder of Lord Cochrane's time in Chili was chiefly spent in quarrels with the Government—soon afterwards overthrown—and in fruitless efforts to obtain justice for the fleet. It was no doubt some consolation to witness the ignominious flight from Peru of his bitter enemy, San Martin, whose tyranny had at last provoked the Limeños to an insurrection which, during his absence in Guayaquil, proved successful. But the exasperated and disgusted adventurer was glad to accept, in November, 1822, the offer of the supreme command of the navy of Brazil, which had a few weeks before declared its independence, under the Emperor Pedro I, eldest son of and regent for John VI, King of Portugal. It was necessary that he should depart with all possible expedition; and accordingly, with several officers and seamen, who had served with him in the Chilian squadron, he sailed for Rio de Janeiro, arriving there on the 13th March, 1822.

[1] Narrative of Services in the Liberation of Chili, Peru, and Brazil from Spanish and Portuguese Domination. By Thomas, Earl of Dundonald, G.C.B., &c. &c. Ridgway, 1859.

The new empire was in very perilous circumstances. The royal family of Portugal had resided there for a considerable period after their expulsion by the troops of Napoleon; they had been accompanied by large numbers of Portuguese, who had settled in the country; and it was but a few months since the King had left Brazil to return to Europe. A considerable proportion of the inhabitants of the principal towns, and the greater part of the seamen available for the Imperial as well as the merchant service, were Portuguese by birth: the Portuguese or Royalist party was very powerful, and Portugal still held several of the northern provinces, with a large military force, and a fleet of thirteen vessels. On Lord Cochrane's arrival, he found the infant navy of Brazil in an unpromising condition; only two of its vessels being good ships, and the remainder, few in number, almost worthless. The *Pedro Primiero* was a fine 74; the *Maria da Gloria* a fast American clipper, of 32 guns. But even these were wretchedly equipped; sails, cordage, and materials rotten; cartridges unfit for use; and worst of all, the crews of every ship except the *Maria*, composed chiefly of Portuguese seamen. With four vessels, Lord Cochrane, after several disputes with the Ministry—settled by their conceding all that he demanded—sailed for Bahia, where lay the Portuguese fleet—one seventy-four, five frigates, and seven smaller ships. Venturing to attack these with his flagship, the *Pedro*, he found himself unsupported by her consorts, and his Portuguese seamen became mutinous; those stationed to pass up powder not only failing to do so, but seizing and making prisoners the boys sent down for it. There was nothing to be done, under these circumstances, but to sheer off, and withdraw the Brazilian squadron till it could be reorganized. Taking his ships to Moro San Paulo, he transferred the best seamen, and all the officers from the inferior ships to the flagship, with which and the *Maria da Gloria* he determined to blockade the port of Bahia, where lay the enemy's fleet, until fireships could be got ready, with which he hoped to destroy them, should they remain there so long. The superior sailing of his two ships enabled him to make the blockade effective, despite the enemy's numbers; until the latter, distressed for want of provisions, and alarmed at the expected arrival of the fireships, were in a state of extreme consternation. What alarmed them still more was a reconnaissance effected at night, by the flagship, which passed alone and unhurt through the midst of their fleet as it lay at anchor; a feat which the Portuguese Admiral, when first informed of it, pronounced "impossible." Terrified and starved, the fleet, garrison, and civil authorities, with many families of the Portuguese party, prepared to quit Bahia. On learning their intention, Lord Cochrane wrote to the Junta, and to the General in command, that neither troops nor civilians could leave in his despite, or should leave until he knew whither both fleet and troops intended to sail. This threat, uttered by the commander of two ships of war to those in possession of thirteen, was disregarded as mere bombast; and the Portuguese fleet sailed out, with a convoy of about sixty ships, conveying the garrison and their partisans. Lord Cochrane did not venture to engage the fleet, but trusted to seamanship, and his vessels' superior qualities, to destroy the convoy. One vessel after another he cut off, and being utterly unable to take possession, broke up their water casks, or destroyed their rigging and masts, so as to disable them from a long voyage, and drove them back into Bahia. In this operation he ran great risk of being attacked and surrounded by the squadron, but managed to escape them, and returned to Bahia, after having completely cut off the enemy's transports, and frustrated their intention of landing to keep up the war in another part of Brazil. So much, probably, was never accomplished against such odds, by so small a force, and in so short a time. This blow decided the contest between Brazil and her mother

country. The Portuguese troops had been disarmed and captured; the Portuguese fleet driven away. There were but a few garrisons and single vessels left in other parts of Brazil, and to the capture of these Lord Cochrane now addressed himself.

The principal was the important town of Maranhaô (pronounced and sometimes spelt Maranham), the capital of a considerable province, and the appointed rendezvous of the transports cut off by the Brazilians. Here there was a Portuguese brig-of-war, and a strong garrison; and Lord Cochrane, who was obliged to undertake its reduction with the flagship alone, had to make stratagem supply his deficiency of force, sending threatening letters, in which he reported the capture of Bahia and of the Portuguese transports, and, representing himself to be followed by a powerful fleet and a body of troops, he terrified the garrison into a surrender, and took care to have them embarked for Europe, and under the guns of the *Pedro Primiero*, before they became aware of the deception. How far such tricks are allowable in war, military men must judge; Lord Cochrane does not, on this occasion, appear to think that his conduct requires defence. The capture of this important city won for him the rank of Marquis, and the title of Maranhaô, from the gratitude of the Emperor.

When the Admiral returned with the squadron to Rio de Janeiro, he had in six months, without military force, and principally with the one seventy-four alone, driven away thirteen Portuguese vessels of war, captured two, reduced three important places, and added to the empire "a territory larger than half Europe." For all these services neither he nor those who served under him received any reward beyond the barren honours accorded on their arrival at the capital. A change of ministry had taken place; the Portuguese faction was in the ascendant, and, no longer able to re-unite the country to Portugal, they were eager to injure and insult those who had made this impossible. A prize tribunal, constituted by them, refused, in despite of reason and justice, to condemn vessels captured under Portuguese colours, with Portuguese papers, and others actually taken in act of breaking a blockade; and even, contrary to the most express and solemn engagements of the Government and of the Emperor himself, endeavoured to mulct the squadron in costs for the seizures made under distinct imperial orders. Pedro I, an honourable and amiable but weak man, in a difficult situation, felt himself dishonoured, and his loyal servants wronged, but knew not how to put a stop to these proceedings. On one occasion, the Ministers had plotted to send troops on board the flag-ship, taking the opportunity of a grand review, to search for treasure alleged to be there concealed. Learning their intention, and enraged beyond endurance, Lord Cochrane repaired to his Majesty, who had retired to bed, insisted on an interview, and brought out the Emperor himself, "in a *deshabille* which under ordinary circumstances would have been inconsistent," to inquire what was the matter. The Admiral informed his Majesty of the purposed affront, entreated him to send confidential persons on board to see whether or no any treasure were concealed there; but vowed that if the Ministers attempted to board his ship, he would "regard them as pirates, and treat them accordingly—" hang them, I suppose, at the yard-arm. The Emperor assured the fiery officer that he at least was no party to the plot, or to the suspicion which prompted it, and undertook to prevent its execution. That night he was taken suddenly ill, and the review was postponed perforce. All the "native respectability" of the capital went to inquire after his Majesty's health; and when the Marquis of Maranhaô, as became his rank and official position, also appeared in the imperial drawing-room, he found the Emperor replying to their inquiries. Catching the imperial eye, Pedro I. and Lord Cochrane both burst into uncontrollable laughter, greatly to the perplexity and surprise of sober courtiers and baffled ministers.

There was some more work for Lord Cochrane to do in Brazil, before his friends could spare or his enemies dare to dismiss the ablest naval officer in the world. A republican insurrection had broken out at Pernambuco; the Ministry, to put a slight on their naval commander-in-chief, had without his intervention sent an inexperienced officer and inadequate squadron to repress it; and defeat had been the consequence. Rooted distrust of the supreme government, and its Portuguese leanings, had induced several of the northern provinces to join the revolt, which assumed most formidable dimensions. The anxiety of the Emperor forced his Ministers to act; a certain portion of the money due to the fleet was placed in Lord Cochrane's hands, and he contrived to man a squadron sufficient for the occasion, notwithstanding that the prize court, bent on injuring and thwarting him, decreed that all prizes taken within a certain distance of the shore were illegal, though the war with Portugal still subsisted; thus at once depriving the squadron sent to blockade Pernambuco of all chance of prize money, and rendering the blockade ineffective, by preventing the capture of vessels attempting to break it. After fruitless negotiations, the land force which had accompanied the squadron, entered the rebel city without meeting any effectual resistance, and Lord Cochrane sailed with his squadron to restore order in others of the northern provinces, which were in a state of frightful anarchy and civil strife. When this was done, after great personal exertions, and considerable danger to himself, with no instructions or support from Rio de Janeiro, he shifted his flag into the frigate *Pirauga*, and sailed on a cruise towards the Azores. Finding the ship's timbers unsound, her sails rotten, and her provisions putrid, he was forced to seek an European port, and proceeded to Spithead, to refit and revictual her. While there, in direct violation of every promise and stipulation made by the Emperor and his Ministers, Lord Cochrane was ignominiously dismissed, through the influence of the Portuguese faction, from the service of the sovereign who owed to him one-half his dominions; without a penny of the half-pay of his rank, secured to him beforehand by the most formal and solemn engagements, whenever he should quit the service of Brazil. Never did man do so much for three several nations as did this English nobleman for Chili, Peru, and Brazil; never was champion of liberty—profitless as the vocation generally is—more scurvily treated by a liberated people than he by these three States.

Had he remained in the service of his own country—had he not been driven from it by a misfortune which resulted certainly not from national ingratitude—Lord Cochrane must ere long have reached the highest rank in that service; but the peace would have cut short for ever his active career before he was known in any other capacity than that of a skilful and daring captain of a British frigate. His misfortune drove him into positions which drew forth the qualities and achieved for him the reputation of a Paladin of romance. No such man has been seen at sea since the days of the Vikings; no similar fame ever acquired by any adventurer since the Crusades. As a British Admiral, he would have been merely one of the best officers of the best navy of the world, and one of the worst politicians that ever sate in the House of Commons. His expulsion from his country and service gave him opportunity to make a name which must live for ever in the annals of many nations, among the earliest champions of their national existence; and should he have the good fortune to be known to posterity by some more genial and less bitter narrative than his own, he is likely to be for many an age the hero of youthful imaginations, and the ideal of enterprising and ambitious seamen. In his adventurous life he has shown every attribute of heroism, save that of bearing misfortune like a hero; and in justice we should remember that no hero ever had to bear misfortune so severe, while he could say, with Francis of France, "All is lost—*save honour.*"

To be patient under imputed dishonour is a greatness of which few great men are capable; and to have lived through thirty years of imputed and irreparable disgrace is a calamity which exempts Lord Dundonald's intemperate bitterness from censure, and entitles his querulousness to respectful tolerance. It was in 1814 that he was sentenced to the pillory; it was not till 1845 that the tardy justice of a Liberal government restored him, in his seventieth year, to the rank and honours so nobly earned and so cruelly torn away.

CLASSICAL MUSIC AND BRITISH MUSICAL TASTE.

Not many years ago an orchestral symphony or a stringed quartett were luxuries hardly to be indulged in by those Londoners whose guineas were not tolerably numerous. Times are changed for the better; and not a week passes, even in the dullest season of the year, that some good music is not to be heard at a cheap rate in London. A symphony or a concerto forms an attractive item in most programmes, and it has of late been found that the stringed quartett (a form of composition demanding the most delicate execution on the part of the players, and considerable refinement of taste on the part of the listeners) commands a sufficiently large audience to make a moderate price of admission remunerative.

Other kinds of music flourish equally, and, in fact, it appears that a plentiful audience is always to be found for any kind of music, provided it be good of its kind and tolerably cheap.

Amateur performances also improve; gatherings for the practice of concerted music are organized in all directions; and the programme of a musical party now almost always includes at least a considerable portion of some important concerted work.

In short the demand for music, whether it be the cause or the effect of this enlarged supply, has of late years considerably increased. We can hardly go to a concert without meeting some enthusiast like ourselves, ready to gloat with us over a finished performance of a quartett, or to compare opinions as to the reading adopted by some new pianist. By some freemasonry we easily detect such a brother fanatic, and are not ashamed, though he be a stranger, to open our heart to him on the subject of the music we are listening to, or even on musical matters in general.

But, notwithstanding this, there remains a multitude of educated persons who, by their want of appreciation of the best music, are shut out from the enjoyment we experience. Of these there are many who, as we think, possess a great latent capability for such enjoyment, and who might easily be led to perceive some, at least, of the beauties which musicians allege to exist in a symphony of Mozart or Beethoven; and also, no doubt, there are some whose conversion to our faith in music seems hopeless. These latter may be divided into two classes, the first consisting of those who honestly acknowledge that they care nothing for music at all, and carefully avoid all occasions of hearing any. These usually say that they have no ear, or that they are unable to "turn a tune." Many of these, however, are, we are disposed to think, in a state of what the Roman Catholic Church terms "invincible ignorance," and there are hopes that, as their tastes have at any rate not been vitiated by bad music, they may perchance some day have their attention turned to good music. But the second class we despair of utterly. These are they who consider the fruit of the thoughts which absorbed the whole lives of such men as Handel and Beethoven as pleasing trifles, fitted only for the occupation of women, and place a fiddler in the same category with men-milliners, men-cooks, and male

opera-dancers. They are usually fond of repeating Swift's sneer about tweedle dum and tweedle dee, and pride themselves on their ignorance that tweedle dum may possibly bear the same relation to tweedle dee that the tawdry lithograph on the cover of the music-seller's ballad does to the Sistine Madonna. A writer in a late number of a well-known journal delivered himself, as we think, of one of the common opinions of this class, when he spoke with contempt of those men who fiddled and fluted to please women. The mere dangler after women, at whom he justly sneers, is a man very unlikely to play the fiddle. Indeed, we might say that we fancy that your true amateur fiddler is somewhat impatient of the presence of the fair sex. An old friend of ours, much addicted to quartett playing, would as soon have thought of sawing his beloved "Strad" up for firewood as of admitting his wife into the music-room during the celebration of the mysteries.

Setting aside then the people who hate music and those who have a contempt for it, there remains another class, with whom we have much more in common; but who, on that very account, make us feel the more conscious of living in a world by ourselves. Have we not probably some intimate friend—a man possibly of the highest culture in all that regards the sister arts—very likely possessing an accurate ear for music, and altogether, as we think, more fitted to appreciate the beauty of a great musical work than ourselves; with whom there is but one topic which is tabooed, and that topic music; who, on all other subjects, has opinions which we can agree with or can combat, but who, on music—on our music—has no opinions at all; before whom we veil our faces lest he should discover a tendency to moistened eyes at the close of the slow movement of the Jupiter Symphony, and to whom we pretend that the grin of delight which we are wholly unable to prevent overspreading our countenance as the heavy bass notes on the words "rido, rido," bring back the delightful first subject of the balcony terzett in Don Giovanni, is caused by the tomfoolery of Leporello? And yet this man perhaps likes music, has some pet opera or oratorio which he never misses hearing for the sake of a special air or piece. But though he does show such glimmerings of taste, we feel that his appreciation of the beauties of "Don Giovanni" (which he goes to, it may be, to enjoy "Il mio Tesoro" or "Vedrai Carino") is inferior to ours. If we are very much bent upon his conversion, we select some attractive programme, and make him sit it out. We don't enjoy it much ourselves, for we are engaged all the time in watching his face, and wondering whether he is not finding each movement interminable. We always feel that the experiment has been a failure, although our patient, seeing that we are disappointed, tries to console us by expressing considerable pleasure at some points. He almost always ends, however, by acknowledging that such music always strikes him as "heavy," in consequence, he alleges, of his want of the "science" necessary to appreciate it. We ask ourselves, how it is that whilst we can, to a limited extent, appreciate our friend's favourite paintings, or buildings, or poetry, and can find new beauties in them whilst hearing him expatiate thereupon, he should be so utterly incapable of partaking of our musical pleasures.

What the obstacles are which prevent the class of persons to whom we have just alluded from recognising the beauty of the higher class of music, and whether such obstacles are, in part or in whole, capable of removal, are the questions which we propose to discuss in the following pages.

In the first place, we believe it will be found that the class we are speaking of take a real, though a limited, interest in music, their affections being generally set upon some particular class of music which they have been much in the habit of hearing.

Thus—one has a preference for a well-sung English ballad—a second for some of Handel's oratorios, not unfrequently, indeed, confining himself to one parti-

cular work—and a third (and in our experience this is the most common example) for the Italian operas of the school of Bellini and Donizetti.

The preference for the English ballad is easily accounted for: the melody is not uncommonly very pretty, the words are understood, and every repetition of it in any form recalls the touching voice and the pretty face of the singer from whom we first heard it.

Those who are fond of Handel's music are much more readily disposed to receive the works of his successors. As the Messiah, the most popular of his oratorios, is now almost invariably performed with Mozart's beautiful accompaniments, these persons are generally accustomed to the varied tones of the modern orchestra. Having also acquired the power of appreciating the beauties of Handel's severe counterpoint, they have little left to learn in the instrumental works of his successors except the plan upon which the movements, which make up these compositions, are based. We have even found that the subjects of many of these instrumental movements are apt to strike the admirers of Handel as somewhat frivolous in comparison with the large ideas which clothe the sublime scriptural passages which Handel chiefly set to music.

But the greater number have been brought up in a belief in Bellini and Donizetti as the chiefs of melodious music. In our youth but little music of a pretentious character was easily within the reach of those of the educated middle classes who feared the somewhat lengthy and solemn performances at Exeter Hall, except at the Italian Opera. In those days the Puritani, the Sonnambula, Norma, Lucia, and other works of the same kind, were exquisitely given by first-class artists, and the forms of melody which predominated therein became the standard forms among that circle whose means permitted them an occasional visit to the Italian Opera. Again, the style in which these operas were written seldom permitted any very elaborate progressions on the harmony, or any great richness of instrumentation. Consequently, any startling modulation, or any novel combination of instruments, sounds crude or strange in the ears of one trained up in this kind of music. The simple and quaint subjects, too, made use of by the great masters, strike him as grotesque and vulgar after the long-drawn sentimentalities of the modern Italian school.

Let us now examine the reasons which those persons with these notions of music usually give for their distaste for classical music. They allege, either that a difference of organization exists between them and the classicists which prevents them from appreciating the devices of harmony used in classical compositions, or, as we have before observed, that what they term the "heaviness" of such music makes it intolerable to those who have not acquired a certain amount of science.

As to a difference of organization, we doubt whether it exists; for we discover that those we are speaking of have as strong a dislike as ourselves to a scale without a leading note, or to an improper resolution of a discord, and so far as we can judge from analyzing our own sensations, it is upon a few simple likes and dislikes of this kind that the power of appreciation of the greatest musical works mainly depends. We believe that every ordinarily educated European, listening to any piece of music, recognises the necessity of the key and mode, to which the sounds he hears are to be referred, being determined without much delay by certain unambiguous chords, and is sensible, when the ear is satiated with the sounds belonging to one key, of the pleasure and almost the necessity of being led by artistically conducted modulations into keys nearly related to the original key (*i.e.* into keys containing many notes in common with the original key). Further, the ear relishes occasional artifices whereby it is baulked of the sounds which it desired, and is either introduced suddenly into some key entirely unexpected, or made to wait for some time before the expected sounds are duly heard.

Combinations producing effects such

as these are contained in the accompaniment to the simplest ballad; and the very same devices, and no others, are used for the very same purposes, though a little more freely and at greater length, in the most elaborate instrumental composition. It seems therefore difficult to conceive such an organization as should render a man capable of perceiving the beauty of those combinations in the one case and incapable of appreciating the same things in the other case. If indeed the assertion be that a difference of organization prevents the recognition of the beauty of the melodies employed in classical music, it is hard to meet the objection directly. If a man declares that he finds a particular succession of sounds distasteful to his ear, no argument will have any effect in convincing him that such succession is pleasing. But in many cases we think that this assertion is made without the preparatory process of listening to the predominating melodies having been gone through. We believe that in any page of an instrumental work by one of the great masters, it would be easy to select a melody, which, simply played on a violin, would be recognised even by the most uncultivated listener as a pretty tune. And the variety of forms of melody in such compositions is so great that a sonata, a quartett, or a symphony can hardly be listened to with common attention without some airs being met with which suit the taste of any one, whether his taste incline to the pathetic, the solemn, the impassioned, or the joyous style of tune.

Next, what is meant by the "science" we so often hear of as necessary before pleasure can be derived from classical music? As far as we can discover, the word is generally used to mean such an acquaintance with the grammar of music as the power of playing on some instrument implies. And it is suggested that in listening to an orchestra, people having such an acquaintance are unconsciously led away by their admiration for the mechanical skill of the performers, which they, knowing the difficulties to be contended with, are specially able to appreciate. But surely a knowledge of the art of playing the flute cannot be supposed to confer a power of knowing what is or is not a difficult passage for the double-bass. It is true that a great deal of music, and much of it of the highest class, has been written for the purpose of displaying the executive skill of a player or singer; but it is by no means because of the passages difficult of execution that we look upon one of Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's pianoforte concertos as a great musical work. In fact, the individual parts of symphonies, quartetts, &c. though often extremely difficult of execution in reality, are rarely showy, and the crabbed passages for a particular instrument may often be heard, even by a listener acquainted with the mechanism of that instrument, without his knowing that there is any special difficulty in their execution.

But, it may be said, the sort of science that is meant is a knowledge of the structure of the composition; in other words, such an acquaintance with harmony and counterpoint as enables us to appreciate the difficulties which the composer must have encountered in conducting certain progressions, and to recognise the ingenuity of the artifices by which such difficulties are overcome. It is a sufficient answer to this that no merely elementary knowledge of the principles of harmony will enable one to enjoy music in this sort of way; and though doubtless a learned harmonist enjoys considerable pleasure of this kind, yet it is a mistake to suppose that the great majority of those who thoroughly enjoy the most elaborate music have more than an elementary knowledge of these subjects.

The fact seems to be, that the real science required, if science it can be called, chiefly consists in a knowledge beforehand of the kind of thing we are going to hear. This knowledge is acquired almost intuitively by the act of listening attentively to a certain amount of music of a high order, selecting at first compositions of a tolerably

simple character, in which the design may be easily perceived; but it may be useful to give a slight sketch of the usual form of these compositions, and some idea of the mode in which the leading ideas are generally worked out. The music of which we are principally about to speak is that of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and chiefly of their instrumental works, because, as far as we have observed, this kind of composition is the most difficult for the untrained listener to appreciate, partly on account of the various tones of the different instruments confusing him at first, but principally because he has no comprehension of the fixed plan on which the greater part of them are written.

In its most complete form, an instrumental work, in the style of the above composers, consists of four distinct pieces, called "movements." The first and the most important of these, both in length and dignity of subjects, is invariably an allegro movement of considerable length, sometimes led into by a short and solemn introduction. Then usually follows the slow movement, which is also of some length, and which is relieved by a piece of a light, joyous character, termed the minuet or the scherzo. Although the minuet was originally a grave dance, it has been the habit of composers, while preserving the rhythm of the dance, to direct its performance at a quick pace, in order probably to contrast with the solemn movement which precedes it. Beethoven indeed abandoned at times the form of the minuet altogether, and called the light movement which replaced it a scherzo. But whether minuet or scherzo, the movement, like almost all dance tunes, includes a second part in a different key from the key of the first part, and which second part is called—for what reason it is not very easy to see—the trio. After the trio, the minuet is repeated. The concluding movement is generally very rapid, and, though usually extremely elaborate in its construction, is of a lighter character than the opening allegro. The form here described is that assumed by the majority of instrumental compositions; and, in particular, the symphony for full orchestra and the quartett for stringed instruments almost invariably contain the whole of these movements. In works in which the pianoforte takes part, one or more of these is often omitted, and the modern overture consists of a single allegro movement of the same character as the first movement of a symphony.

The plan of the more important of these instrumental movements, which since the days of Haydn has been universally adopted, may be shortly described as follows:—

The movement commences with a melody, say in the key of C, which is called the first subject. After this has been thoroughly impressed upon the ear, a modulation is effected into the scale of the dominant, a fifth higher, in this case G, in which key a second subject altogether different from the first is presented. This forms the first part of the movement. The first subject is then recurred to in its original key, and the movement closes with the second subject in the same key (in this case C), and not in the key in which it first appeared. This is the merest skeleton of a modern movement, as in practice many episodes are often introduced. Still the principal modulation into the dominant scale always takes its proper place, and the reappearance of the second subject in the original key is always adhered to.[1] But to impress the subjects on the ear, it is usual to repeat the whole of the first part of the movement, and at the beginning of the second part a train of elaborate modulations is almost invariably introduced before the first subject makes its reappearance in its original shape. A coda or finale is also sometimes made use of, in which the first subject is again resumed at the end.

This slight description will perhaps give some idea of the general structure of most instrumental movements. Some, particularly slow movements, and occa-

[1] It should be mentioned, that if the first subject is in the minor mode, a greater latitude as to the key of the second subject is allowed.

sionally finales, are in the form of simple airs with a series of variations, and minuets and scherzi have a simple form of their own, which has been adverted to, and which has no analogy with that just described; but, generally speaking, if these leading features be borne in mind, there will be slight difficulty, after a little experience, in understanding the design of a symphony or quartett.

Another qualification which enhances the pleasure of listening to instrumental music is a power of recognising the tones of different instruments. We have often found that persons who have not been in the habit of hearing orchestral music fail to detect the difference in character between the sound of instruments somewhat similar, as the clarionet and oboe, or the trumpet and horn. Of course this delicacy of ear is only to be acquired by listening attentively for a time to orchestral music, but it is very soon gained. The musical memory is soon improved, also; and when a subject reappears after some little time in a movement, we derive pleasure from the effect produced by its being given, say, to the oboe, when we recollect that on its first appearance it was played on the flute.

Armed with no more "science" than may be gathered from the above sketch, a man of ordinary musical intelligence is, we think, prepared to enjoy the higher kinds of instrumental music. Of course, if he does not pay close attention, he will still find it "heavy," for, in this sense, good music *is* heavy. It requires to be listened to, and to be listened to with attention. To do otherwise is to say, "I want to have my ears "tickled with a pretty tune whilst I am "thinking about something else,"—is as though one were to stand before a painting, and say, "I will please my "eye with the contrast of colour, but I "will not exert my brain to discover "the subject of the picture." In fact, as in the last case the required satisfaction of this kind (which is, in its way, a perfectly legitimate satisfaction) would probably be found in a higher degree by gazing at a pretty pattern of regular form than by the sight of a picture properly so called; so the sharply defined and unchanging rhythm of a dance tune is better adapted to please the ear while the brain is otherwise occupied than one of Beethoven's sonatas. But we cannot for any length of time listen to the same polka, or gaze at the same geometrical pattern. The ear and the eye soon grow weary of these purely sensuous pleasures.

We assume, then, that the listener is prepared to give a tolerably undivided attention, for a moderate time, to such music as attracts him. If he still complains of its heaviness, his objection will probably resolve itself into one or more of the following charges: First, that the harmonies are too elaborate; secondly, that there is a paucity of predominating melody; and, thirdly, that such music is too long, or contains too much repetition of the same idea.

As to the charge of excessive elaboration, it is undoubtedly true that the ear requires more or less experience before it will accept as agreeable some of the combinations not uncommonly met with. We have observed that an entirely untrained ear will hardly accept even the fundamental discord of the seventh, and prefers the dominant harmony, in the common cadence, without the dissonant interval. Of course we all feel, after the slightest experience in listening to music, that anything like a long succession of concords is utterly insipid and wearisome. It is not unfair to assume that an extension of such training will lead us to derive pleasure from combinations of which at first we fail to recognise the beauty. There are cases in which this training must be prolonged; as, for example, a person unaccustomed to classical music could hardly be expected to disentangle, even after many hearings, Beethoven's Choral Symphony, or one of his posthumous quartetts. Fugal writing again, when carried to any length, demands a somewhat educated ear to follow it in its intricacies; but, the idea once caught, a strict fugue often becomes agreeable to those who care little for the freer styles of composition.

The second objection is to a great extent obviated when the first is removed, or when the ground-plan of a composition, which has been attempted to be sketched, is borne in mind. Indeed, when the ordinary progressions of harmony are once accepted, it soon becomes obvious that the object in a regular composition is not to string together a succession of tunes, but to concentrate the attention upon certain principal melodies which are presented in varied combinations and under many disguises, until at length the ear is satisfied with their reappearance in their original shape.

The third objection, that classical music is generally too long, is, in our opinion, entitled to much weight, but requires some examination. If it is alleged that the programmes of classical concerts are too long, we heartily concur in it. A Philharmonic concert, including often two symphonies, two overtures, a pianoforte concerto, a second instrumental solo, and some vocal music, can hardly be gone through by any but a musical glutton without considerable weariness, and it would be well if the managers of our concerts would, in this matter, take a hint from their German brethren. But as regards the length of single works, while we may whisper that we ourselves are disposed to incline to the heretical opinion that certain great works might, perhaps, have borne a little retrenchment, still in general a symphony or quartett is not felt to be too long when the character of the different movements, and so much of their internal structure as we have described, is understood. In orchestral works, a variety is afforded by the instrumentation, which, when the ear has learnt to distinguish and remember the tones of the different instruments, to a great extent prevents the length of the composition from being found wearisome.

We have spoken of the necessity of some training for the ear. Let us in conclusion recommend to those in whose power it is to help such in training, not to neglect to do so. Well chosen and well played extracts from the great composers would, we are sure, be as favourably received from amateur musicians of the higher class as the wretched fantasias which such musicians generally select when they have to perform before a mixed audience; and if our young ladies, who after all are the principal interpreters of our domestic music, would accustom their fathers and brothers to hearing a little bit of Beethoven or Haydn occasionally, the training of the ear in the forms of melody employed, and in the structure of the kind of works spoken of, would be accomplished without effort, and the listeners would be soon prepared to hear the same kind of things with delight when they happened to come across them at a concert.

M.

MY CHILD PASSENGER.

BY ROBERT PATON.

What a happy and fortunate landfall have I, the old Skipper, made at last! moored here, safe and snug, for a Christmas on shore. How many years have past since the last one, I dare hardly think of, it is so far away among the dim and spectral shadows of boyhood; but here I am after all, anchors ahead and astern, moored in the lying-up ground for useless and worn-out old hulks, out of the fairway of the tides and traffic on Life's busy stream; having only to watch and look after my ground tackle, booms on deck, spars housed, and sails stowed away. Not much to do now, but keep a bright look-out for the rollers, which, setting in from the sea of old age, shall break the rusted and worn fastenings, and let this old hulk drift away on its last voyage.

What a harbour have I gained! a

little room not much bigger than my old ship's cabin, yet more snug and comfortable looking. A crackling and merry-hearted fire, making the red-papered walls lurid, but not unpleasantly warm; the shadows only crowding and huddling up in the corners, as if to escape from the heat. On the walls, as centre-piece to each, hang old-fashioned portraits of old-fashioned ladies and gentlemen. Some of them bore my name, I am told. May they never have blushed in their other-world home for their descendant! Some portions of the features are fading through age; and wear, by the loss of colour, a pale and spiritual appearance. At least to me they seem to say, "We are portraits of the dead, and looking at us you must think of death."

A picture of my old ship, the "Julia," hangs over the mantelpiece,—my sister *would* give it that honourable place; it was painted by young Dutton, just as I told him. He has painted a southern sky, with white fleecy clouds all floating slowly and steadily towards one quarter out of the picture. The blue sky hangs over a blue sea, a little darker but not much, with the waves just topping and breaking into bits of white foam. She has got the trade wind, for her royals are set, and all her starboard studsails; but there is something wrong on board, something wrong. Her sails are all in the wind and fluttering and flapping confusedly, her after yards are swinging round aback, and the man at the wheel not only holds it firmly with both hands, but presses with his foot on the spokes to keep it hard down.

My eye strays away from this, to a little picture below it of a child,—a boy-child, with white silky hair, and the wondering, mysterious and clear eyes of healthy childhood; with its expression bright and lifelike to me, in spite of decaying touches; and memories of years long past, sad and yet sweet, mournful and yet cherished, creep into and warm up my old heart. Why—I wonder to myself—why have I been spared by a merciful Providence through the storms, and calms, and buffetings of forty years, to find myself a still-staunch old hulk, although sadly battered and knocked about, sitting here with a happy and contented heart, no squall even forming on my horizon? Happy too, with only prattling girls and boys playing about me, and willing as a boy to be commanded by my dear widow-sister—we are but two—who has offered me a crib and stowage-room for the remainder of my voyage? Why have I, I go on thinking, the old man who has only through life fought and wrought a battle for self, been spared to find myself with all these blessings round me, travelling cheerfully down the off-side of the hill which leads to the great valley, in confidence, and with no faint tremblings? when he, dear, dear, wee Charlie, has been so long in his deep sea-cradle with tangle-weed curtains hanging round him?

I find I have unconsciously muttered my last thoughts aloud, and little Dolly, my eldest niece, in whose face I fancy I have found a resemblance to the child-portrait, playing with my fingers, looks up, and says:

"Uncle, who was little Charlie? and why are your eyes so sad, and your lips trembling because you have been thinking of him?"

My sister slowly raised her kind eyes from some household needlework which had absorbed her attention, and, meeting her glance, I felt that she too asked the same question as Dolly, and, finding all the little ones clustering about my knees anxiously, and making my old rough hands tingle, a compulsion, tender and yet strong, seized me, and bade me tell my story of

"My Child Passenger."

Many years ago, when I was lying in the old "Julia" in one of the noble harbours of Australia, full-laden and ready to start for England, having finished all my business on shore, and only waiting for a breeze to spring up, I was roused from a reverie on the poop, in which I was thinking of no earthly thing, but only whistling for the wind, by the Mate's coming to me, and saying, "There is a gentleman with a boy, sir, wishes to see you."

Who can they be, I thought, as I descended the poop ladder, and, turning into the cabin, met the gaze of a gentleman, there, where so few were at that period, and in whose right hand was the hand of a boy-gentleman. Why do I use those words? Because we sailors, although not much used to their society, yet have an instinct which tells us when we are in the presence of such an one. A glimpse at a man, fearless and bold in his demeanour, gentle and courteous in his manner, whose eyes look straight into yours, and whose hand grasps firmly and releases reluctantly, using good plain words with meaning in them, (such meaning as we put in an order to "stand by"—"for your lives!" when on a leeshore, and if she miss stays death comes;) these tell us the gentleman, and we have a respect and feeling towards him quite different from those of a landsman.

"Charlie," he said to his boy, and not to me, "this is Captain Bentley, whose shipmate you are to be to Old England;" and frankly and heartily the boy put his hand in mine, and then turned his eyes on his father.

He introduced himself very briefly, apologising for not having been on board earlier, and then continued: "We have heard, Captain, that you have been many times here before, and made safe voyages, and that your good ship is a strong and sea-worthy craft, and I wish this young gentleman to go to England in your charge. I am sure Charlie will be a good boy, and will obey your orders as cheerfully as any of your crew, or as he has always obeyed me."

A tightening of the little fist in mine made me fancy Charlie was determining to carry out his father's wishes. After some explanation from Mr. —— about the late hour of bringing my only passenger that was to be, on board, receiving some instructions, and concluding pleasantly as to terms, &c., his little, plain, rough-wood boxes were passed into my cabin, and, the rattling of the windlass pawls telling the fair wind had come, the time came to say farewell.

It was no sad parting: the father said, in a bold, cheery voice, "Good-bye, Charlie!" then they shook hands warmly, and like *two* grown-up people, no tear being in the eyes of either. "Take good care of him, Captain, and, when his schooling is over, *you* shall bring him back again to his Papa,"—and waving his hand in adieu, the father went over the side into his boat, and pulled for the shore. In a few minutes we were under sail, and standing to seawards.

As we drew out of the harbour, Charlie kept his eyes fixed on the fast-fading boat; but, observing the bustle of my duties slacken, he came up to me, and putting his little hand in mine, gave me a look which at once established a confidence and faith in each other that I for worlds would not have broken.

He could not have been much more than five years of age, with a round, happy face, and clear, blue, frank, unsuspecting eyes. He had long, light hair, just beginning to curl, and was dressed in a short yellow frock, with a black belt round his waist, and a ship-made straw hat, with a neat blue ribbon on it; and stood firmly on the deck and looked boldly round him at every object and each of my men.

I could not account for the change which seemed to have come over my old quarter-deck. It seemed to me as new and fresh as it did on the day when the old ship was launched, many, many years before. That child's smile had a magic in it, and I noticed the man at the wheel, when he had caught his eye, confusedly put the helm up and then down, and redden in the face.

I had never known much or never cared much about children; but the appearance and ways of little Charlie won on me with a strange charm, and I tried all I could to unbend from my old solitary sailor moods and habits, and try and make him happy. After we had been some time out, I determined to make a little cot, and have it slung in my own cabin, where I should always have him near me; and a pretty little one I did make, and sewed it all with

my own hands. It was of fine duck, and about three feet in length, by a little more than one across, and on the head of it I embroidered with my needle and twine, a heart with a bird standing on it, as if singing, and on the foot of it I wrought a ship under full sail on a waveless sea. I had somehow connected in my own mind the heart and bird with little Charlie, as he seemed to me then, and pictured his future in the ship with a fair wind and all sail set. Such a cosy little cot never hung from ship's beams before, and when he was in it, and enjoying a swing, with his merry and cheerful laughter flowing over it, it seemed to me as if a bird were singing in its cage, and making my little cabin glorious with the light of music, and my heart overflow with happiness.

By what slow, gradual, and sure steps he crept into my heart, I cannot tell, nor make you understand, but our friendship grew until we could hardly be out of each other's sight without uneasiness. And not to me alone, but to every man and boy on board, was his bright smile and laugh always welcome. With each one he had started an individual friendship, and they all became his stout friends and sworn allies. Without my having to issue the order, I found all the port-holes and hawse-pipes even, and every little space at all unguarded, stopt carefully up with cord and battens, while a neat man-rope, the exact height for Charlie's hand, was worked round the stanchions of the companion which led to the poop. Go where he would, the sailors never lost sight of him, and if in his ramblings he had gained a position at all unsafe, I noticed more than one eye stray from its duty, and watch eagerly his motions. The carpenter occupied all his spare time in carving him models of boats and ships, and often have I watched him listening with a curiously respectful deference to Charlie's opinion on his handiwork. Of the purport of the mysterious conferences held between him and my old grey-bearded goat in the stern of the long boat I cannot say, but, certainly, they understood one another, and had formed a mutual confidence between their two selves, which it would have been dangerous to disturb.

My mate, although a good seaman, was given to a love of grog, which he managed to indulge, either by having a sea-stock of his own, or by making friends with the steward; and one day, when I had noticed that he had been drinking, but had said nothing, as he had carried on the work without committing himself, Charlie came to me and said—"Oh, Captain! Mr. Amms (that was my mate's name) is not Mr. Amms to-day: some other person is wearing his clothes, for it was not he who spoke to me to-day, but another man,—and the other person looks so strange too." Instead of severely reprimanding my mate, and perhaps disrating him, I called him into my stateroom in the evening, and told him how much better it would be for him not to have anything to do with *that* which stole away his reason and judgment, and so altered his face that even a little child grew afraid at the change; and, would you believe it? Mr. Amms's eyes were wet as he said, "Captain, I will drink no more;" and he never did again while he and I sailed in one ship together.

Another time, when one of the boys had been struck by a seaman, and I was doubtful from their different statements what course of punishment to pursue, Charlie simplified the affair by saying, "Oh, Captain! it is so wrong to strike one another; tell them it *is* wrong, and *I* know they won't do it again." His child-faith became mine, and no harsh decision was again necessary on board my ship.

What a cheeriness he gave to our old craft, making each of his favourite nooks and corners little spots of sunshine, I can scarcely tell you. Many a time we played at Bo-peep round the skylights and companions, and when he half showed himself from behind the mizen-mast, and putting his wee hands to his mouth, made a speaking-trumpet of them, and hailed me, asking, "Where are you from?" and ordering me to "Haul away that brace and belay," a light and

happy feeling, as of being in green fields with blue skies above and birds singing all about, came to me, and a thankfulness and sense of the blessing of life filled my breast, and made me as happy and boyish as little Charlie was. I remember once off the Cape, in a calm, his fishing over the stern with a bent pin for the Cape Pigeons, making pets of those he caught for a few minutes, and then freeing them with clapping hands and a "There, pretty pigeon, go away to your own home." And I remember too another picture, which was a picture, and beat all I had ever looked on, of a tiny white figure, whose curls hung down on each side of wee clasped hands like golden fringes over the edges of a dazzlingly white cot, saying, "Be kind to Captain Bentley, and take us all safe home," while I hid my head with the counterpane on the sofa, and cried,—I, who had never prayed nor wept since I had been whipped at school. What magic was in his look and voice to make all our hearts more soft and tender, I am at a loss to describe or account for, but so it was. Even my imagination grew young again, and I pictured to myself on our arrival in England, a sweet-voiced lady, with Charlie's eyes, thanking me in kind tones for my care of him, and introducing me to a new world of social and homely pleasures.

(Both hands, both wee hands, in mine, Dolly.)

We had rounded the Cape, and got hold of the south-east trades, and, taking advantage of steady winds and fine weather, were busy putting the old ship in order for Home. No person on board was idle,—there was such scraping and scouring and painting. I occupied myself in cleaning and re-varnishing the panels of my cabin, and had given Charlie orders to play on deck for a little, and keep away from the paints and paintwork. We were going about six knots through the water, and all our starboard studding-sails were pulling with a will. I was thinking of the pleasant and favourable voyage we had made so far, and saying to myself, "I must try and always have a passenger with me after this," when, just as I was making a scraped knot on one of the panels show all its rings and convolutions, brown and yellow, one after the other, and admiring the way in which its lines gradually spread until they were lost in the plain wood, I heard, close to me and over my head, the clashing and rattling of the wheel chains, as they dragged the helm hard down—I knew it was *that*—I heard a shout which I cannot forget—in a moment I was up; I heard, too, the mate's voice giving orders in a singularly bold, calm, and collected tone that told me all was right there, and then——

Was it a thick black cloud in which my sight was supernaturally enlarged? or was it a great white light that came down on me, and I saw only a rolling world—a confused ship on a confused sea—and *a child* floating out of the wave-hollows, over the whitened wave-tops, and into the wave-hollows beyond towards the far horizon?

I threw my body over the stern, and heard distinctly several plashes in the water alongside of me. I struck out strongly, heartily, and with a mighty human will that made waves nothing. I blessed God for my strength. I felt no clothes on, no hindrance from them at least, and I struggled through the water, half in it and half out of it, with my eye fixed on one spot, when, now and then, I could see a little speck. "Courage!" I said to myself—"courage! swim coolly; draw long breaths; do not waste yourself:" and I called out, "One moment, Charlie! only one moment, and you are in my arms! Keep your head up; do not fling your arms about; be quiet and have no fear!" and, as I neared, and neared, my eyes caught his—*smiling*—and mine became transfixed. I saw nothing more—nothing but his eyes. "Brave arms, do not fail me," I murmured, "a moment more and I save him." I stare fixedly on the spot—I scramble over the water to it—I am at it: it is vacant—and I plunge with what life God has left me. The senses of seeing and hearing are shut up, but stretching down vaguely through the vague

water, I touch, with this hand, four little fingers which seem to close on mine, and shake them.

Then all is blank——

Yes! this horny, old, withered hand touched his the last in this world, and when my poor voyage of life is drawing to a close, and I am making for that port where there are no storms, or quicksands, or rocks, I believe faithfully, I hope fully, and humbly, as the great cloud-wave overtakes me, out of its depths of darkness will come that little hand, and, clasping mine, lead me with cheerful words beyond the shadow towards the judgment seat.

I was long unwell and in bed, but as I grew better I gradually learned that, along with me, five of my brave crew had jumped into the water; that, cheerily and with a will, those left on board had a boat launched in half the time they would have taken in a quiet harbour in a calm day, and that my mate reached me in her just as, after twice diving, a good man, called James Acton, had fetched me to the surface; that the rest of my brave fellows were picked up much spent and exhausted, and that, on getting on board again and hoisting the boat, all the former sail was made on the ship in a deep silence, unbroken by one word, which made my mate fancy, as he told me, we had sailed into another world, where there was no land, and but one great sea, with only our old ship on it.

No harsh word was ever again heard in our vessel, no order had to be repeated, or, in many instances, even given. My mates and crew seemed to anticipate all my wishes, and to be always trying to forestall my desires, and their necessary duties. We were not sad neither. Our sun was, as it were, eclipsed; but we had gained the knowledge that it was only an eclipse, and we were not astronomers enough to calculate the time of its passing off, but had faith to believe it would, at some time which had become known to Charlie.

Since then, dear sister, this hand has touched nothing vile or false; it has handled pitch, but not been defiled; it has signed no false manifest or duplicate invoice with amended figures in it. It has signed many a bill of lading, beginning, "By the grace of God," whose contents were to me as sacred as a leaf from the Bible. It has put my name to nothing but what was honest and true, and I have tried to keep it from contact with all rude and worldly work as much as I could. If, at any time, when gloomy or sad has seemed my solitary life, I have been tempted to lift that glass which might have heated the brain too much,—what wee spiritual and invisible hand drew mine down, and made me replace it untasted? Whose, but little Charlie's? Or, if my arm has been raised to strike a blow, what stopped its eager strength from descending, but the little hand which touched it the last warm thing in this world?

When I had finished my story thus far, and was indulging in the sweet and sad reflections it had brought, my little nephew Tommy, who was nestling between my knees, asks:

"How did he fall overboard, uncle?"

"I do not know, none of my men did; and, on asking them, all my men seemed to feel as if they should have been punished for his loss. Every one had noticed him, as he leant over the stern, clapping his hands to the curling waves under the quarter, and the helmsman had heard him calling them to 'come on board and play with him.' How he fell none knew."

"And was this the hand that touched his?" says little Dolly, as she and the boys gaze pityingly and wonderingly at it, while I feel a moisture not belonging to an old man's hand wetting it.

"Yes, dear children, it was this old, rough, weather-beaten hand that touched his, that still touches it, though you may not see it, that holds your wee warm, living, and sensible hands in it; and let us be very grateful for the knowledge that, as we sit here on this Christmas Eve, we are allowed to feel that in ourselves we form a connected portion linked each to each of that never-ending, ever-renewing chain of human life whose ends are in the right hand of God."

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LAUGHTER.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

Why do we smile when a child puts on a man's hat? or what induces us to laugh on reading that the corpulent Gibbon was unable to rise from his knees after making a tender declaration? The usual reply to such questions is, that risibility is excited by a perception of incongruity. Even were there not on this reply the obvious criticism that laughter often occurs from extreme pleasure or from mere vivacity, as among frolicsome children, there would still remain the real problem,—How comes a sense of the incongruous to be followed by these peculiar bodily actions? Some have alleged that laughter is due to the pleasure of a relative self-elevation which we feel on seeing the humiliation of others. But this theory, whatever portion of truth it may contain, is, in the first place, open to the fatal objection, that there are various humiliations to others which produce in us anything but laughter; and, in the second place, it does not apply to the many instances in which no one's dignity is implicated: as when we laugh at a good pun. Add to which, that, like the other, it is merely a generalization of certain conditions to laughter, and not an explanation of the very odd movements which occur under these conditions. Why, when greatly delighted, or impressed with certain unexpected contrasts of ideas, should there be a contraction of particular facial muscles and particular muscles of the chest? Such answer to this question as may be possible, can of course be rendered only by physiology.

Every child has made the attempt to hold the foot still while it is tickled, and has failed; and probably there is scarcely any one who has not at some time or other vainly tried to avoid winking when a hand has been suddenly passed before the eyes. These examples of muscular movements which occur independently of the will, or in spite of it, illustrate what physiologists call reflex-action; as likewise do sneezing and coughing. To this class of cases, in which involuntary motions are accompanied by sensations, has to be added another class of cases, in which involuntary motions are unaccompanied by sensations:—instance the pulsations of the heart; the contractions of the stomach during digestion. Further, the majority of those who have studied the subject, hold that the great mass of seemingly voluntary acts in such creatures as insects, worms, molluscs, are as purely automatic as is the dilatation or closure of the iris under variations in quantity of light; and similarly exemplify the law, that an impression on the end of an afferent nerve is conveyed to some ganglionic centre, and is thence usually reflected along an efferent nerve to one or more muscles which it causes to contract.

In a modified form this principle holds with voluntary acts. Nervous excitation always *tends* to beget muscular motion; and when it rises to a certain intensity, always does beget it. Not only in reflex actions, whether with or without sensation, do we see that special nerves, when raised to a state of tension, discharge themselves on special muscles with which they are indirectly connected; but those external actions, through which we read the feelings of others, show us that under any considerable tension, the nervous system in general discharges itself on the muscular system in general, either with or without the guidance of the will. The shivering produced by cold implies irregular muscular contractions, which, though at first only partly involuntary, become, when the cold is extreme, almost wholly involuntary. When you have severely burnt your finger, it is very difficult to preserve a dignified composure: contortion of face, or movement of limb, is pretty sure to follow.

If a man receives good news without any change of feature or bodily motion, it is inferred that he is not much pleased, or that he has extraordinary self-control—either inference implying that joy almost universally produces contraction of the muscles, and so alters the expression, or attitude, or both. And when we hear of the feats of strength which men have performed when their lives were at stake—when we read how, in the energy of despair, even paralytic patients have regained for the time the use of their limbs; we see still more clearly the relation between nervous and muscular excitements. It becomes manifest not only that emotions and sensations tend to generate bodily movements, but also that the movements are vehement in proportion as the emotions or sensations are intense.[1]

This, however, is not the sole direction in which nervous excitement expends itself. The viscera as well as the muscles may receive the discharge. That the heart and bloodvessels (which, indeed, being all contractile, may in a restricted sense be classed with the muscular system) are quickly affected by pleasures and pains, we have daily proved to us. Every sensation of any acuteness perceptibly affects the pulse; and how sensitive the heart is to emotions is testified by the familiar expressions which use heart and feeling as convertible terms. Similarly with the digestive organs. Without detailing the various ways in which these may be affected by our mental states, it suffices to mention the marked benefits derived by dyspeptics, as well as other invalids, from cheerful society, welcome news, change of scene, to show how pleasurable feeling stimulates the viscera in general into greater activity.

There is still another direction in which any excited portion of the nervous system may discharge itself; and a direction in which it usually does discharge itself when the excitement is not strong. It may pass on the stimulus to some other portion of the nervous system. This is what occurs in quiet thinking and feeling. The varied succession of states which constitute consciousness, result from this. Sensations excite ideas and emotions; these in their turn arouse other ideas and emotions, and so continuously. That is to say, the tension existing in particular nerves, or groups of nerves, when they yield us certain sensations, ideas, or emotions, generates an equivalent tension in some other nerves, or groups of nerves, with which there is a connexion: the flow of energy passing on, the one idea or feeling dies in producing the next.

Thus, then, while we are totally unable to comprehend how the excitement of certain nerves should generate a state which we call feeling—while in the production of consciousness by physical agents acting upon physical structure, we come to an absolute mystery never to be solved; it is yet quite possible for us to know by observation what are the succeeding forms which this absolute mystery may take. We see that there are three channels along which nerves in a state of tension may discharge themselves; or rather, I should say, three classes of channels. They may pass on the excitement to other nerves that have no direct connexions with the bodily members, and may so cause other feelings and ideas; or they may pass on the excitement to one or more of the motor nerves, and so cause muscular contractions; or they may pass on the excitement to the nerves which supply the viscera, and may so stimulate one or more of these.

For simplicity's sake, I have described these as alternative routes, one or other of which any current of nerve-force must take; thereby, as it may be thought, implying that such current will be exclusively confined to some one of them. But this is by no means the case. Rarely, if ever, does it happen that a state of nervous tension, present to consciousness as a feeling, expends itself in one direction only. Very generally it may be observed to expend itself in two; and, indeed, it is probable that the

[1] For numerous illustrations see essay on "The Origin and Function of Music."

discharge is never absolutely absent from any one of the three. There is, however, variety in the *proportions* in which the discharge is divided among these different channels under different circumstances. In a man whose fear impels him to run, the mental tension generated is only in part transformed into a muscular stimulus: there is a surplus which causes a rapid current of ideas. The agreeable state of feeling produced, say by praise, is not wholly used up in arousing the succeeding phase of the feeling, and the new ideas appropriate to it; but a certain portion overflows into the visceral nervous system, increasing the action of the heart, and probably facilitating digestion. And here we come upon a class of considerations and facts which open the way to a solution of our special problem.

For starting with the unquestionable assumption, that at any moment the existing quantity of liberated nerve-force, which in an inscrutable way produces in us the state we call feeling, *must* expend itself in some direction—*must* generate an equivalent manifestation of force somewhere — it clearly follows that, if of the several channels it may take, one is wholly or partially closed, more must be taken by the others; or if two are closed, the discharge along the remaining one must be more intense; and that, conversely, should anything determine an unusual efflux in one direction, there will be a diminished efflux in other directions.

Daily experience illustrates these conclusions. It is commonly remarked, that the suppression of external signs of feeling, makes feeling more intense. The deepest grief is that which makes no violent display. Why? Because the nervous excitement not discharged in muscular action, discharges itself in other nervous excitements — arouses more numerous and more remote associations of melancholy ideas, and so increases the mass of feelings. People who conceal their anger are habitually found to bear stronger feelings of animosity than those who explode in loud speech and vehement action. Why? Because, as before, the emotion is reflected back, accumulates, and grows more intense. Similarly, men who, as proved by their powers of representation, have the keenest appreciation of the comic, are usually able to do and say the most ludicrous things with perfect gravity.

On the other hand, all are familiar with the truth that bodily activity deadens emotion. Under great irritation we get relief by walking about rapidly. Extreme effort in the bootless attempt to achieve a desired end, very greatly diminishes the intensity of the desire. Those who are forced to exert themselves after a misfortune, do not suffer nearly so much as those who remain quiescent. If any one wishes to check intellectual excitement, he cannot choose a more efficient method than running until he is exhausted. Moreover, these cases, in which the production of feeling and thought is hindered by determining the nervous energy towards bodily movements, have their counterparts in the cases in which bodily movements are hindered by an extra absorption of nervous energy in sudden thoughts and feelings. If, when walking along, there flashes upon you an idea that creates great surprise, hope, or alarm, you stop; or, if sitting cross-legged, swinging your pendent foot, the movement is at once arrested. From the viscera, too, intense mental action abstracts energy. Joy, disappointment, anxiety, or any moral excitement rising to a great height, will destroy appetite, or if food has been taken, will arrest digestion; and even a purely intellectual activity, when extreme, will do the like.

Facts, then, fully bear out these *à priori* inferences, that the nervous excitement at any moment present to consciousness as feeling, must expend itself in some way or other; that of the three classes of channels open to it, it must take one, two, or more, according to circumstances; that the closure or obstruction of one, must increase the discharge through the others, and conversely, that if to answer some demand, the efflux of nervous energy in one direction is unusually great, there must be a

corresponding decrease of the efflux in other directions. Setting out from these premises, let us now see what interpretation is to be put upon the phenomena of laughter.

That laughter is a display of muscular excitement, and so illustrates the general law, that feeling passing a certain pitch habitually vents itself in bodily action, scarcely needs pointing out. It perhaps needs to be pointed out, however, that strong feeling of almost any kind produces this result. It is not a sense of the ludicrous only which does it, nor are the various forms of joyous emotion the sole additional causes. We have, besides, the sardonic laughter and the hysterical laughter, which result from mental distress; to which must be added certain sensations, as tickling, and, according to Mr. Bain, cold, and some kinds of acute pain.

Intense mental or physical feeling of various kinds being, then, the general cause of laughter, we have to note that the muscular actions constituting it are distinguished from most others by this, that they are purposeless. In general, bodily motions that are prompted by feelings are directed to special ends; as when we try to escape a danger, or struggle to secure a gratification. But the movements of chest and limbs which we make when laughing have no object. And now remark that these quasi-convulsive contractions of the muscles, having no object, but being results of an uncontrolled discharge of energy, we may see whence arise their special characters—how it happens that certain classes of muscles are affected first, and then certain other classes. For an overflow of nerve-force, undirected by any motive, will manifestly take first the most habitual routes; and if these do not suffice, will next overflow into the less habitual ones. Well, it is through the organs of speech that feeling passes into movement with the greatest frequency. The jaws, tongue, and lips are brought into action not only to express strong irritation or gratification, but that very moderate flow of mental energy which accompanies ordinary conversation, finds its chief vent through this channel; and hence it happens that certain muscles round the mouth, small and easy to move, are the first to contract under pleasurable emotion. The class of muscles which, next after those of articulation, are most constantly set in action (or extra action, we should say) by feelings of all kinds, are those of respiration. Under pleasurable or painful sensations we breathe more rapidly: probably as a consequence of the increased demand for oxygenated blood. The sensations that accompany exertion also bring on hard-breathing, which here still more evidently responds to the physiological needs. And emotions, too, agreeable and disagreeable, both, at first, excite respiration; though the last subsequently depress it. That is to say, of the bodily muscles, the respiratory are more constantly implicated than any others in those various acts which our feelings impel us to; and, hence, when there occurs an undirected discharge of nervous energy into the muscular system, it happens that, if the quantity be considerable, it convulses not only certain of the articulatory and vocal muscles, but also those which expel air from the lungs. Should the feeling to be expended be still greater in amount—too great to find vent in these classes of muscles—another class comes into play. The upper limbs are set in motion. Children frequently clap their hands in glee; by some adults the hands are rubbed together; and others, under still greater intensity of delight, slap their knees and sway the body backwards and forwards. Last of all, when the other channels for the escape of the surplus nerve-force have been filled to overflowing, a yet further and less used group of muscles is spasmodically affected; the head is thrown back and the spine bent inwards — there is a slight degree of what medical men call opisthotonos. Thus, then, without contending that the phenomena of laughter in all their details are to be so accounted for (which they are not), we

see that in their *ensemble* they conform to these general principles :—that feeling excites to muscular action ; that when the muscular action is unguided by a purpose, the muscles first affected are those which feeling most habitually stimulates ; and that as the feeling to be expended increases in quantity, it excites an increasing number of muscles, in a succession determined by the relative frequency with which they respond to the regulated dictates of feeling.

There still, however, remains the question with which we set out. The explanation here given applies only to the laughter produced by acute pleasure or pain : it does not apply to the laughter that follows certain perceptions of incongruity. It is an insufficient explanation, that in these cases laughter is a result of the pleasure we take in escaping from the restraint of grave feelings. That this is a part-cause is true. Doubtless very often, as Mr. Bain says, "it is the coerced form of serious-"ness and solemnity without the reality "that gives us that stiff position from "which a contact with triviality or vul-"garity relieves us, to our uproarious "delight." And in so far as laughter is caused by the gush of agreeable feeling that follows the cessation of mental strain, it further illustrates the general principle above set forth. But no explanation is thus afforded of the burst of laughter which ensues when the short silence between the *andante* and *allegro* in one of Beethoven's symphonies, is broken by a loud sneeze. In this, and hosts of like cases, the mental tension is not coerced but spontaneous—not disagreeable but agreeable ; and the coming impressions to which the attention is directed, promise a gratification that few, if any, desire to escape. Hence, when the unlucky sneeze occurs, it cannot be that the mirth of the audience is due simply to the release from an irksome attitude of mind : some other cause must be sought.

This cause we shall quickly arrive at by carrying our analysis a step further. We have but to consider the quantity of feeling that exists under such circumstances, and then to ask what are the conditions that determine the direction of its discharge, to at once reach a solution. Take a case. You are sitting in a theatre, absorbed in the progress of an interesting drama. Some climax has been reached which has aroused your sympathies—say, a reconciliation between the hero and heroine, after long and painful misunderstanding. The feelings excited by this scene are not of a kind from which you seek relief ; but are, on the contrary, a grateful relief from the more or less painful feelings with which you have witnessed the previous estrangement. Add to which, that the sentiments these fictitious personages have for the moment inspired you with, are certainly not such as would lead you to rejoice in any indignity offered to them ; but rather, such as would make you resent the indignity. And now, while you are contemplating the reconciliation with a pleasurable sympathy, there appears from behind the scenes a tame goat, which, having stared round at the audience, walks up to the lovers and sniffs at them. You cannot help joining in the laughter which greets this *contretemps*. Inexplicable as is this irresistible burst on the hypothesis of a pleasure in escaping from a mental restraint, or on the hypothesis of a pleasure from relative increase of self-importance when witnessing the humiliation of others, it is readily explicable if we consider what, in such a case, must become of the feeling that existed at the moment the incongruity arose. A large mass of emotion had been produced ; or, to speak in physiological language, a large portion of the nervous system was in a state of tension. There was also great expectation with respect to the further evolution of the scene—a quantity of vague, nascent thought and emotion into which the existing thought and emotion was about to pass. Had there been no interruption, the body of new ideas and feelings next excited, would have sufficed to absorb the whole of the existing nervous energy. But now, this large quantity of nervous energy, instead of

being allowed to expend itself in producing an equivalent quantity of the new thoughts and emotions which were nascent, is suddenly checked in its flow. The channels along which the discharge was about to take place are closed. The new channel opened—that afforded by the appearance and proceedings of the goat—is a very small one; the ideas and feelings suggested are not nearly numerous and massive enough to carry off the nervous energy to be expended. The excess must therefore discharge itself in some other direction; and in the way already explained, there results an efflux through the motor nerves to various classes of the muscles, producing the half-convulsive actions we term laughter.

This explanation is quite in harmony with the fact, that when, amongst a number of persons who are witness to the same ludicrous occurrence, there are some who do not laugh, it is because there has arisen in them an emotion not participated in by the rest, which is sufficiently massive to absorb all the nascent excitement. Among the spectators of an awkward tumble, those who preserve their gravity are commonly those in whom there is excited a degree of sympathy with the sufferer sufficiently great to serve as an outlet for the feeling which the occurrence had turned out of its previous course. Sometimes anger carries off the arrested current, and so prevents laughter. A good instance of this was lately furnished me by a friend who had been witnessing the feats at Franconi's. A tremendous leap had just been made by an acrobat over a number of horses. The clown, seemingly envious of this success, made ostentatious preparations for doing the like; and then taking the preliminary run with immense energy, stopped short on reaching the first horse, and pretended to wipe some dust from its haunches. In the majority of the spectators merriment was excited; but in my friend, wound up by the expectation of the coming leap to a state of great nervous tension, the effect of the baulk was to produce indignation. Experience thus proves what the theory implies; namely, that the discharge of arrested feelings into the muscular system, takes place only in the absence of other adequate channels, does not take place if there arise other feelings equal in amount to those arrested.

Evidence still more conclusive is at hand. If we contrast the incongruities which produce laughter with those which do not, we at once see that in the non-ludicrous ones the unexpected state of feeling aroused, though wholly different in kind, is not less in quantity or intensity. Among incongruities that may excite anything but a laugh, Mr. Bain instances—"A decrepit man under a "heavy burden, five loaves and two "fishes among a multitude, and all un-"fitness and gross disproportion; an in-"strument out of tune, a fly in oint-"ment, snow in May, Archimedes study-"ing geometry in siege, and all discordant "things; a wolf in sheep's clothing, a "breach of bargain, and falsehood in "general; the multitude taking the law "in their own hands, and everything of "the nature of disorder; a corpse at "a feast, parental cruelty, filial ingrati-"tude, and whatever is unnatural; the "entire catalogue of the vanities given "by Solomon, are all incongruous, but "they cause feelings of pain, anger, sad-"ness, loathing, rather than mirth." Now in these cases, where evidently the totally unlike state of consciousness suddenly produced, is not inferior in mass to the preceding one, the conditions to laughter are not fulfilled. As above shown, laughter naturally results only when consciousness is unawares transferred from great things to small—only when there is what we may call a *descending* incongruity.

And now observe, finally, the fact, alike inferable, *à priori*, and illustrated in experience, that an *ascending* incongruity not only fails to cause laughter, but produces on the muscular system an effect of exactly the reverse kind. When after something very insignificant there arises without anticipation something very great, the emotion we call wonder results; and this emotion is ac-

companied not by an excitement of the muscles, but by a relaxation of them. In children and country people, that falling of the jaw which occurs on witnessing something that is imposing and unexpected, exemplifies this effect. Persons who have been wonderstruck at the production of some very striking results by a seemingly inadequate cause, are frequently described as unconsciously dropping the things they held in their hands. Such are just the effects to be anticipated. After an average state of consciousness, absorbing but a small quantity of nervous energy, is aroused without the slightest notice, a strong emotion of awe, terror, or admiration; joined with the astonishment due to an apparent want of adequate causation. This new state of consciousness demands far more nervous energy than that which it has suddenly replaced; and this increased absorption of nervous energy in mental changes, involves a temporary diminution of the outflow in other directions: whence the pendent jaw and the relaxing grasp.

One further observation is worth making. Among the several sets of channels into which surplus feeling might be discharged, was named the nervous system of the viscera. The sudden overflow of an arrested mental excitement, which, as we have seen, naturally results from a descending incongruity, must doubtless stimulate not only the muscular system, as we see it does, but also the internal organs: the heart and stomach must come in for a share of the discharge. And thus there seems to be a good physiological basis for the popular notion that laughter facilitates digestion.

Though in doing so I go beyond the boundaries of the immediate topic, I cannot avoid pointing out that the method of inquiry here followed, is one which enables us to understand various phenomena besides those of laughter. Just to show the importance of pursuing it, I will indicate the explanation it furnishes of another familiar class of facts.

All know how generally it happens that a large amount of emotion disturbs the action of the intellect, and greatly interferes with the power of expression. A speech delivered with great facility to tables and chairs, is by no means so easily delivered to an audience. And every schoolboy can testify that his trepidation, when standing before a master, has often disabled him from repeating a lesson which he had duly learnt. In explanation of this we commonly say that the attention is distracted —that the proper train of ideas is broken by the intrusion of ideas that are irrelevant. But the question is, in what manner unusual emotion produces this effect; and we are here supplied with a tolerably obvious answer. The repetition of a lesson, or set speech previously thought out, implies the flow of a very moderate amount of nervous excitement through a comparatively narrow channel. The thing to be done is simply to call up in a given succession certain previously arranged ideas—a process in which no great amount of mental energy is expended. Hence, when there is a large quantity of emotion, which must be discharged in some direction or other; and when, as usually happens, the restricted series of intellectual actions to be gone through, does not suffice to carry it off; there result discharges along other channels besides the one prescribed: that is to say, there are aroused various ideas foreign to the train of thought to be pursued, and these tend to exclude from consciousness those which should occupy it.

And now observe the meaning of those bodily actions spontaneously set up under these circumstances. The schoolboy saying his lesson commonly has his fingers actively engaged—perhaps in twisting about a broken pen, or perhaps in squeezing the angle of his jacket; and if he is forbidden thus to occupy his hands, he soon again falls into the same or a similar trick. Many anecdotes are current of public speakers having incurable automatic actions of this class: barristers who perpetually wound and unwound a piece of tape;

members of parliament ever putting on and taking off their spectacles. So long as such movements are unconscious, they facilitate the mental actions. At least this seems a fair inference from the fact that confusion frequently results from putting a stop to them: witness the case narrated by Sir Walter Scott of his schoolfellow, who became unable to say his lesson after the removal of the waistcoat-button that he habitually fingered while in class. But why do they facilitate the mental actions? Clearly because they draw off a portion of the surplus nervous excitement. If, as above explained, the quantity of mental energy generated is greater than can find vent along the narrow channel of thought that is open to it; and if, in consequence, it is apt to produce confusion by rushing into other channels of thought; then by allowing it an exit through the motor nerves into the muscular system, the pressure is diminished, and irrelevant ideas are less likely to intrude upon consciousness.

This further illustration will, I think, justify the position that something may be achieved by pursuing in other cases this method of psychological inquiry. For a complete explanation of mental phenomena, it is needful that we should trace out *all* the consequences of any given state of consciousness; and we cannot do this without studying the effects, bodily and mental, as varying in quantity at each other's expense. We should probably learn much if we in every case asked—Where is all the nervous energy gone?

SELF-HELP.[1]

It were no ordinary ingratitude to be otherwise than thankful to the gatherer of such a fruitful heap of personal examples, encouragements, consolations for strugglers in the contest of life, as the well-read observant industry of the writer has brought together in this single volume. Nor is it only for gathering and selecting that our thanks are due. In the fig-orchards of sunny Sicily you shall see peasant girls and boys picking and sorting some dried figs, which the sugar of their own luscious juice as it crystallizes, shall sufficiently preserve for winter use. But lest the heap should fester for mere heapiness and sweetness, you shall see them thread the choice fruit upon some single band: a mere rush sometimes, sometimes a well-spun thread. The pleasant, manly, straightforward, yet not unskilful style of our author is that well-spun thread; and for so stringing his dry-sweet figs of anecdote and instance, we should fairly thank him likewise. Be it then clearly understood, that in what we have now to say, there lurks no sort of intention to snarl and snap at the hand which reaches out to us a gift-book so justly welcome.

Hercules and the Waggoner, is an old fable and a true; but it is possible to read its moral wrong. "Help thyself, and Heaven will help thee," is a sound saying, if it be taken to mean, "Effort wings appeal;" an essentially bad and false one, if construed, "there is no appeal but to thine own effort." Are there not correctives and qualifications wanted, and very much wanted, in the preaching of the true doctrine "Help thyself"?

From the very first it was ruled by the supreme authority that it is not good for man to be alone. This ruling, we take it, has determined not only the undesirableness, but also the impossibility of absolute solitude and self-containedness in the true man. Self-help is, by a law of most blessed necessity, reduced to mean a personal energy in grasping those helps which are not of self nor can be. And unless this be distinctly recognised, we think that all the multiform illustrations of character and conduct, which such a biographical miscellany as we have before us can afford, must be asserted boldly to nega-

[1] Self-Help; with Illustrations of Character and Conduct. By Samuel Smiles, Author of the Life of George Stephenson. London: J. Murray, 1859.

tive the doctrine they are collected to demonstrate. The individuality of genius none may deny; but who so unwise as to maintain its isolation? In the human pyramid, as even jugglers build it on the market place, it is true that the topmost man stands alone, and that without effort of his own he could neither have climbed where he stands, nor stood where he had climbed; but he stands on the shoulders of others, and if they will not or cannot keep firm footing under him, down he comes for certain.

A man is "architect of his own fortune;" very true: but it does not follow that he is or can be builder, carpenter, bricklayer, hodman, mortar-mixer and all; to say nothing of sawyer, woodman, brickmaker, lime-burner and the like; and he who says, "What I am I have made myself," utters what may sometimes be a pardonable, but is not seldom an unpardonable, figure of speech—a coin stamped with a clumsy image of frankness on one side, whose obverse shows that it was minted in the die of an ungenerous ingratitude.

Of universal application and of penetrating power are the apostle's three questions. "Who maketh thee to "differ from another? And what hast thou "that thou didst not receive? Now, if "thou didst receive it, why dost thou "glory as if thou hadst not received it?" No mere conventional allowance of the truth that there is a Supreme Giver from whom we have received, will serve the purpose of answer to these close questionings. That great Giver of every good and perfect gift, gives largely what he gives by the intervention of others; as if to force upon us with a power most gentle, yet most effective, the consciousness, so necessary to a true harmonious tone of mind in us, that self-help is not of self after all.

Mr. Smiles is specially happy, as we think, in the second of the quotations he has prefixed to his chapter entitled "Self-culture." It is this sentence from Wordsworth:—"These two things, con-"tradictory as they may seem, must go "together — manly dependence and "manly independence, manly reliance "and manly self-reliance." The philosopher-poet has been careful to write dependence and reliance before independence and self-reliance: it is a carefulness deeply wise and true. For, as we have hinted, there are subsidiary answers to those close apostolic queries, —besides the one, great, obvious, first answer,—true to fact because true to that first answer, and living out-growths of it. "Who made thee to differ from another?"—"He Whose name may not be lightly named." Yes; but *also* this or that other one, whose name I may cite at once, His agent in making the difference, or at least in making it known to me. The book in hand is an overflowing storehouse of illustrations of such a truth. Take a simple string of names in order as they come on its pages, and, without a fragment of information concerning the lives and circumstances of the men they designate, beyond what is written on those self-same pages; and let us see if it be not so.

Mr. W. S. Lindsay, "at the age of "fourteen had been left an orphan boy, "to push his way in the world. He "left Glasgow for Liverpool with only "four shillings and sixpence in his "pocket; and so poor was he that the "captain of a steamer had pity on him, "and had told him that he would give "him his passage if he would trim the "coals in the coal-hole of the steamer. "He did so, and thus worked his "passage. He remembered that the "fireman gave him a part of his homely "dinner, and never had he eaten a dinner "with such relish, for he felt that he "had worked for it and earned it." So he had, perhaps; yet it stood not in the bond: the fireman was pitiful no less than the captain. Eliminate the kindly help of those two "ministers of God to him for good" from the poor orphan boy's start in life, and that life's whole drift might have had other direction than into its final haven of success.

The career of Hugh Miller is, and may well be, one to which, in commendation of self-culture, our author points

more than once; but that thoughtful, energetic example of work and learning was deeply indebted to the help of others for power to help himself, and was forward to own the obligation, unless we have wholly misunderstood the spirit of his charming volume, "My Schools and Schoolmasters." Eliminate from his story, for instance, those two sound-minded old uncles who were the guardians of his boyhood and youth, and who can tell how Hugh Miller's story would have read, if indeed it had ever come to be written at all?

Or take again, as we find it in our author only, the career of William Herschel. He is a musician, and plays the oboe in the band of the Durham militia at Doncaster. For that Tyrtæan art of military music he is in debt to the poor German musician his father; to say nothing of his debt to the mother that bare him, for the lungs to blow into his reed at all. There a certain Doctor Miller finds him. None of your grudging helpers he! "Having heard "him perform a solo on the violin in a "surprising manner, the Doctor entered "into conversation with the youth, and "was so pleased with him, that he urged "him to leave the militia band *and take "up his residence at his house for a time.* "Herschel did so, and, while at Doncas- "ter, was principally occupied in violin- "playing at concerts." Very good; that proves the will and power of self-help in the man that shall leave concert-fiddling as he has left oboe-blowing, to read off that "music of the spheres" at last, of which God's right hand has written the score on the blue page of heaven, with planets for notes, and the twinkle of the stars for quavers. But the quotation is broken off, let us finish it: "Occupied in violin-playing at con- "certs, *availing himself of the advantages "of Dr. Miller's library to study in his "leisure hours.*"

"Deus nobis hæc otia fecit."

Ay, but we must add, "per servum suum Millerum," though it won't run into line and scan. While officiating at Halifax, as organist, "he began to "study mathematics, *unassisted by any "master*"—save, perhaps, by one so long dead and gone as he who set forth axioms of geometry, at the court of an Alexandrian Ptolemy!

"Some recent discoveries in astronomy "having arrested his mind,"—surely the discoverers were helpers to the man— "and awakened in him a powerful spirit "of curiosity, *he sought and obtained from "a friend* the loan of a two-foot Gre- "gorian telescope." So there is the self-helper, true self-helper, gone star-gazing at last, with a two-foot telescope *lent him by a friend.*

There is Wedgwood, another of your self-made men: see how, to the last, others also help to make him, and then he to make others. "Sir William Hamilton "lent him specimens of ancient art from "Herculaneum, of which Wedgwood's "ingenious workmen produced the most "accurate and beautiful copies. The "Duchess of Portland outbid him for "the Barberini vase, when that article "was offered for sale. He bid as high "as 1,700 guineas, but her grace secured "it for the sum of 1,800 guineas; but, "when she learnt Wedgwood's object, "she at once generously lent him the "vase to copy." And so this "manu- facturer of pots, name Wedgwood," as he describes himself, goes to find young Flaxman, to prove, to discipline, to foster, to cheer, and to reward that artistic genius, which God put in him through his father, the stucco-plasterer; and which, by a long and gentle nurturing of a poor and sickly child's mind and eye and hand, a certain benevolent clergyman, named Matthews, with his equally benevolent wife, had drawn out of him, or, as we say, educated. And, before we take leave of Flaxman's name, what shall we say of her, whom our author describes as "a cheery, bright-souled, "noble woman, who had a taste for "poetry and art, *and, besides, was an en- "thusiastic admirer of her husband's genius*"? Sir Joshua Reynolds took it on him to foretell that this Ann Denman had "ruined John Flaxman for an artist." How nobly she gave him the lie! how perseveringly! "'A great

"artist you shall be,' said his wife, "'and visit Rome too, if that be really "necessary to make you great.' 'But "how?' asked Flaxman. '*Work and "economise*,' rejoined the brave wife."

"Work?" yes, that must John Flaxman do: no true helper can, or will, relieve the helped of that glad necessity. "Economise?" that is, "guide the house," as St. Paul says "the younger women" ought to do, having first married, that they may have have the right and opportunity to do so. Well, that must Ann Flaxman do; and she did it, and so not only *sent* her John to Rome, but herself went with him; thus fulfilling one of the noble ends of holy matrimony ordained by God, "for the mutual so-"ciety, *help*, and comfort, that the one "ought to have of the other."

We underlined with purpose that one feature of Ann Flaxman's character, her enthusiastic admiration of her husband's genius; intending thence to double back on what we said before, that one mode of the action of God's agents, in making us "to differ from another," was the making such difference in us "known" to ourselves. If Mr. Smiles should ever write, as we hold him well capable of doing, a companion volume to his present book, which shall bear title "Mutual Help," we trust that he will give a chapter, full and richly illustrated, to this especial manner of its rendering. The first believer in us, what helper find we like to him—or her? For this is woman's province, oftentimes, to be true seer, and, because true seer, true prophetess, of what our yet undiscerned course and power to run shall be. Helpless, indeed, had many a self-helper been, his life lacking such helper as she in this wise. The great story of the world is full of this, from the legend of Gordius, the Lydian lad, who met the Pythoness maiden by the fountain of Telmessas; through Mahomet's fierce denial to his young Ayesha, that the love he bare her could match his love for Kadijah, that hailed him prophet first; down to this English Ann, who will not have it said that she had "ruined her John for an artist;" down, perhaps,—O happy thou, dear reader, if it be so,—to her whose name thine own glad heart repeats, as across the glowing hearth thou sendest, from this page, a look, an old, fond lover-look, to one whose second name, these many years, has been—thine own.

There is an old story, how a storm-beaten ship was broken by the storm at last, upon an unknown beach. Foot-prints were on the sand. "Of friend or foe?" debated, with misgiving, they who had 'scaped the wreck. Among them a sage spied out, somewhere in a sheltered spot, a diagram traced by some sea-side geometer. "Courage!" he said, "here "lives some lover of wisdom; here we "shall find at least one friend." Not without a friendly master did Herschel study mathematics. They may have made a mummy of old Euclid, Egyptian-wise, supposing that he died near the Nile-banks; but the diagrams on Herschel's book, as he sat alone to study, the aromatised, old, withered, mummy finger traced for certain. Has a man's education come by books?—it is but with the widest mental reservation we may say, "Here is a man self-educated." In the mere material truth of things he is debtor, not merely to the thinkers, reasoners, tale-tellers, song-singers, students, and teachers, of all the long genealogy of the sons of learning; but to all the mechanical perpetuators of their acquisitions from Cadmus to Faust and Gutenberg, and their latest successors in the type-foundry or compositor's-room! Then, having fallen upon mention of mechanical appliances and means, we may proceed to say, "What of the "man whose education has come rather "by tools than books?" Has not his self-help left him debtor also to all the generation of the sons of Tubal Cain? Cunning human brains, through skilful human hands, have passed into those lifeless agents of the man's own living design and will. Hammer-help and chisel-help, help of rude water-wheel, or help of engine of mightiest and most delicate steam-power,—all is man-help and brother-help to the most individual of so-called self-helpers. We grant that,

when the human brotherly agent is thus unseen, it is hard for us men, who, though we needs must "walk by faith and not by sight," are yet such weaklings in the apprehension of the unseen, to feel the personal obligation keenly. Pupils of the long dead and gone teachers, or of those from whom, never having looked upon them, they have learned only as we learn from the long dead and gone,—in other words, men self-taught by the books of others only,—are apt to show forth, in the tone and temper of their minds, faults of which the origin lies manifestly in their imperfect consciousness of personal obligation to their teachers. The enforcing of such consciousness by those personal memories which haunt for ever in after life the man who was trained in school or university—the reminiscences of voice, and look, and gesture, and of all that subtle magnetism of personal communication of power to feel and understand; this we take to be one of his choice inestimable advantages over that man who got his lore, alone, in a study, with eyes ever bent upon manuscript or print. It is wrong to forget that a book is a personal emanation; but the wrong is easy. Trite as the saying is, it is none the less valuable or true, that the copies of the Gospel which its Divine Author set in circulation to convert the world, were written on twelve human hearts and brains, and bound in twelve human bodies—not bound in boards, nor set up in types of lead, nor issued from the most wonder-working printing-press.

"It is not good for man to be alone;" therefore, not good for man to think himself alone, to think himself, save in a much-qualified sense, self-taught, self-holpen. Let not any man imagine that in so saying we wish to negative the true and manly teaching of our author's book, to preach the emasculation of souls, the untempering of the strong steel-springs of self-action from within. Mr. Smiles has headed his chapter upon "Energy and Courage" with the good old German proverb, "Den muthigen gehört die Welt" —"to the spirited belongeth the earth." Now the Psalms have much such another saying, with, however, the prefix of a word not seldom, as we think, but ill understood—"The meekspirited shall possess the earth." The meekspirited? Are they to be taken for a sort of soft, spongy-souled creatures, wanting in energy and courage? We trow not. Let us say it with reverence, but in all true-hearted boldness of loyalty, *He* is far other than such who challenges our allegiance, and claims to be our teacher, expressly because He is "meek and lowly in heart." Truest of all true self-helpers *He* was, but self-helper for the help of others, and helping them not least in this one special manner, of which we take note here—that He has rebuked the proud disdain of help-scorners, by stooping Himself to receive help no less than to give it; who, though He came, "not to be ministered unto but to minister," yet asked favour of the Samaritan woman by the well-side, and suffered others to "minister unto Him of their substance." Help-scorning is no true manly habit, because men should be cautious of cherishing it, not only lest it should make them untrue to the truest culture of self, but also lest it impair in them the willingness to help others. Blessed be that willingness! yea, even when ignorance and error stunt or blight its outgrowth into effectual help. There is some truth in our author's saying: "Whatever is done *for* men or classes "to a certain extent takes away the "stimulus and necessity of doing for "themselves;" but we wish he had rather underlined the words "to a certain extent." Things, we grant, are sometimes done "*for*" which truly are found to be done "*against*" men or classes. Nevertheless, that which is truly done "*for*" them has, to our mind, great power of "stimulus," and great aptitude to reveal "necessity."

As we began, so we end our notice with hearty thanks to the writer of this book. Thousands of self-helpers, that speak, and shall speak the English mother-tongue, will understand that by its writing its writer has proved to them how real and how worthy is the help that the self-helper must and does receive from others. R. C.

M. DE LESSEPS AND THE SUEZ CANAL.

BY THE REV. J. W. BLAKESLEY.

M. DE LESSEPS has just put forth a pamphlet on the subject of his projected canalization of the Isthmus of Suez, which he probably hopes may obtain equal success with the productions of MM. About and Grandguillot. It contains an account of the progress of the scheme from the very first; and although, of course, the jealousy of England—or rather, of some few English statesmen—is represented as the sole obstacle in the way of a success by which the whole world is to profit, there is nothing to complain of in the tone of the writer beyond the quiet assumption of this as an unquestionable fact. In this country we are too much accustomed to a similar proceeding on the part of the gentlemen who plead in our law-courts, to be disposed to quarrel with M. Lesseps for making the best of the brief which he holds. But we must take the liberty of cross-examining his witnesses a little, and suggesting a few counter considerations; which, if they do not serve to justify the parties incriminated by him, may at any rate soften the indignation of civilized Europe at being so long deprived of such a boon as the projected scheme.

It was in the year 1852 that M. Lesseps conceived the idea of forming a company for cutting a ship canal through the Isthmus of Suez; an undertaking which, he alleges, lay entirely within the powers of the Viceroy of Egypt to authorise, and was recognised as such by the foreign ministers to whom the scheme was communicated, both at Paris and Constantinople. However, Abbas Pacha, who was then Viceroy, showed himself altogether unfavourable to the enterprise, and it was laid aside until two years later, when Mohammed Said Pacha had succeeded to the vice-regal dignity. That prince listened more favourably to the representations of M. Lesseps, and on the 30th of November, 1854, he received a firman conferring upon him the exclusive privilege of forming a company for the desired object. Fortified with this, and with a recommendation to the Grand Vizier, he set off for Constantinople to obtain the adhesion of the Porte. Here, however, the malice of perfidious Albion began to work. The plan, M. Lesseps tells us, was favourably received by the Sultan, and the special ratification of the Viceroy's firman had actually been promised by the vizier, Reschid Pacha, when Lord Stratford de Redcliffe demanded a delay until he should have communicated with his own Government.

M. Lesseps lays great stress upon the argument that his scheme was at this time virtually approved by the Porte, and only prevented from being carried out by this traverse on the part of the British Ambassador; but the evidence which he brings forward for the fact, if it is to be presumed the best at his disposal, is of a kind which a judicious advocate on this side of the channel would be rather inclined to keep out of sight. It consists of a sentence extracted from a letter of Reschid Pacha to the Viceroy of Egypt, in which "the *interesting* project of the canal of Suez was described as being of the most useful kind," and of a more extended paragraph of a letter from M. Lesseps himself to Lord Stratford. In this latter, the favourable opinion of the Viceroy, and his resolution not to allow of any material interference with his firman, are set forth in language of which weakness is certainly not the fault, but which we must be excused for thinking not altogether uncoloured by the channel through which it has passed. Doubtless the writer was unconscious of any exaggeration in the report which he furnished to his opponent; but if the viceroy really expressed a proud exultation in the fact of his domestic government being emancipated from "the influence of the spirit of immobility and foreign control," it must be confessed that the

lion had learnt to roar very much in the tone of Snug the joiner. Be this as it may, one of the dignitaries of the Turkish Empire, Kiamil Pacha, was ordered to write to the viceroy, who was his brother-in-law, and express to him the serious fears with which the opposition of the English Government, announced by Lord Stratford, had inspired the Porte. Two points, it seems, especially required explanation; the one, what security the proposed Company could give on the subject of the use of the canal by ships of war; the other, how far the concession of land to it was in harmony with the maxims of the law of Islam, and with the principles acknowledged by Mahomet Ali at the time of the European settlement. The answers to these questions appear on the face of them satisfactory enough. As regarded the first, the proposed company was not to acquire rights of sovereignty any more than the shareholders in a railway or a mine; and with reference to the second, it was urged that by the Mahometan law any one who brings desert land into cultivation is assured the usufruct of it so long as he continues to pay the land-tax to the sovereign, who is, according to Oriental notions, always regarded as the sole possessor. Mahomet Ali himself had more than once allowed foreigners the benefit of this principle; and in 1843 especially, had made a grant of more than 30,000 *feddans* of waste (nearly 2,000 square miles) around Alexandria, and along the line of the Mahmudieh canal. Among the parties who benefited by this concession there were naturally many English, and both private and public advantage followed rapidly; the population of Alexandria, which was only 40,000 in the year 1835, exceeding 120,000 at the present time.

These explanations, M. Lesseps tells us, gave complete satisfaction at Constantinople, and "it was notorious" that Kiamil Pacha and other official persons were severely censured for the part which they had taken in endeavouring by private letters to dissuade the viceroy from carrying out "his generous and patriotic project."

On the 19th of May, 1855, Mahomet Said, considering that the letter of Resschid Pacha, to which we have referred above, contained a sufficient warrant for the consent of his feudal superior the Sultan, formally allowed M. Lesseps to take steps for launching his project, and gave him special powers with that view. The scheme, prepared by Egyptian engineers, was to be printed in Europe; and after having been subjected to the criticism of men of science in every part of the continent, was to await the final decision of an International Commission, composed of engineers known for their experience in hydraulic operations. This commission was to visit the Isthmus, to survey the proposed line of the canal, and to propose any modifications they thought desirable. Not until the seal of their approval had been affixed to the scheme, and all the obligations as well as advantages of the future shareholders had been clearly defined, were the capitalists of Europe to be appealed to in support of the undertaking. In the mean time, the Viceroy, whether from the desire to promote every undertaking which promised to develop the resources of the country, or from a wish to conciliate the English Government, at once allowed the continuation of the railroad from Alexandria—which had up to that time stopped at Cairo—as far as the Red Sea.

The proceedings of this International Commission have been for some time before the public; but, as we conceive, have by no means been examined with the care which the magnitude of the interests at stake rendered imperative. The minutes of their work form part of a volume published in 1856 by Effingham Wilson, under the title "New "Facts and Figures relative to the Isth- "mus of Suez Canal." It also contains a reply by M. Barthelemy de St. Hilaire to the well-known article on the subject which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* in January, 1856.

The commission was composed of representatives of all the principal European states, but only a part of them proceeded to Egypt. These were Mr. Maclean, an Englishman; M. Negrelli,

inspector-general of the Austrian railways; M. Conrad, a Dutchman, engineer-in-chief of the *Water-Staat;* and MM. Renaud and Lieussou, the former a member of the council of *Ponts et Chaussées*, the latter hydrographer to the French navy. They reached Suez on the 16th of December and remained there until the morning of the 21st, employing four days—M. Lesseps calls them five—in examining the roadstead of Suez and its neighbourhood, and determining on the localities from which materials might be provided for the works contemplated at that extremity of the proposed canal. On the 21st they started to follow up the contemplated line of excavation. In order that the reader may fully understand how much was involved in this task, it will be requisite to say a few words on the nature of the locality.[1]

The breadth of the isthmus, following the direction proposed to be taken by the projected canal, is as near as possible 104 miles, a portion of which distance passes through a lake, which M. Lesseps believes to possess sufficient depth at all times of the year to render further excavation superfluous. This is the piece of water which appears on the maps under the name of Temsah, or Tempsa. "From the summit of the "downs which command it," says our enterprising projector, "we beheld a "magnificent basin half filled with "water, which might easily be con- "verted into an inland harbour of almost "any extent." In fact, the 6th Article of the charter which was conceded to him in the sequel of the report of the International Commission, provides that this same lake shall be "converted into "an inland harbour capable of receiving "vessels of the highest tonnage;" and in a chart which was, a couple of years ago, one of the ornaments of the public library at Algiers, this state of things is pictorially represented, to the great edification of the rising generation of natives, whose first lesson, "to love France, their new country," is perhaps assisted by the imposing views of the future of Africa under French auspices thus unveiled to their trustful imaginations. The engineer officers, however, who conducted the survey of Egypt under the first Napoleon, seem to have been less sanguine as to the capabilities of this possible Port of the world. In the elaborate map which they constructed, it is described as "without water except during great inundations of the Nile." Possibly this description is altogether incorrect; but nevertheless it seems not to have appeared altogether in that light to the International Commissioners. "Lake Temsah," say they, "is dry at its south- "ern part; the northern part alone still "contains a little water, much salter "than that of the sea." Yet, at the time the lake presented itself under this aspect, the effect of the inundation could not have altogether passed away; there is no mention of any soundings, or of any observations upon which an estimate of the amount of evaporation could be formed; and a spectator, whose eyes were undazzled by the mirage of a gigantic enterprise, might, we incline to think, have conjectured that in the coming June and July, after five or six months of drought under an Egyptian sun, the state of Lake Temsah would fully confirm the accuracy of the earlier observers.

Lake Temsah is separated on the south from two salt marshes which go under the name of the Bitter Lakes, by a bar of sand, upon which stand some ruins which are believed to be those of one of the many temples of Serapis, which formerly existed in the Delta.

[1] Mr. Wyld has just put forth an excellent little map of the Delta, which may be obtained for a shilling, and is well worth the money. The reader, however, who may be unable at the instant to procure access to that or any other map, will be enabled to follow our remarks without difficulty, if he will lay his left hand flat upon the paper before him, and extend the fingers and thumb of it as widely as possible. If, then, he imagines each to be about doubled in length, the thumb nail will *roughly* represent the site of Suez, the centre of the wrist that of Cairo (on pretty nearly the same latitude), and the tips of the first, second, third, and fourth fingers, the respective positions of the northern extremity of the projected canal, and the Damietta, the Sebennytic, and Rosetta mouths.

The elevation of the bar is no more than 3.4 metres (about 10 feet) above the level of low-water in the Mediterranean. The edge of the Lake Temsah is $\frac{35}{100}$ of a metre below the same level, and the Bitter Lakes are yet more depressed. In the larger (which is the northernmost), the deepest part of the bottom is filled by a thick bed of sea salt. The Commissioners made borings in six different places. In two, for which the most depressed parts of the basin were selected, the surface of the soil was 6.67 and 7.35 metres respectively below the low-water level of the Mediterranean. The bore gave in the first instance 2 metres thickness of crystallized sulphate of lime and sea salt, covered by a few inches of agglutinated shells, and in the second $3\frac{1}{2}$ metres of sea salt in layers. The other four excavations were made in the southernmost of the two Bitter Lakes, the surface soil of which was clear of salt, but as in the case of the other, quite dry. The bore brought up clay, more or less mixed with sand and sulphate of lime, and in some cases coloured yellow and green. Occasionally it had the appearance of mud deposited by the Nile. The superficial soil was in the lowest of these borings, 5.4 metres below the Mediterranean; so that the singular phenomenon presents itself for explanation of Lake Temsah on the higher level containing water at the end of December, while the Bitter Lakes, although so much lower, were perfectly dry. This is important to remark, because this variation in the elevation appears to have affected the construction of the ancient canals of the Pharaohs and Greek kings of Egypt.

On the 23d the Commissioners had encamped on a hillock, called Sheik Ennedi, from the name of an Arab saint, who is there buried. The site, M. Lesseps imagines, is that of the Baalzephon of the Bible. The next morning they turned westward, and proceeded up the Wady-Tomilat, as far as the site of the ancient city Rameses. Along this valley a fresh water canal, derived from the Nile, is intended to pass and to debouch into Lake Temsah. This is by far the most promising part of M. Lesseps' scheme, and may possibly succeed. He is here unquestionably following in the footsteps of the Pharaohs, the dykes of whose canal are still traceable, and between them the mud left by the Nile at the time of its recent inundation also showed itself. Except in this hollow, the valley is covered with sand, and the hillocks to the right and left are so slightly elevated in most parts, as to be scarcely perceptible to the eye. Nevertheless, it is obviously by this course that the Nile water during the inundation, even now finds its way to Lake Temsah, and bestows upon it that feature which distinguishes it from the Bitter Lakes, and which gave rise to the bright vision as to its future destiny which has impressed itself on M. Lesseps' imagination.

The Commissioners observed Christmas day by not striking their camp; but the next morning they returned in a N.E. direction towards the north of the Lake Temsah, encamping for the night at a station called El Guisr, which is about 36 miles from Pelusium. It is a bar of clayey sand, elevated 15 metres above the low-water level of the Mediterranean, and constitutes the boundary between the basin of the Red Sea and that of the Mediterranean. Here will be required the greatest amount of cutting in the formation of the great ship canal. M. Lesseps says, "The cuttings will be from 11 to 12 metres in depth for a distance of five miles;" but if the water-shed of El Guisr be (as the minutes of the Commissioners state) 15 metres above the surface of the two seas, and consequently of the canal,—which itself is to be 8 metres deep,—it is obvious that this must be an erroneous estimate. The Commissioners found there a party of Egyptian engineers sent thither by the viceroy, who were engaged in boring. A depth of 23 metres gave a succession of layers of coloured clayey sand, in the lowest parts almost lapidified.

On the 27th the party encamped at the ancient Migdol (as M. Lesseps believes), and were surprised to find that the traces of an encampment which had taken place there in the preceding year,

were still in perfect preservation. This is one of the facts upon which M. Lesseps lays great stress. "The traces were as fresh," he says, "as though they had "been left only the day before, and the "ridges of sand raised round the bottom "of the tents to prevent the passage of "the air were still untouched. . . . . "Looking at these recent vestiges, side "by side with the ruins and remains "which have lain for ages on the soil, it "is impossible not to become convinced "that displacements of sand on so large "a scale as is often talked of, and with "which the future canal has been "threatened, must be rare enough, and "not very dangerous, if indeed they "ever take place at all."[1]

The effect of drifting sand is no doubt a most important element in the question, and the Commissioners appear to have had their attention especially directed towards it in the journey from El Guisr to Pelusium.

Pelusium itself, or rather the mound which is assumed to be the ancient Pelusium, is situated in the midst of the alluvial soil left by the overflowing of Lake Menzaleh, an enormous mere, which is the receptacle of all the water brought by the eastern branches from the main stream of the Nile. It is separated from the sea by a low beach of sand, through which its waters ever and anon form fresh outlets. Nothing can be more arbitrary than to attempt to identify these at any given time, with the mouths which existed in the time of the ancient writers, who are constantly quoted for the purpose of illustrating the modern topography of the Delta. At the time of the French expedition there were two vents, the Boghaz Fareg, and the Boghaz Dibeh; at the present time these are both closed, and the disgorgement of the water of Lake Menzaleh is effected by a new opening, the Boghaz Ghemil.

The original idea of M. Lesseps had been to carry his canal into the Mediterranean at a point east of the Lake, at the very head of the bay of Pelusium, from whence the distance across the isthmus is the least. The International Commission condemned this scheme. The shore is not compact at that point, and this circumstance would render the seaworks expensive. The dominant winds too, from the W.N.W., which prevail for three quarters of the year, would drive any vessel setting sail from the canal at once upon a lee-shore. These arguments are so cogent, and at the same time so obvious, that they excite a feeling of wonder that they did not at first occur to the projectors of the scheme. But it is even more extraordinary that the International Commissioners should at once extemporize an alternative which certainly demanded the fullest inquiry as to its feasibility. From a point very little north of El Guisr (the water-shed of which we spoke above), they propose to take the canal in a straight line, passing through the whole of the mere of Menzaleh, to a point about eighteen miles W.N.W. of the original destination of its northern end. Over this space of six or seven and thirty miles, they never passed, and from the nature of the country could not pass at that season of the year. They neither knew from their own experience, nor do any sufficient data exist to guide any human being to a conclusion on the subject, what the depth of the lake is along this line, and what the nature of the soil under the deposit of Nile mud with which the whole mere is lined. They arrived at Pelusium on the twenty-eighth of December, they passed the two following days in examining the *sea coast*, and on the third day, on board the Egyptian frigate, the *Nile*, they drew up an elaborate report, which takes up thirteen printed pages, modifying the original project to the extent we have stated, and—as if this was not enough for one morning's work—deciding between the relative merits of three rival schemes as

[1] The phenomenon admits of a very simple explanation. The site had been protected from drifting sand by the presence of a considerable extent of water on its *eastern* side. The same cause is the origin of the contrast that the *right* bank of every branch of the Nile, which is always bare, presents to its opposite neighbour, which is as uniformly covered with moving hillocks.

to the mode in which Port Said—the name conferred on the projected terminus of the canal—should be protected from the attacks of the waves. One gentleman proposed to form, by jetties, a channel in a straight line 400 metres broad, carried out into a depth of 10 metres of water. Another thought a breakwater of 1,500 metres in length, and carried out 1,000 metres beyond the head of the jetties, would be a piece of economy. With this shelter, the jetties, he urged, might stop at the depth of 8 metres in the sea, instead of being prolonged to the extent of 10. A third, still more expansive in his views, proposed to make the jetties "embrace a "rectangular basin of 300 *hectares* (about "740 acres), into which the canal should "open, which would present at the "same time, a grand port or inclosed "roadstead, a wet dock, and a site for "various constructions." Considering that the whole number of Commissioners present was only five, the fertility of invention which could at once suggest so many methods of solving a difficult problem, calls forth an admiration which is not diminished when we find that two of the three suggestions were, on the spot, discovered to involve fatal objections, and candidly renounced by their authors. The final conclusion arrived at was, to recommend the construction of two jetties running S.W. and N.E., with an interval of 400 metres between them. The northernmost of the two was to be carried out to a length of 3,000 metres (not very much short of two miles) into the sea, and to stop in a depth of 10 metres. The other, 500 metres shorter, would have a depth of only 8 metres at its extremity. The former was to be 10 metres wide at the crown, the latter 6, and both were to be raised 2 metres above the surface of the sea, and surrounded by a parapet.

The question naturally occurs where could the materials be found for the construction of these gigantic moles, and for similar works, on a somewhat less scale, which were required at the other extremity of the canal. As regards the latter, sufficient resources exist in the immediate neighbourhood of Suez. The Djebel Ataka, a mountain of limestone, only a few miles to the S.W. of the town, supplies a solution of the question. But this could not be made use of for the works of the northern port, until the canal itself was actually formed; for to convey masses of stone overland for 100 miles and more, over a sandy desert, is an extravagance at which even the most enterprising projector must revolt. The materials for Port Said, therefore, it was proposed to bring from Cyprus, or Scarpanto, which possess the advantage of a safe harbour in the immediate neighbourhood of the quarries. Unfortunately, the same security is altogether wanting at the point where the cargoes would have to be discharged. The expenses of executing the whole of the ship canal, and the ports connected with it, were estimated by the Commissioners as not likely to exceed 200,000,000 of francs (8,000,000*l.*); but subsequent investigations have induced M. Lesseps to reduce even this bagatelle. In his recent pamphlet (page 37) he estimates the expense of the canal and its outlets at no more than 65,000,000 of francs. The work, too, he tells us, will require only three years and a half, and the number of labourers employed at any one time never exceed four or five thousand. This result has been arrived at *d'après les évaluations établies sur un devis définitif;* but the precise nature of the data which have led to so agreeable a conclusion, M. Lesseps does not indicate. As a capital of 200,000,000 francs has been subscribed for,[1] it was natural to look out for means of employing at least some portion of the surplus. This has

[1] The subscription was opened on the 5th of November, 1858, and closed on the 30th of the same month: foreign capitalists appearing not to have shared the scepticism of envious England as to the chances of success. On obtaining the requisite guarantee, the Company was definitely constituted on the 5th of January, 1859. The Charter of Concession (consisting of twenty-three articles) was granted by the Pacha on the 5th of January, 1856; three days after the report of the International Commissioners being made to him.

been found in the freshwater canal, which is to be carried from the Nile twelve or thirteen miles below Cairo, to approach the westernmost part of Lake Temsah, and from thence to turn round in a S.E. direction, and join the ship canal in the neighbourhood of Suez. To the construction of this work, the purchase of lands which it will be necessary to take, and the payment of interest on the instalments of shareholders until the great Ship Canal begins to make returns, M. Lesseps proposes to devote 33,000,000 of francs, and leave a dozen more for contingencies. As for the balance of 80,000,000, it seems contemplated to leave it to fructify in the pockets of the speculators; not the least pleasing feature, perhaps, in the undertaking.

By the terms of the charter, three-fourths of the workmen employed are to be natives of Egypt, and the question suggests itself, How are their services to be obtained? This matter was probably settled in a firman of the Pacha to M. Lesseps, bearing the date of the 20th of July, 1856; but unfortunately, only the least interesting part of this document—the preamble—is quoted in the pamphlet (page 14). The statement, however, prefixed to the volume of "New Facts and Figures," throws some light upon the subject. "The Viceroy," says the writer, "has moreover promised "to supply the Company with whatever "number of native workmen their en- "gineers should consider necessary for "the remainder of the works, and it is "proposed to fix at once their daily "pay at the maximum rate of one "franc; higher wages than has hither- "to been received by the native work- "men." This liberality is the more laudable, as it appears from another report, inserted in the same volume, upon the system of irrigation to be established in upper and central Egypt, that the expense of a scheme there discussed "may "be diminished to the extent of half, "by having the earthworks done by "enforced labour (*corvée*)." (Page 163.) The Fellahs of Assouan may well envy their lucky brethren of the Delta. The Suez canal sheds a rosy hue over all who are fortunate enough to come into any relation with it. It is to be carried through a sandy desert, many miles away from any spot where a drop of water or a morsel of bread can be procured; while all through Central and Upper Egypt provisions are plentiful, and water at hand. It is never to require the labour of more than 4,000 or 5,000 labourers; while the construction of the Mahmudieh canal, a great part of which consisted in the clearing out of an existing channel, employed nearly 250,000 workmen (of whom no less than 20,000 perished) for a year. It is dependent upon the previous construction of a fresh-water canal,[1] itself of greater extent than the celebrated canal of the Pharaohs, in making which 200,000 lives are said to have been sacrificed.[2]

But a more important matter than any other relating to this subject, is the possibility of maintaining the proposed ship canal, should it ever be constructed. The dominant wind on the north coast of Egypt is the N.W. or W.N.W., which blows on an average for three days out of every four in the year. It is particularly strong and constant during the height of the inundation of the Nile; so much so, that one of the hypotheses which occurred to the ancients as the cause of the rise of the river, was the strength of these "Etesian gales," as they were called, which it was suggested had penned the water back. They usually began to blow continuously about the end of July, and their effect was such, that during the following six or seven weeks the flat-bottomed barges could go from Alexandria to Koptus in Upper Egypt, in twelve days, against a stream running in some places four and five miles an hour. Now, according to M. Lesseps' own *data*, more than 1,000 millions of cubic yards of Nile water per hour, pass Cairo during the time of

[1] "As it will supply potable water to the workmen, and form a means of transport." M. Lesseps' words in "New Facts and Figures," page 19, *note*.

[2] Herodotus, II. 158. The freshwater canal, with its southern branch, is very nearly coincident with that which was the aggregate product of the labours of Neko, Darius, and Ptolemy.

high flood. This has been estimated to contain on the average a $\frac{4}{1000}$th part of solid matter, so that the amount of sand and mud transported must be enormous. As figures convey very indistinct notions to the general reader, we will endeavour to aid his imagination. Let him suppose the great pyramid, (which stands upon about half an acre of ground more than the area of Lincoln's Inn Fields,) to be comminuted into the state of sand. This would not furnish a full hour's allowance of Nile silt; the whole of which is either spread over the surface of the Delta, or carried by the current into the sea. It is, of course, with the latter portion only that we are concerned. But it is obvious to a person possessing the most ordinary powers of observation, that when the current so charged meets the sea driven by wind, the resulting direction, like that of a billiard ball struck simultaneously by two cues, will be that of the diagonal of the two forces. Hence a simple explanation offers itself of the appearance presented by the sea edge of the Nile Delta. The natural tendency of all streams entering the sea, is to push their mouths forward between banks of deposit; and if the sea were always perfectly calm, every river which debouched into it, would, in the course of ages, uniformly assume the aspect of a canal pushed out between two jetties of its own formation. Let the reader now cast his eye upon any map of Lower Egypt, and look at the westernmost branch of the Nile entering the sea at Rosetta. The current issuing from that channel meets the sea wave urged by the Etesian monsoon more directly than any other branch of the Nile does, and consequently, although it is compelled to succumb to the overwhelming might of its opponent, rushing from the N.W., or W.N.W., its own momentum enables it to carry its burden of silt a little onward to the E. N. E. Hence has grown up the barrier which defends Lake Bourlos from the sea. The next, or Sebennytic channel (which in the time of Herodotus was the largest of all) entered the Mediterranean nearly in a due northerly direction. The Etesian giant here has won a much more decisive victory, and the trophy of it appears in the desert tract which intervenes between Lake Bourlos and Lake Menzaleh: the coast line of which runs considerably to the south of east. Proceeding further we reach the Damietta branch, the stream of which enters the sea towards the north east. Encountered immediately by a tremendous force directly upon its flank, it yields without any attempt at resistance, and deposits its silt almost in the line of its enemy's career. This is the origin of the low spit, which constitutes the barrier between Lake Menzaleh and the sea. It is so little elevated, that in stormy weather the waves continually break over it; and so weak, that new mouths are often formed by the waters of the lake at the time of the inundation. Now it is at an aperture in this very spit that the proposed ship canal is to terminate in the two long jetties or piers which we have described above, and which are to be carried out into the sea in a direction as near as possible at right angles to the coast-line; that is, to the line of force of the same prevailing wind, which, as we have said, at certain seasons of the year, assumes a violence and permanence that attracted the attention of the ancients, and procured it the distinguishing name of Etesian.

The reader has doubtless often seen on the beach at any English watering-place, the *groynes*, as they are called, or framework of posts, which run down into the sea at right angles to the coast line, and are intended to retard the wear of the land under the scouring action of the coast-wave. He will probably have remarked that after even a single night of moderate wind, they are covered to a height of many feet on the windward side with the sand and shingle which has been cast up. Now just such "groynes," only on a much larger scale, are the two proposed piers between which M. Lesseps' canal finds its way to the sea. According as a gale may arise from the western or eastern half of the compass, will his long or his short pier be enriched with an accumulation of drift upon its outer side. The former case,

owing to the great excess, both in duration and violence, of the western winds, is obviously the most important, and we will confine our remarks to it. It seems *primâ facie* indisputable, that if the forces of nature are to continue in their usual operation, the effect of the new obstacle must be to arrest the transport of the matter which has hitherto been carried by the Etesian coast-wave eastwards, and to accumulate it along the westernmost pier, until a complete spit of sand and *débris* has been formed on a level with the crown of the jetty. So far, it will be said, no great harm will be done. But when this point has been reached, a fresh supply of drift still accruing at every return of the inundation of the Nile, the spit between the Damietta mouth and Port Said will grow continually broader, and the abrasions from its edge, mixed with the newest Nile deposit, will be borne round the end of the pier and settle in the still water under its lee. In this manner, independently of the effect of blown sand, a bar will gradually be formed at the mouth of the canal, which no amount of dredging will be able to keep under, and the navigation will be effectually stopped.

These considerations, however, accordant as they are with the general experience of the mouths of rivers, the International Commission do not admit. In their belief, founded on the observations of M. Larousse, who, while the Commissioners were in Egypt, investigated the coast on board an Egyptian frigate, the Nile carries to the sea a great deal of mud but a very little sand. The mud is carried away in a state of liquefaction, and the residuum of sand is scarcely perceptible. It is true that when the sea is calm, the two may for a time be deposited together. But the first rough weather tears up the accumulation, and a separation takes place, followed by a transfer of the mud into the deep water in different directions, according to the under currents at the time. The sand, raised up during the swell, sinks again, and is borne away by the motion of the lower waters, travelling along the actual bottom by short stages, and retained in the region of shallows near the shore, where the commotion of the coast-waves does not allow the mud to settle. Every billow that breaks casts some sand up the beach; with the returning wave some of it is carried back, but a portion remains beyond the reach of the waters. This part, thus accumulated, is soon dried in the burning sun, and carried away by the wind, which spreads it over the plain, or forms it into dunes. Thus, in the opinion of the Commission, the shores of the Delta acquire scarcely any increase from the fresh additions brought down annually by the Nile, and no danger to Port Said is to be apprehended from the causes which we have just described.

It is plain that this reasoning rests upon a hypothetical mode of action of the sea upon the Nile deposits, which it is important should be confirmed by facts. If the theory be well grounded, no Nile sand ought to be found outside of what M. Lesseps terms "the zone of the shallows;" and this is actually asserted by M. Larousse. But the hastiness of this statement has been evinced in the most complete manner by the submarine experiments conducted by that intelligent officer, Captain Spratt, in the spring of 1858, on the sea bottom along the coast of the Delta. He made between 200 and 300 dredgings at different depths, and the result showed that to the distance of twelve miles from the shore, and to a depth of more than twenty fathoms, Nile sand was almost invariably present, and generally in very considerable proportion to the mud. Some of these dredgings deserve especial notice. Off Bourlos, and therefore opposite to the ancient Sebennytic mouth, three dredgings, at the respective distances from the shore of ten, eleven, and thirteen miles, brought up *pure* sand of Nile deposit, the first fine and yellow the other two of a coarse texture. A fourth dredging, in thirty-one fathoms, and sixteen miles from the shore brought up sea-coral; so that about here seems to be the limit attained by the deposits from that branch. Off Ghemil, and consequently just to the

west of Port Said, three dredgings, from one and a half miles to four and three quarter miles from the shore, gave likewise pure Nile deposits of mud and sand, in which the proportion of the latter to the former varied from twelve to fifty-six per cent. The accumulation of Nile drift therefore, in an unsorted state, is manifest. But this is not all. It has been demonstrated that the set of this accumulation is altogether eastward, *i. e.* in the direction for blocking up the projected Port Said. The Nile deposits are traceable on that side as far as the coast of Syria, and the rate at which they are carried is very great. Taking the hint from an observation made some years ago by Sir W. Reid, in ascertaining the beach movement on the south-west coast of England, Captain Spratt determined to deposit some bags containing a quantity of ashes and clinkers from the *Medina's* engine-room, on the beach at Port Said, trusting to be enabled to follow them in their dispersion by means of their colour. He accordingly laid eleven of these, weighing on the whole about two tons, in a heap just above the water's edge. On returning after twelve days, he found not a vestige of them remaining on the spot; but on following the beach in the direction of the prevailing wave movement, he discovered one clinker, that weighed three pounds and a half, at a distance of 240 yards; several more, of about half a pound, at 600 and 700 yards; and some, weighing two ounces, at a distance of full 1,500. The greater part were, naturally, buried beneath the sand of the beach, which had been moved at the same time with them. Yet this experiment was made in the month of May, when the force of the coast-wave would be very small in comparison. A negative evidence to the same effect is furnished by the freedom from Nile deposits, not only of the harbour of Alexandria, but of the sea-bottom for a few miles further east. The limit of the river's influence is clearly defined by a line about twelve miles to the west of the Rosetta mouth. On the one side, the dredge brings up white calcareous sand, which coalesces with muriatic acid; on the other, blackish siliceous sand and mud, the unmistakeable product of the great river, which—

Viridem Ægyptum *nigrâ* fecundat *arenâ*.

It is difficult to imagine that M. Lesseps and the Commissioners would readily have entertained the paradox, that the deposits of the Nile were so small as they took them to be, had they not previously assumed that the ancient Pelusium was identical with the remains of a ruin which now goes by the name of Farama, and is at the same distance from the sea which Strabo states Pelusium to have been. Arguing from this circumstance, that the coast line of Egypt had not altered in the last 1,900 years, they were compelled to devise an explanation of the phenomenon, and suggest some intelligible theory for disposing of the river deposits. In a visit which Captain Spratt subsequently paid to the locality in question, he elicited what appears to us decisive evidence that Farama was not Pelusium; although we cannot deem his conjecture of the real site of the latter town a very happy one. But we must not be tempted, by digressing into a topographical discussion, to prolong an article solely intended to give the general reader a view of the merits of a scheme to which political complications have given a prominence that, under other circumstances, it could scarcely have attained. The Suez Canal question is, in its essence, a simple squabble for the preponderance of English or French influence at Alexandria and Constantinople. The serving men "bite their thumbs" at one another, each avowing loudly that "he serves as good a man" as his rival; and the military preparations of our imperial neighbour have at last perhaps induced M. Lesseps to urge M. Thouvenel to say, "a better." But English statesmen are surely too wise to enter upon a quarrel ostensibly to prevent foreign capitalists from wasting their money; and the Emperor must hesitate to identify himself with an operation, which might not impossibly come to be designated by posterity as "Napoleon's Folly."

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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ON THE REVISION OF THE PRAYER-BOOK AND THE ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

BY THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

Lord Ebury proposes a revision of the Liturgy. He will, I presume, move that the Queen should be addressed to issue a Commission for that purpose. This Commission will probably contain a fair proportion of lay and of ecclesiastical persons. There is no reason to suppose that any men of extreme opinions will be included in it. That its character will be mild and conservative we may conjecture from the character of Lord Ebury himself.

What the sentiments of the laity of England generally are concerning this measure it is absurd to speculate. There is no excitement about it one way or the other. Classes, localities, individual influences must so modify public opinion that the most sagacious observer of its cross currents may well be puzzled. Our statesmen, I trust, will despair of tracing them, that they may apply themselves fairly to the consideration of the subject on its own merits.

The judgments of the Clergy have been more distinctly pronounced. A considerable section of them has signed a memorial in favour of revision. A very much larger body has declared against it. But a number are silent; either from not having formed an opinion, or from not caring to express their opinion, or from holding an opinion which differs in some respect from that both of the approvers and the remonstrants. Some may agree with Lord Ebury in his principle, but may doubt about the way in which he will reduce it to practice. Some may desire that only clergymen should suggest improvements in the book which they are obliged to use. Some may wish to secure that every concession to one party in the Church should be met by a corresponding concession to the other. There are again those who are unwilling to join in any protest which may imply that a reformation in the Church is not necessary, that laymen should not interfere in it, that the Prayer-book needs our protection, and yet may feel as strongly as those who sign such a protest that the proposed revision is likely to make our services less comprehensive and less adapted to the wants of our time than they are at present.

To this class I own that I belong. Not that I am in the least competent to express its sentiments—if it is a class. In what I shall say, I shall be simply uttering my own. I wish to explain what I think the question is; on what principles I suppose it ought to be considered; how those principles have led me to my conclusion.

I should not have thought it necessary to state formally what the question is, if I had not fallen in with many respectable people who suppose that those who object to Lord Ebury's scheme must necessarily consider the Prayer-book perfect. I certainly never encoun-

tered a clergyman who entertained that monstrous imagination. I doubt if such a clergyman exists. Neither do I remember to have encountered any literary man who supposes that there are no passages or scenes in Shakspeare which had better be omitted, or which were fitter for the sixteenth than for the nineteenth century. But since most Englishmen of our day would maintain that a commission in the reign of Queen Anne, to amend his plays and adapt them to the taste of the times,—a commission which might have included such splendid names as Joseph Addison, Richard Steele, Jonathan Swift, John Arbuthnot, Alexander Pope,—as would have made them more agreeable then, but would have made them utterly disagreeable to us; I do not hold that I am committing a *primâ facie* absurdity, or offering any insult to the practical wisdom of our laymen or the theological wisdom of our divines, if I believe that the Liturgy would issue from their hands poorer and narrower than it was when it came, with whatever blots, from the hands of our forefathers. This is our subject; it deals with probabilities, not possibilities.

I have used the words "poorer and narrower," not "less beautiful." I am not thinking about composition—about pleasant archaisms, or the rhythm of sentences. Of these I should expect the Commission to be careful, so far as they found it possible. In those prayers on the occasion of royal births, Crimean wars, Indian mutinies, which we are sentenced to read, there is generally a laborious attempt to copy the sixteenth century phraseology, and even the impression which it makes on the ear. The effort is far too obvious to be successful; if it were *not* made—if the prayers were written in the ordinary speech of the day—they would be more really like the forms with which we are familiar; we should be conscious of less jar in passing from one to the other. Were we less slavish in our imitations, we might be better trusted with the treatment of free and original models. When the Reformers adopted old Catholic forms, they entered into the spirit of them, and therefore could afford to depart from the letter. It is the spirit, not the letter of them, which I believe will be sacrificed by those who undertake to alter them now.

I will set down four maxims which govern my thoughts upon this question. I trust they will not be unacceptable to those who differ from me in my conclusion. First, that a church which aspires to be national ought to address itself to the mind and heart of the whole nation, and ought not to allow the notions or habits of any particular age or any particular school to interfere with this object. Secondly, that a national church ought not to allow any accidental advantages which it may possess in the way of prescriptive rights, privileges, property, to stand in the way of this object. Thirdly, that the clergy of a church aspiring to be national should be ready to remould or reform any habits of their own which interfere with this object. Fourthly, that a national church cannot expect the state to persevere in any course of policy, adopted originally for its protection, which interferes with this object. By these rules I wish that those who support a revision of the Liturgy and those who oppose it should be judged.

1. I cannot find a better spokesman for the revisionists than the Rev. Isaac Taylor, of Trinity College, Cambridge, Curate of Trottersclife.[1] Mr. Taylor's name indicates, I presume, that he has had the advantage of conversing with an eminent religious philosopher, and that he combines with a clerical position a knowledge of certain classes who are outside of our communion. He writes with much clearness and ability. And, in addition to his other qualifications, he has the very great one of using such arguments as are likely to commend themselves to the minds of our legislators, especially of our conservative legislators, to the fears of the clergy, to the prevailing sentiments of a great portion of our middle classes. Three-

[1] The Liturgy and the Dissenters. Hatchard, 1860.

fourths, if not nine-tenths, of Lord Ebury's supporters would, I should think, accept Mr. Taylor as a most satisfactory representative of their thoughts and wishes. If I knew one who would represent them more skilfully and more effectually, I should select him.

What then are Mr. Taylor's notions of the reasons which should induce us to make alterations in the Liturgy? He has two. One is drawn from the material interests of the Church; the other, from justice to the Dissenters. He is unfair to himself when he admits that in *both* these arguments he is taking a "low" ground. He who is asserting what is *just* must be always taking a high ground. Whether he is just to the Dissenters, whether the end he is seeking, and the means by which he would attain it, does not involve injustice to them as well as to us, let the reader consider when I have told him what his scheme is, and how he defends it.

There is a large body of the Dissenters, he informs us, who are directly hostile to the establishment, who wish to deprive it of its revenues and endowments. Mr. Morley and Dr. Foster are the persons whom he mentions as leaders of this Non-conformist party. He believes it to have increased greatly within the last few years, and to be increasing now. But there are men among the Dissenters who do not take these extreme views. The idea of an establishment is not odious to them. Many of them would like that they or their sons should partake in its privileges and advantages. Would it not be exceedingly politic to conciliate this moderate class? Would they not add immensely to our power in resisting the ultra class? But you may conciliate them if you will make certain alterations in the Liturgy. They have a strong dislike to certain words in our Baptismal Service, in our Catechism, in our Burial Service. Suppose we do not share in their objections, is it not well to give up a few phrases which we approve or do not disapprove, if we can buy such useful co-operation? Ought not even those of us who think these words true and important, to be ready to suppress that conviction as far as these public prayers are concerned, to hold it silently in our hearts, rather than lose the chance of detaching a force from the ranks of Dr. Foster and Mr. Morley, and of enlisting it in our own?

Now, this may be justice to the Dissenters according to Mr. Taylor's theory of justice; it certainly does not accord with mine. If my first principle is true, we ought, as a National Church, to consider whether we have no voice that can address itself to the followers of Mr. Morley and Dr. Foster, as well as to those who, we are told, are ready, if we hold out a sufficient bait, to desert them. I cannot persuade myself that those who quarrel most with what we all admit to be the accidents of our position, are the most hopeless of our opponents, or those with whom we should at once conclude that we can establish no kind of sympathy. I may think that they are very mistaken in many of their conclusions; sometimes very mistaken about the facts on which they ground their conclusions. But I should be belying my conscience if I pretended that they were always wrong in their complaints of us; that they did not sometimes touch very sore places in our system which we need to be reminded of, and which had far better be touched roughly than not at all. I believe they bear a useful witness that the foundations of a Church are heavenly and not earthly; spiritual and not mercantile. I thought before, that we needed such rough counsellors as Dr. Foster and Mr. Morley; I think it more since I have read the pamphlet of this able young Clergyman, who, I fear, may have far too many of the younger Clergy on his side. For is he not practically inverting that order which it is so essential that we should understand and preserve? Is he not avowedly calling upon us to give up something that has been connected with our spiritual interests for the sake of defending our material interests, and this that we may

put a large section of the Dissenters into stronger antagonism?

What I have said thus far has no reference to the importance or insignificance of that which we are required to give up that we may obtain this security for our material interests. Now consider what all honest and earnest dissenters, who do seriously object to those passages in our Baptismal Service, Catechism, and Burial Service, must say about the mode in which it is proposed that we should abandon them. We have had the daring to tell our children that they are members of Christ, children of God, inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven. With a stroke of our pen we can erase those words, certainly; they only make about two lines of writing. But can we with a stroke of our pen undo the enormous amount of falsehood which we have propagated—of guilt which we have incurred—if we have been building our whole education upon an assertion which is not true—which not being true, must be the very reverse of the truth? May not the Dissenter require that we should repent in dust and ashes of being accessories to such a delusion? Will he not protest, in the interests of common morality, against an attempt to escape from such an assertion, continued for so long, with Mr. Taylor's comfortable salvo to the conscience—"It should be remembered "that none are called upon to abjure "one single doctrinal position. The "utmost we are urged to do by the "most radical reformers, is to consent "to the *mollified* assertion, or the less "obtrusive exhibition of certain theolo- "gical and ecclesiastical theories, to "which we are, for the most part, "strongly attached, but which are so "offensive to the great body of the con- "forming and nonconforming laity, as "to endanger the very existence of the "Establishment."—p. 37.

Will not the Dissenter exclaim when he hears these words, "Certain theolo- "gical and ecclesiastical theories! What, "you do not think it a practical question "then, whether a child is a child of the "Devil or of God! You think you "may go on, age after age, proclaiming "that as a fact which we deny to be a "fact, and then suddenly *make a less* "*obtrusive exhibition* of your creed, lest "*you should endanger the Establishment.*" Will he not further say, "Is this which "you propose to omit, an isolated state- "ment? Can it be? Must it not go "through the whole Prayer-Book? "Must it not underlie every petition? "Is not this what you mean when you "address all the motley crowd in your "churches as *Dearly beloved Brethren*— "when you call upon all to address an "*Almighty, most merciful Father*, not in "some vague sense, but in *Christ Jesus* "*our Lord*, in whom *Thou hast made* "*promises to mankind?* Is not this the "reason why you repeat the Lord's "Prayer so often? Is not this what "excuses your general thanksgiving for "*the redemption of the world;* your "eucharistic acknowledgment of a *full,* "*perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, obla-* "*tion, and satisfaction, for the sins of* "*the whole world*? Are you not cheating "us in saying you will strike on cer- "tain offensive lines, when your services "from beginning to end, are redolent "of the same offence?"

Such must be the feeling of a Dissenter arguing the question from without. He cannot believe, as Mr. Taylor would persuade us, that it is a dispute about a particular word which may have a dozen different significations. It is nothing less than a question how we are to think of children, of grown men, of the human race; on what ground we are to place our education of children, our appeals to the consciences of Englishmen who do or do not frequent churches, our missions to the nations of the earth. I dare not urge him to judge less seriously than he does of the error and sin we have committed, if our hypothesis is wrong. For then I believe that when he comes into our churches and joins in our worship—however much natural revolting it may cause him at first—he will begin to ask himself whether the hypothesis may not be *right*—whether, at all events, there is not something in it which commends

itself to his conscience. He comes, of course, armed with all the traditional arguments in favour of extemporary prayers. He has heard *usque ad nauseam*, from our apologists, of the beauties of our Liturgy, and he is too earnest a worshipper to care about such nonsense. He has heard also from his own apologists of its numerous faults—they are all present to his mind. But there is a kind of universality in the petitions which appears to him very strange, and somehow—opposed as it is to his habitual notions—very attractive. "May it not be true that the God who "made Heaven and Earth is really "claiming all the persons in this crowd, "who are gathered about me, as His "children? I should like to think so, "wrong as it would be. If I *could* think "so, much that I read in the Bible "would certainly look a little plainer. "I should be able to take the words "literally about a Kingdom of Heaven "having come to men. I should be "able to read our Lord's parables to "publicans and sinners about a Father "seeking after his children, without "introducing any phrases of my own to "qualify them. The letters of the "Apostles to the churches would be "less puzzling. And then I might"—but just then the preacher goes into the pulpit and gives out his text. "It is "clear that this is not *his* view of the "matter. *He* agrees with the opinions "I had before, not with those which "these prayers he has been reading have "suggested to me: I may dismiss them "therefore, if I can." But it is not always that he can. The sermon has appealed to his sympathies as the member of a sect. He rejoices that it is so like what he should have heard in his own chapel. The prayers have appealed to his sympathies as an Englishman and a human being.

The questions have been aroused in him:—"Is a nation of rogues, outcasts, "vagabonds, with a sprinkling of saints, "a conceivable thing? Is not the old "Jewish doctrine, that his nation was "a righteous society, and that the un-"righteous members of it, however nu-"merous, must be looked upon as depart-"ing from their true state, a doctrine "which commends itself to reason, and "which explains the course of the Old "Testament history? Is not the doc-"trine, which some find in the New "Testament, of a human family redeemed "in the Son of Man, that which jus-"tifies it for each particular nation? "Does not the Prayer embody this, and "apply it directly to our own land?"

I am not speaking, be it recollected, of men brought up in modern theories of society or government; I am speaking of those who have been taught to regard the Bible as their manual, and who look upon the English Church with dislike and suspicion because they suppose it to depart from the teaching of that manual. To such persons it is natural that our forms should—it is a fact, in a vast number of cases that they do—suggest these inquiries. That in some of these cases they lead members of the English sects to become members of that which we call the National Church—and that these are the converts upon whose hearty attachment and permanence she may calculate most—is not the point I chiefly care to insist upon. I am quite aware that such conversions are slow; I do not desire that they should be more rapid. The last thing I believe to be coveted is an accession of men who enter our communion from mere violent revulsion against all which they have heard and learnt in their own. Such revulsions there may be; they may be the motives which operate most powerfully in a few when they first conform. But their stay amongst us is quite precarious; they will make us a mere half-way house to the Sacerdoce of Rome, or to the Sacerdoce of Auguste Comte; or they will subside into mere indifference; if they do not change that reactionary disgust for the conviction that the principles which they find in the English Church supply a foundation which they needed for their earlier convictions; yes, and justify the zeal and faith of those forefathers who spoke most hardly of our institutions, and of all who adhered to them. Till

the Wesleyan feels that our forms explain why he has a right to proclaim a Gospel to the outcast; till the Quaker feels that they more than affirm all that he affirms respecting a Divine Spirit in man; till the Unitarian recognises in the *Gloria Patri* the full manifestation of that Fatherly love which he has supposed that we were setting at nought, I do not think that we can count upon the allegiance of any one of them. When they are convinced that they are doing honour to the memories and traditions of their fathers in abandoning their denials, they may become more intelligent and devoted adherents in a day of trial than many who hold their faith by inheritance. But though I neither expect nor greatly desire a sudden influx of Dissenters into our body, such as Mr. Taylor thinks would be a great defence to the Establishment, I am convinced that those very characteristics of our Services, which he would remove for the sake of that advantage, are acting at this very moment most beneficially upon all the sects, are deepening in them the feeling that there must be a fellowship which is not a sectarian one, and which cannot be created by an amalgamation of sects; are operating unconsciously upon numbers who would utterly disclaim the operation, and attribute it to any influence but that. And I do think, also, that these characteristics of our Liturgy have helped to keep down the sectarian element in us, which is not less strong and rampant than in them; have compelled us to count ourselves as something else than an episcopal sect; have preserved in us some sense of responsibility to all our countrymen, and some sense of a bond which unites us to them all; have checked that very disposition to make our brethren offenders: for a word, to tie them down to some formal interpretation of a word, against which Mr. Taylor so reasonably protests. If you take away the right from us to speak to our countrymen as members of a divine family—if you tell us, that at any rate we must hold that only as a pious opinion; we shall inflict upon you all our stupid talk about Regeneration; we shall treat that word as one of life and death; we shall try to force as many as we can into conformity with our notions upon it. Such reasonings and such attempts, I grant you, do infinite harm. They produce a general sensation in practical English minds of indifference and disgust, as if we had nothing to tell men which concerned their business and bosoms, but could only argue about terms and definitions. I hold that the Gorham controversy was a curse to the land, and that the decision to which the Privy Council came upon it was a blessing; because it saved a principle from becoming either a question of property or a question of antiquarian knowledge. But that decision left the Liturgy as it was, to be interpreted as men could conscientiously interpret it. If you alter it in a certain sense, if you hinder us from teaching children and men as we have been wont to teach them, you open that sore again, you drive us back into our scholastic talk. And all this you do for the sake of peace, or rather—that I may use the phrase which the spokesman for revision prefers—for the sake of "the material interests of the Establishment."

2. My second proposition was, that those material interests, as well as any special tastes and opinions of ours, should be sacrificed if they stand in the way of our position as a national church. I use this language advisedly; because I perceive a disposition both among Dissenters and Churchmen, nearly as often among High Churchmen as among Low Churchmen, to consider that the church, so far as it is *national*, is only a collection of offices and endowments guaranteed, if not established, by acts of parliament. "The *spiritual* church," we are often told by one school among us,—"the *Catholic* church" we are often told by another,—"has nothing to do "with acts of parliament or anything "secular. But the very meaning of a "church becoming *national* is that it "gives up something of its spiritual or "something of its catholic quality, in "order that it may receive the advantage

" or the disadvantage of a state provision " and of state protection." I believe that there is no more fruitful source of secessions to Romanism among one class of our countrymen, of persistence in a vigorous and hostile Protestant Dissent by another, than this favourite theory. And I also believe that nothing has been so withering to our national life and character, so degrading to our state policy, as this same theory. A nation is no longer felt to consist of men, to whom property may or may not be entrusted. The property becomes the first thing in our contemplation; the men are looked on as holders of that. Contrive securities for its safe possession and safe transmission, and the *nation* is satisfied. It is desirable, no doubt, that there should be religious teachers to provide for the interests of men in another world, to see that what they have here is wisely invested with reference to that. Such teachers the statesman thinks may re-act usefully upon that world which is entrusted to his guidance. They have an armoury of fears and hopes which he does not possess, and which may deter men from some of the crimes that evade the policeman and the magistrate. He complains, however, that he has to pay dearly for these services; that the servant is apt to fancy himself a master; that the religious men oftener ask him to put down their foes than they succeed in putting down his. Then the Romanist steps in and says, "Of course, it must be so. The Church is to rule the State, not to serve it." And the Dissenter steps in and says, "Of course, it must be so. You have entered into an unlawful compact. The spiritual body ought to keep itself wholly aloof from the secular." Each, I believe, is confuted by his own experience. The Church, which sits as a Queen, has been the most grovelling of tools to the civil ruler. Those who say they can keep the two powers asunder have given some of the clearest evidences to the world that they must be continually affecting each other. But though they may be able to disprove their own theories, how powerful they are both when they are contending against ours! How ridiculous they make us look when they talk of our act of parliament church! How they compel us to hold down our heads when they say that we are after all only a favoured sect from which the Queen may at any time withdraw her patronage! Why do such words sting us so sharply? First, because there is a secret confession in our minds that they correspond with acts that we have done, with apologies that we have put forth. Secondly, because those acts and those apologies are in glaring contradiction to that idea of a nation which is implied in our formularies. If we adhered to *them* we should think that a national church existed to educate spiritual men, sons of God, into a knowledge of their position; that they may be free citizens, able to do the work which is given them to do, understanding it to be God's work, looking upon the subjects of the Queen as His subjects, counting the cultivation of the soil, the defence of the soil, the resistance to all injustice and tyranny, native or foreign, obedience to all righteous authority as obligations which are due to Him, their Deliverer and Father. Such faith, and the works that follow from it, can never interfere with any of the responsibilities which belong to them as members of a particular community, can never be separated from those responsibilities. The more spiritual their position the more it binds them to all earthly tasks. The more catholic their position the more it makes all national institutions, a national tongue, the wife and the child, the hearth and the home, sacred and divine.

Now, I think, we owe a great debt to Mr. Morley and Dr. Foster, and the members of the Anti-State Church Association, if they have driven us from any of our untenable positions to seek for this substantial ground. I do not know what outward advantages it may please God that we should surrender in order that its strength may be fully ascertained. I think that we shall be prepared for such surrenders if we fully understand that they do not involve

in the least degree, the dissolution of the union between Church and State; in that this union stands upon no decrees or acts of parliament, but exists in the laws of society, in the nature of things; that it cannot involve the subserviency of the Church except in the sense in which He was subservient who was the minister of all; that it cannot involve the dereliction of any rights by the State, unless the right of dictation and persecution be one of them. We may then desert that language of the Prayer-Book which gives us the warrant for this doctrine respecting a nation in order to overthrow these supposed enemies of ours. But if we care to answer their just objections, and satisfy their just demands, we shall cling to it.

3. I have said that the clergy should be ready to reform their own ways, if they interfere with the national character of the Church of which they are ministers. Mr. Taylor holds that we *have* most of us reformed our ways so far as preaching is concerned. The Dissenters, he thinks, would take no offence at the greater part of the sermons that go forth from our pulpits; they would find them in no remarkable degree different from those to which they listen every week. I have expressed the same opinion; *that* it seems to me is one cause why our discourses do not make more impression upon them, and upon men of all other classes to whom they are addressed. If they were more in accordance with the Prayer-Book; if we did address men as sons of God, and tell them what right they have to call themselves so, why they have no right to call themselves by any lower name; Dissenters would not be listening to a thrice-told tale; our words would have the force and charm of freshness, old as they are; they would meet a want in their minds which had not been met. To reform the Liturgy according to the standard of the sermons, would be Mr. Taylor's scheme of reformation. To reform the sermons according to the standard of the Liturgy, would be mine. But, of course, I assume that not only the words which we speak with our lips or read out of a book should undergo this change, but that we ourselves should undergo it. It seems to me that the spirit of the Liturgy, if we allowed it to act freely and fairly upon us, would oblige us to sympathise with all classes of Dissenters, as men, just because we refuse to adjust our teaching to theirs as sects. I know that in saying this, I indicate an opinion from which many, perhaps most, of those who have signed the declaration against the revision of the Liturgy, would be inclined to dissent. I do not mean that they would disagree with me as to the duty of meeting all Dissenters with kindness. Those of them whom I know fulfil the duty very much better than I do. But they would perhaps object to my saying that our ordinances are inclusive and not exclusive; that our baptism is the simplest and fullest witness of a redemption which covers and comprehends those who are not baptised; that the complete recognition of the principle of our services does not hinder me, but urges me to confess the spiritual graces of Anabaptists and Quakers; that the fault we have to charge upon them is for refusing that testimony to the world which the Church is intended to bear. I should be wrong, if I suppressed the conviction, that we shall be taught this lesson before we become, in the full sense, a national Church. I should be wrong, because I am quite aware that there are some amongst us who, holding this conviction, will be inclined to say, "But are there not passages in the Liturgy which expressly or implicitly interfere with it? Ought you not to labour at least for the removal of these?" Mr. Taylor has made the best and most dexterous use that can be made of this argument. He has collected all the passages which could scandalize those whose minds are inclined to comprehension, and has worked them together in a curious mosaic, with those which scandalize the persons for whom we are too comprehensive. He finds that in the service for private baptism the parent is assured that the child who is baptised

is undoubtedly saved. He acknowledges that this passage was offensive to the Puritans in virtue of their predestinarian theory, as asserting too much. But then it implies, he says, that all children who are not baptised are lost. The burial service is notoriously objectionable, because it calls these "dear brothers" who have led sinful lives, and gives God thanks for having taken them out of the world. But then the unbaptised are not to be buried. Putting this and that together, may we not conclude that a hope is entertained for the one which is not entertained for the other? What is the answer to these statements? This. No doubt, those who compiled the services *may* have meant what Mr. Taylor supposes they meant. The affirmation of one thing *may* have been to them the exclusion of another. Long arguments might be gone into to prove that it was so, or that it was not. One student may arrive at one conclusion, one at another. The clergyman of this day has only to say—and to say, if he thinks it, as broadly and publicly as he can: "I "accept the positive statement; I do *not* "accept the implication. Those who in- "troduced this passage possibly intended "it; I do not know or care to know "if they did. They did not bind me "to it. And I think I owe it to their "education, to the general effect of their "devotions on my mind, that this is not "my judgment, supposing it was theirs." This same doctrine would apply in the three or four other cases which Mr. Taylor has produced. No doubt he may turn upon us and say, "Yes! but you would be glad to get rid of these passages if you could, would you not? Why not then join with those who for different reasons are seeking a revision?" The answer is obvious and practical. "We are pledged to nothing that we think wrong, and we do not mean to give up expressions which assert principles that we hold to be profoundly true and important, because in one or two cases they might, in our judgment, have asserted something more. We take what they give, thankfully; we will not part with that; if more is necessary hereafter, it will come. Every step in your direction would be not advance but retrogression; not the expansion of a principle, but the denial of one." Such books as Mr. Taylor's convince me—every book I read convinces me—that even the younger Clergy who, of course, see much further than those of my age can, are yet not half as liberal and comprehensive as the Prayer-Book would make them if they allowed it to guide them. I take the strongest instance of all. They are much shocked at the Athanasian Creed. They would not object to denounce Unitarians a little; to indulge in some threats against them; but they do not like to say quite as much as that Creed says. I fancy that if they entered into the spirit of that Creed it would make them suspicious of themselves and their own faith; most suspicious when they are disposed to indulge in hard language or hard thoughts about any one else. It would impart to them such thoughts of eternal life, and of the Trinity, as would cause the prayer to be delivered from all uncharitableness, a very fervent one. I should tremble to see this Creed in the hands of the modern revisers. I believe it would come forth from them with far less of apparent, with far more of real, anathemas than are to be found in it now.

4. In speaking of these revisions, I ought perhaps to have noticed various propositions which have found more or less favour with the Clergy, for alterations in the Prayer-Book, to be undertaken, probably, by the Houses of Convocation, which should involve no change of doctrine, but should adapt the services to the circumstances of the times. My objections to such proposals are these:—first, I conceive the adaptations can be made, and are made now by all persons who have not a superstitious and unhealthy reverence for the letter of rubrics, and that they are the better and the more suitable to different places for not being reduced to rule and system. Secondly, that any abortive or feeble result of deliberations undertaken by reverend and right reverend persons, in reference

to great subjects, is morally mischievous, and that experience does not warrant us in thinking that such a result is at all improbable. Thirdly, that to give a legislative effect to these alterations, the Act of Uniformity must be amended, and that it would be far better to face the whole question, which must be raised sooner or later, whether, instead of being amended, it should not be repealed.

I am greatly astonished that Mr. Taylor's arguments have not led him to this conclusion rather than to the proposal of a revision. He produces abundant evidence to show what failures all former attempts at revision have been. He describes, I cannot say he exaggerates, the adulation of the Bishops at Hampton Court, the pettishness of many of the answers which were made to the Presbyterian demands at the Savoy Conference. He is aware that Burnet's scheme for compromise was defeated, though King William was his friend, and that Lord Macaulay rejoices in his ill-success. He is not ignorant of what happened in the last century, when the opposition to the Liturgy took a semi-Unitarian form. Would not the obvious moral from such experiences be, "This road is clearly not the right one. Somehow or other there is always a block in it. Perhaps it may be caused by the stupidity or bigotry of the Clergy; but if it is, you had better surmount that stupidity and bigotry by some different contrivance; here they will be too much for you." On the other hand, he labours to prove that the Act of Uniformity has been the great grievance to the Dissenters, the great curse to the nation. I cannot say that I approve his method of reasoning on this subject; it jars with my belief in a divine government, and with my reading of history. I find, when I read the old prophets, that they condemned severely both Rehoboam and Jeroboam for the separation of the tribes; but that they do not afterwards speculate on what might have happened if it had not happened. They say it was from the Lord. The evil was there, and the consequences of the evil were inevitable; they were to make the best of what existed, to acknowledge a continual Providence over both countries, to hope for a better unity under different conditions. I know no case to which this treatment is more applicable than to the one before us. I do not dissemble the misdoings of the winning and exasperated side; I believe they were great, and that the punishment of them followed in due time. But I cannot force myself into the imagination of another state of things; I do not know what I gain by doing so. It is wiser, surely, to consider what evil would have followed if the Presbyterians and Episcopalians had understood each other; if there had been no secession. Baxter, as we all know, was one of the best of men, but he was intolerant in principle far more than by nature. Had he and Sheldon come to an agreement, woe to all Quakers, Anabaptists, Millennarians, to say nothing of Arians and Socinians, who lay beyond the bounds of the *religiones licitæ!* Persecutions, to which the five-mile act, cruel as it was, would have been mercy, must have been the result of their joint action. Even the Independents, the real champions of spiritual freedom in the judgment of Milton, and others besides Milton, would have been excluded from the compact. Had it taken place, the protest which the Nonconformist body bore against the corruptions as well as the oppressions of the Caroline time, would have been wanting; nor would the Episcopalians have received the profitable lesson respecting the untenableness of their servile theories, and the duty of opposing the court even when it offered bribes, which the Dissidents gave them at time of the Indulgence. It was surely more natural and sincere for the Puritans to cultivate the extemporary prayers which they loved, than to repeat words to which they would only have submitted. On the other hand, those words embodied the best and deepest feelings of the Episcopal body. They were far above the ordinary tone and level of their mind; they kept alive the sense of a standard of which they were constantly falling

short, of a unity in the worship of God which transcended all mere unity in opinion. When one part of them were dropping into a latitudinarian feebleness; when an other were opposing to it a hard non-juring dogmatism; the Liturgy was a testimony against both, and yet a bond to them both. It bestowed, also, no small benefits on those who rejected it. An atmosphere was about the Nonconformist body, which would not allow them to sink either into an exclusive Predestinarianism, a belief in human merit, or a dead Monotheism. It nourished that spirit in the Methodist preachers which the Clergy sought to repress. They could appeal to it against those who regarded the belief in spiritual power as enthusiasm; yet it was continually reminding them, in their wildest excitements, that that power is most spiritual which is most calm. It preserved the sense of continuousness both in the nation and the Church,—a continuousness which was not broken by the Reformation, by the Civil Wars, by the Act of Settlement, by philosophical changes and revolutions, by the growth of commerce and wealth; yet which hindered none of the political or moral developments that a nation must pass through. It did what it would have been utterly unable to do, if either party at the Savoy Conference had stamped it anew with its own image,—if a higher will had not prevented the pettinesses and frivolities of each, or, what would have been worse still, a feeble adjustment and compromise between these frivolities and pettinesses, from altering its substance, and robbing it of its vitality.

But though I do not impeach the Divine Wisdom in permitting the Act of Uniformity to pass in the year 1662, —can even discover in that permission many reasons for thankfulness—I do not see that these are reasons for its remaining on the statute-book till 1862. I will not say that those who are satisfied with the Liturgy as it is are bound to agitate for the removal of a law which compels them to do nothing that they would not do of their own accord. I will not say that they may not be more usefully employed in trying to reform their own minds, and to reform their countrymen in the spirit of the Liturgy, than in freeing themselves or others from the legal obligations to conformity. But I do say, that if the Dissenters, or other ecclesiastical reformers, shall commence a movement which is the only one that is really in harmony with their traditions and professions, churchmen will do wisely to assist, rather than to retard that movement. For let them seriously consider these facts. 1st. The tendency of modern legislation is to establish a *more* stringent act of uniformity. Mr. Danby Seymour's Bill concerning ecclesiastical vestments is, as the *Times* truly remarked, nothing less than a new Act of Uniformity. The petition which Lord Ebury presented from the parish of St. George's-in-the-East, was a petition, if not for a new Act of Uniformity, yet for an astounding exercise of Royal supremacy to enforce uniformity. Lord Ebury's proposition for a revisal of the Liturgy is, in fact, a proposition for another Act of Uniformity. It is one, Mr. Taylor thinks, which can produce no evil results, because the few Puseyites who would oppose the reasonable alterations that are likely to be made are utterly unpopular with the bulk of the nation; because, as he remarks, "the recent disturbances at St. George's-"in-the-East have served to call forth "an unmistakeable expression of public "opinion." (p. 36.) But though mob-opinion and Lynch-law may be as favourable, as he says they are, to that union of moderate Churchmen and moderate Dissenters, by which the Ultras on both sides are to be suppressed, he may find that persons who have no sympathy with those Ultras have also no sympathy with the kind of Protestant feeling which is directed against them. They regard it as the Protestant feeling not of Luther or of Latimer, but of Titus Oates and of Lord George Gordon; and the more cordially they love the former the more intensely they hate the latter. An Act of Uniformity which

seeks help from the very allies who would have pelted the Puritans in 1661, and the Methodists in 1761, may lead to a movement not less serious than that to which its predecessor led. Is it not wise to avert so great a peril? It cannot be averted long by merely resisting the project of revision. It may be averted, if we frankly tell the Dissenters, and tell our legislators, that we do not care for Acts of Uniformity, new or old; that we believe they have done any work they had to do: that if any require their support, we are not those persons.

For, 2nd, Let it be remembered that a notion prevails very largely among statesmen, lawyers, and throughout the country, that what we mean by pleading for the Liturgy is pleading for the Act of the 14th of Charles II. They say commonly that the Prayer-Book is a schedule to that Act. The joke may be a poor one, but it is one that has a hold on the mind of the country, and which ought by some very decided effort to be deprived of that hold. The Clergy must make that effort. They must say, "We give up the Act; we will see whether the Schedule can stand when it is gone."

3rd. If we take this course, those Clergy who have difficulties about the use of one or another part of the Liturgy will not be forced to smother those difficulties, to affect a belief which they have not, and so to injure the effect of all their ministrations. They may state their difficulties to the Bishop. He may deal with them as he thinks fit. No Act of Parliament will force him to do otherwise than his wisdom and conscience direct. His responsibility will be, of course, increased. That, I conceive, is an advantage, not an injury. It is well that every one of us should feel his responsibility more and not less.

4th. In a number of cases, I am sure, clergymen are led into acts which are offensive to their congregations and disobedient to their spiritual fathers, because they have a sense of a divided allegiance. They have a dream that they are above Acts of Parliament, and yet that they are subject to them; that they ought not, for the sake of trifles, to disturb the worship of their people, and yet that these trifles may involve principles which a mere state rule cannot set aside; that it would be good to yield to the judgment of a father, but that after all he is only the spokesman of a statute. Such confusions are perilous to the conscience. They lead to great disloyalty, sometimes to the Queen personally, oftener to constitutional government. They are mischievous to the Church and State alike. It would be worth paying a great price to get rid of them. I believe the abandonment of the Act of Uniformity is a very small price for such an end.

5th. Hereby the question will at once be brought to issue, which I have been considering throughout this paper—the question which the Dissenters have a right to ask, which for the sake of them, of the whole body of our people, of future generations, we should be prepared to answer, not by words but by deeds,—"Are you a protected Sect, or a National Church?"

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.[1]

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES.

We have watched him to the last;
We have seen the dreaded king
Smile pacific as he past
By that couch of suffering:
Wrinkles of aggressive years,
Channels of unwitnessed tears,
Furrows on the anxious brow,
All are smooth as childhood's now!
Death, as seen by men in dreams,
Something stern and cruel seems—
But his face is not the same,
When he comes into the room,
Takes the hand and names the name,
Seals the eyes with tender gloom,
Saying: "Blessed are the laws
To which all God's creatures bend:
Mortal! fear me not, because
Thine inevitable friend!"

So, when all the limbs were still,
Moved no more by sense or will,
Reverent hands the body laid
In the church's pitying shade,
With the pious rites that fall
Like the rain-drops upon all.
What could Man refuse or grant
The spiritual inhabitant,
Who so long had ruled within
With power to sin or not to sin?
Nothing. Hope, and hope alone,
Mates with death. Upon a stone
Let the simple name be writ,
Traced upon the infant's front
Years ago: and under it,
As with Christian folk is wont,
"Requiescat," or may be
Symbol letters, R. I. P.

Rest is happy, rest is right,
Rest is precious in God's sight.
But if He who lies below,
Out of an abundant heart
Drawing remedies for woe,
Never wearied to impart
Blessings to his fellow-men;
If he never rested then,

[1] We have reason to believe that this poem has been printed in some collection in the United States, but it has never been published in this country.

But each harvest gathered seed
For the future word and deed,
And the darkness of his kind
Filled him with such endless ruth,
That the very light of truth
Pained him walking 'mid the blind,—
How, when some transcendent change
Gives his being boundless range,
When he knows not time or space,
In the nearness of God's face,
In the world of spirits how
Shall that Soul be resting now?
While one creature is unblest,
How can such as He have rest?

"Rest in peace," the legend runs;
Rest is sweet to Adam's sons.
But can He, whose busy brain
Worked within this hollow skull
Now his zeal for truth restrain,
Now his subtle fancy dull,
When he wanders spirit-free,
Young in his immortality?
While on earth he only bore
Life as it was linked with lore,
And the infinite increase
Of knowledge was his only peace:
Till that knowledge be possest,
How can such a mind have rest?

Rest is happy; rest is meet
For well-worn and weary feet;
Surely not for Him, on whom
Ponderous stands the pompous tomb,
Prompt to blind the future's eyes
With gilt deceit and blazoned lies:
Him, who never used his powers
To speed for good the waiting hours,—
Made none wiser for his seeing,
Made none better for his being—
Closed his eyes, lest others' woes
Should disturb his base repose—
Catching at each selfish zest;
How can He have right to rest?
Rather we would deem him driven
Anywhere in search of heaven,
Failing ever in the quest,
Till he learns it is not given
That man should by himself be blest.

* * * * * *

Here we struggle with the light,—
And, when comes the fated night,
Into nature's lap we fall,
Like tired children, one and all.

Day and Labour, Night and Rest,
Come together in our mind,
And we image forth the Blest
To eternal calm resigned :
Yet it may be that the abyss
Of the lost is only this—
That for them all things to come
Are inanimate and dumb,
And immortal life they steep
In dishonourable sleep :
While no power of pause is given
To the inheritors of heaven ;
And the holiest still are those
Who are farthest from repose,
And yet onward, onward press
To a loftier godliness ;
Still becoming, more than being,
Apprehending, more than seeing,
Feeling, as from orb to orb
In their awful course they run,
How their Souls new light absorb
From the self-existing One,
Demiurgos, throned above,
Mind of Mind, and Love of Love.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD STREET.

BY RICHARD FUTILOE, SEN.

What was known in our burgh as the Old Street, was a narrow street of low thatched houses, containing in all about four hundred souls. It ran north and south, parallel to the river which flows through our good town, and at but a short distance from it. Its name remains ; but itself, properly speaking, exists no more, save in the recollection of a few old people like myself. Not many years ago its northern quarter was burnt, but not before it had become a blot on the burgh which fire alone could remove. A railway station stands in what used to be its centre ; and in the southern quarter most of the old houses have been displaced by new buildings.

There were points of mark all along the Old Street. No one knew the houses by their numbers, if they had any. Where is so and so ? "Ou, he's twa doors ayont the pump."

The pump was a great mark near the centre ; its owner, old Mackenneth, a tall, soldierly man, straight as a rush, a veteran under Sir Sidney Smith at Acre, and regarded with awe by the boys, as having somehow beaten Napoleon. He levied a rate for the water supply, failure to pay which was worse than Notour Bankruptcy.

The pump was a great loitering place in the summer evenings, particularly the Saturday evenings, when Sunday's water supply had to be laid in. The lasses brought up the empty pails which the lads were always in attendance to carry heavy home. They flirt while they wait for their turn of the pump-handle—in no hurry to get it. Their mothers, meantime, knitting at their doors, become "no sure o' thae going ons," watch their work and the pump in turns, and at last perhaps dander down to see the cause of the delay.

Thus cronies from opposite sides of the pump meet and swell the crowd, knitting and chatting away. At length the veteran sallies out in his red night-cap with "Awa' to yer' beds, neibours; am sure it's time till ye, clatterin' roon the door till a body canna hear his own observations. Awa' wi' ye," and proceeds to clap the padlock on the pump-handle. Then the hoops are adjusted to the pails, and there are "races wi'oot spillin'," on the way home. The lasses run to watch the rival beaux, and the knitters leisurely bring up the rear.

Sands' House, also sometimes called Yellow Sands, was a great mark in the street near its north end. If the ass, with its meek head bent to fate, is not standing at the door ready to draw the yellow sand through the town, the chances are it is heigh-hoing over its thistles in the yard. Poor Sands! How often we debated whether you or your ass had the harder fortune. I stood up for the ass then as the least unhappy of the two; and, now that I think of that daughter of yours that went to shame, and that son of yours that was sent to the hulks before your poor old bent back was straightened in its coffin, I see no cause to change the opinion. Poor Sands! As I write I think I see his folded form—his knees inbent, his long arms between his hips and protruded shoulders, like a belt keeping him from falling forward, and hear his asthmatic breathing, as he totters by the ass's head, in the intervals of his feeble "Sand O." Rest his bones! they had small justice when here.

The Rowan-tree, called the "Roddin" tree, to the south of the pump on the opposite side of it, was a great mark, with its thin shank and berries aloft—not unfitting emblem of the poverty of the Old Street, and the bitterness that qualified what of beauty there was in it.

It stood by the haunted house—a point of terror in the street. The house was a ruin in which the boys thought nothing of playing by day; at night it took the courage of three of them to run past it close to the opposite wall. The whole street was superstitious, and it was agreed that the place was "no canny." The children were kept in order through their terror of the "Bogie" who visited the ruins o' nights. Bogie had horns and a tail—*that* we knew. The wright saw him one moonlight night turning in to his haunt; the tail was manifest. The same night the tailor saw him looking over the front wall; the horns were clear against the sky. Bogie spent his nights in manufacturing blue lights, which he sent flying over the burgh to settle on the roofs of dying men. They were called "Death's candles." It was at him the dogs howled when there was any one sick in the street. All the falling stars were aimed at the "Roddin" tree.

But the greatest mark for the boys was near the south end of the street—"The Carter's"—the worthy man! There was an open space there; more was the pity, for the carter had long struggled to save enough to build a house upon it. I think I can see him now by the stable-door, through the high paling against which the old coup-cart has been standing many years with its idle heels in the air. I make up my mind to ask him for a ride when he leads out Brown Tom.

The reason why "The Carter's" was the greatest mark was, that opposite it stood the smithy, with sparks flying about; and of nights, the glare of its windows forcing the darkness back from the open space, where in the winter evenings the boys played, going at intervals to the smithy to be allowed to blow the bellows as a favour. In summer they played their games there, "How many miles to Babylon?" "Who goes round the house at this time of night?" and many others; and had trials of pluck and strength. In winter it was the rendezvous of parties of "Ho spy, Ho!" and in other games that required one.

Passing down the Old Street, you could see reflected in the exteriors of the houses the rank and condition of the inhabitants. In many the windows are battered; the naked stones show their

unhewn sides through the gaps in the plaster on the walls; and the doors nearly off their hinges hang in on the clay floors, dirty and full of inequalities. In these the thatch is in rags, and the chimney cans—little old casks—seem ashamed of their position, and to be trying to come down. In others of the same size and fashion the window-panes are whole and clear; the walls and door-steps are whitewashed, and the roofs tight and trim. In some the window-facings are raised with plaster, and painted pink or yellow; the mullions of the windows are in gay colours, and there are flower-pots on the sills. Through the open doors, that in one or two cases are adorned with knockers, you can see the well-washed and sanded wooden floors. All the houses have a "but and a ben," and attic rooms over each. In most of them there live as many as four families—a family to a room. On the whole, you can see that the street contains a poor and ill-conditioned people. The windows alone show that—windows that show the state of a house as the eyes of a man betray him.

There is no West-end in the Old Street; how could there be? but it has its aristocracy. A glance shows you that there are here upper and middle classes, clearly distinguished from one another and the lowest grade. The fact is proclaimed by the houses; by the groups of children at play at "The Carter's." See how the little fellows with the whole clothes and washed faces condescend to their company. They are treated as superior beings, *i. e.* with cuffs from the unwashed, who preponderate, and are jealous of their superiority. There isn't a child in the lot whose father has above a pound a week on which to support his family. But beneath a pound a week there are as many social gradations as there are halfpence in its change in coppers.

The society shades down from old Mackenneth to the parish pauper. Old Mack, with his pension, and pump, and power of cutting off the water supply, is the autocrat of the street. Not far behind him is the popular Corporal Shaw, who proclaims with the funeral-bell the insufficiency of his government allowance. Of paupers there are not a few; of persons keeping out the devil with difficulty, a good many; but there are in the street, at least thirty heads of families who turn out to church of a Sunday, themselves and children, as decently "put on" as any in the burgh. There is much misery in the street; there are many dens of iniquity; but there are in it homes that might serve as models for empires. There are many religious hard-working men and women there, and children trained to fear God and their parents. It is a poor, and, it is said in the burgh, a wicked street; but there is on it the light of many acts of charity and mercy, daily done by folk to whom the performance is no amusement, but a solemn duty to which kindliness and Christian feeling impel them.

Take just a peep at the street on a Sunday. Swaggers, the wright, Beau Brummel of the Old Street, bows almost to falling as he passes, his hand gracefully indicating the curve in which his head is to follow. He goes by in his corduroy breeches and blue stockings, a splash of red cotton handkerchief from the left coat-pocket, his hand in the right pressing the garment home and down on his waist; his cap is set on one side, and his legs are thrown out right and left at each stride, as if he every minute intended to throw them away and be done of them. Mrs. Matty, in her white "mutch" fresh from the Italian iron, white neck-napkin, and apron, and neat pin-spot, looks after him with a smile, thinking perhaps of his grannie, and wife, and bairns, who havn't come out of a Sunday for years for want of decent clothing. The bow-legged tailor twists quickly along, rocking the trotting little fellow in the new "gingum" and hose, and black beaver, whose hand he holds. After him goes pretty sweet Mary Montgomery, the flower of the street, left in it as a gem at a pawnbroker's; pledge of affection in circumstances requiring concealment. Will the coach ever drive down the Old

Street, and pull up at the Mason's door? as folk believe it will some day: and the lady and gentleman step out and throw themselves weeping on her neck, and own her for their daughter. As the bright thing trips along, Swaggers chances to look round, and seeing her, curves to the left, ducking in a way inconsistent with the free play of his limbs, and almost falls.

Going to church; going to labour, or returning from it; lounging at their doors of a summer evening; sitting in rows at the "cateciseing," how convey any idea of the folk of the Old Street? In the variety and strength of their individualities, they defy me. There are among them no representative characters properly speaking. The Old Street, like the House of Commons, consisted of people each of whom represented a class somewhere else, and not among themselves. I must just say something of the few who were most distinctly marked off from the rest by peculiarities in their characters and lives.

There was Kate, whom every one liked; the secret of her popularity lying in the sweetness of her disposition, and devotedness as a daughter—certainly not in her personal attractions. She was short and stout, almost round like a cask, with arms like peg-tops. Her black hair, cut almost as short as a boy's, was always in disorder; its natural clusters being the only points of formal beauty about her. Yet I cannot say that she was not *good*-looking; her face was always lighted up by a good and kindly spirit. Her eyes were large and tender like a cow's; the good-humoured, though ridiculous, distortion on her face would have been a sweet smile on finer features. She was not tidy; but how could she be so? Her tatters were better suited to keep away pride than the winds. Her head and feet were always bare; and as she carried her milk-pails, she rolled from side to side; "shouggled," as they said in the Old Street. She was never seen without the pails or a barrow—cows' milk or cows' food. No boy allowed her to pass without offering to help her along; to every child that she met with her barrow, she offered a ride in it. The barrow was called "Kate's coach," in the Old Street; and what with the coach and the pails, no beast of burden was harder worked, no duchess happier.

Kate's house was at the extreme north end of the street; her cow and parents were both mysteries. We boys never saw them; yet we knew they existed; the milk we got at breakfast was from Kate's cow, and all Kate's faithful toil was on account of the old people. Her father was said to have been seen about occasionally; her mother had been paralyzed for years. The cow had never been seen at all that I know of—had received a strict "home education," on "draff," and "burnt ale," sliced turnips, and boiled whins; to fetch which, the "coach" had to come forth so frequently. Some said it was the cow that at low tide nipped the grass off the river banks; but for this there was no proper authority. One thing we knew, that from dawn till dark in the longest summer-day, Kate fagged for the cow and the old folk.

Such was Kate. Passing through the Old Street many years after I ceased to live in it, I met her with her coach. Her fat face was a little furrowed, falling in; her feet were still bare, but on her head there was an old cap, and not a few grey hairs. Was it the old gown? There could be no doubt about the old smile and eyes, though they beamed through a faint cloud of care. She sat down on her wheelbarrow to speak to me, evidently weary; and told me in a low voice that the old folk were gone now, and that she felt lonely in the old house and had nothing to work for, and worked hard only because it was a way she had got into. I looked after her as she proceeded down the street. The fifth generation of little ones in the Old Street were soliciting a ride in the coach; the fourth as anxious as the first to help her along.

How regardless, seemingly, is Providence of what we call virtue! There is a poor-house in our burgh now, and I was there a few days ago inquiring

after some old acquaintance. On a low stool in a corner sat a toothless, grey creature, crooning with her hands against her lank jaws. What a change from the Kate of my early recollections! There was so much that was beautiful and heroic in her life; she was of so happy a disposition, so eager to deny herself to afford pleasure to others; the spectacle overpowered me. The old fogey, who had ridden many times in her coach, sat down by her and tried to bring himself to her recollection. For a minute or two she regarded me with listlessness; but suddenly a flush of the old light illumined her eyes, and the pressure of her skinny hand that I held in mine, assured me that I was recognised.

It so happens that in my recollection of the Old Street, the figure of Corporal Shaw is for ever pegging up and down it, so that I cannot avoid sketching him here. He lived in the house opposite the Roddin-tree; one less courageous would not have dared to do so. He had lost his left leg in the wars; and, when I first knew him, used to peg about idly, or stand at corners with his cronies, a cutty ever in his cheek, and a three-cornered hat planted on his philoprogenitiveness. He was a rare sight to see, with his hard, dry, deeply furrowed face, and thin white whiskers standing well forward to his nose, his old blue coat, brass buttons, and velveteens. Much more was he a treat to hear. He liked a two-handed crack; but in his cups no small audience afforded scope for his talents. He would declaim in the street to the first person he met as if he were an assembly; nor had he ever to wait long for a crowd. Clearing his throat, and whiffing his pipe "to keep her in," were acts which, breaking the torrent of his talk, gave it piquancy, and which were always cheered by the boys. He rarely talked politics, and was essentially a humourist, except when on the greatness of the country, or of the Old Street. These he laid too deeply to heart to make texts for fun. The word "genius" had somehow got into the street, and it was agreed that the popular Corporal was a man of genius.

For a time he held the post of ringer of the funeral bell; he had but to hold it tightly in his hand, and peg along, to ring it by the jerky motion of his walk. As ringer, it was his business to carry the bier and plant it by the dead's door. When on this duty he would often look into the street to see his old woman; at one time the wood of sad omen stood almost daily at his own door. The neighbours, who knew that he loved his wife well, used to say in joke that he was always calling round with the bier to see whether she was ready to go off on it yet. It stood by their door at last in sad earnest for both of them.

Some years before he died he took to drinking, and was dismissed from the public service. It was in retirement that he shone out with the greatest lustre. For a while after his disgrace he was inconsolable; by and by, plucking up, he divided his time between his old cronies at the public-house and the boys at the carter's. When his old woman pounced upon him in the midst of us, he would try to stand on his one leg—sometimes on the peg, which was very ridiculous—to satisfy her that he was quite sober and not liable to be led home. When age began to be heavy upon him he became a reformed character, and spent his time mostly with the boys. He made speeches to them, and was umpire in their games; once he led them in person against their enemies. Between a quarter of the town called the Whitefriars and the Old Street there was a long-standing feud. The boys of the two districts had from time immemorial joined battle with stones on the links by the river, and one year the Corporal having put the Old Street through drill, conceived the idea of buying a drum and heading the forces. The drum bumped against his peg as he strode to the links; we whistled and clattered stones in rank behind him. In sight of the enemy he made us a speech, which, however, was cut short by falling shot from their slings. We fought and conquered. I shall never forget the pride of that evening when we marched to the Corporal's rat-at-tat into the

very heart of the skulking enemy's quarters.

A paralysis in his right leg at last deprived us of him altogether. Before he was yet dead, the boys had instituted a game called "The Corporal"—one with his leg doubled and knee resting on a peg, putting on a three-cornered hat of brown paper, and going through all the forms and ceremonies which the Corporal insisted on when with us, repeating such tags of his speeches as stayed on our memories and mimicking his grimaces.

What a contrast to the noisy veteran was Jamie the Hermit, whose form I can yet see passing like a shadow down the long street. He lived in the house next to the Roddin-tree on the south—a house which was regarded with general interest. I can recall its every lineament. The glass in its windows is clear, and where panes are wanting their place is supplied by boards neatly fitted into the frame. There is but one room, on which the door opens. The articles of furniture are few. There is a plain deal stool and a little table; a pail of water covered with a rough towel stands by a little pan under the dresser, on which are a couple of plates and a bowl. In the corner beyond the fire is the bed, a litter of straw covered by a counterpane of carpet stuff. A couple of burning peats lie the one across the other in their white ashes.

Here is Jamie coming down the street. He may be forty-five years of age; is about five feet six in height, and stoutly built. His wide trousers do not reach down to his ankles; he is barefooted. His coat is very small for him; it was a swallow-tail once, but the tails have been docked to patch the body. His coat is buttoned in front down to the last button; and when he looks up, and raises his large brown beard, you can see that he has no shirt on. The coat-sleeves are short, and his wrists are exposed, like his ankles. His head is bare; his hair cut short; but his face is so covered with hair that the only features visible are the lofty and wrinkled forehead and the eyes.

The form and size of his coat and trousers are their least remarkable characteristics. They have both been patched and repatched with such a variety of stuffs—white, grey, black, blue—he looks like an animated patchwork. He was never seen with a single rent in his dress; scrupulously clean, he may also be said to be scrupulously neat.

As he approaches, you mark weariness in his eyes; they wander over you, look past you, obliquely at you; they never settle. There is no wildness in them; on the contrary, an excessive gentleness. If they ever look keen, it is through their ripeness for tears. His nails are long; they haven't been cut for years; but they are very clean, like everything else about him.

Jamie was born in the Old Street, of pious parents, whom he lost in early life, but not before they had developed in him a sense of religion that ripened into enthusiasm in his highly conscientious and untrained mind. It was said that he could repeat the whole of the Scriptures from memory without committing a mistake; it was certain he gave himself up implicitly to fulfilling all the duties which he conceived them to lay upon him. He lived so simply in the old house—one of two left to him by his father—that the cost of a day's provisions for another man sustained him for a week. His fare was bread and water, potatoes and salt. On these he found that he could live, and he did so. The maxim ever on his tongue was, "Try all things; hold fast that which is good." These he found good, and held fast; and, so little did he know of the world, I can fancy that he was sincere in thinking that he *had* tried all things. His hair was cut short, because "long hair is a shame unto a man;" and he wore no covering on his head, "for a man indeed ought not to "cover his head, forasmuch as he is the "image and glory of God." For the rest, his sole study was how to mortify his flesh; and it was said that beneath his coarse coat he often wore sackcloth and ashes.

The boys in the Old Street took off

their caps, and were hushed at his approach. Awe mixed with their respect for one whose manner of life was so different from that of other men.

He was very unobtrusive, but if any one chose to speak to him he would answer freely, and justify from Scripture the mode of life which he observed. He would gently, at parting, cover the difference of opinion between himself and his interrogator by saying that here at best they saw but as through a glass darkly, and express the hope that they would yet meet in the next world, and come to a perfect understanding. He spoke to all men as to brothers. He so often said we were all brothers—we men—took such pleasure in saying it, it was as if somehow he had crept into life without kindred, and cherished his relationship to the human family—that only family without a hearth of some sort—as giving him a *locus standi* in a world in which he were otherwise an interloper. But though unobtrusive, he would sometimes approach the openly vicious, and reprove them with a boldness in odd contrast with his gentle nature. Mrs. A—— was a stout, wild woman, who kept the principal public-house in the Old Street—the "Change House," as it was called. There was frequently clamour and terror round her door. Often did Jamie reprove her. I remember him one day passing with his usual quietness as she was in the act of striking a poor woman who was waiting about for a chance of leading home her husband who was drinking in the house. Jamie sprang forward to prevent the blow; and with a dignity that I was surprised to see him assume, rebuked her in the name of religion and humanity. "A fig," said she, "for your sermons! I'm making money." He approached till his forefinger touched her breast: "Woman," said he with a touching sorrowfulness, his whole mood suddenly changed, "the Lord reigneth; thy feet shall slide in due season." They did, for I know she died a beggar. He never paid visits to the neighbours; the only threshold in the street that he ever crossed uninvited was that of the terrible Maury Duggan, on whose floor in her lifetime perhaps no other human being saving himself ever stood. One night, not long before the wretched old Maury died, I heard him singing by her in her dark room, "The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want," while she, rejecting his consolations, mumbled curses at him to begone.

He had long periods of fasting; and at last the body which he made it his business to mortify could bear its trials no longer. He had fasted several days before his illness, coming abroad as usual. Though he never begged, it was known that he was often in want, and by a common understanding of the neighbours his simple necessities were always provided for. Whether his last fast was voluntary, no one could say; he neither complained during it nor in the interval between the discovery of his great weakness of body and his death. Two days passed between his being last seen abroad and the fear arising that all was not right with him. When the neighbours entered his room, there was nothing in it to eat or drink, and poor Jamie lay on his pallet, too feeble to raise himself. Everything was done that could be done to restore him; the neighbours took turn about of tending him during the night. In a few days he fevered, and the dispensary doctor thought it proper that his head should be shaved. The fever left him before he died; he rallied a little, and there was hope of his recovery; but his frame was worn out, and he ultimately sank. I was brought to see him the day before his death by my mother, who had always been a good friend to him. There wasn't a hair on his head or face, and there was nothing by which to recognise him. When we entered he appeared to be sleeping, and the room was as hushed—though there were several women in it—as if it were empty. By and by he moved, and was understood to express a desire to speak to Mrs. A—— the publican. The wish surprised every one; but Mrs. A—— was sent for. When the virago, who after all had a woman's heart in her, entered the

room, she didn't look at any of us, but went and seated herself by the bedside. Jamie said nothing for some time; she had taken his hand in hers, and he looked up wistfully at her, and appeared to be praying. At last he said something to the effect, as I gathered, that she would never see him nor be troubled by him any more; and I think he showed that he felt that towards her he had not always acted in the spirit of long-suffering and charity. When I left the room she was sobbing aloud on her knees by his low bed, with her face covered with her apron.

I said Jamie was the only person in the street, so far as I knew, who ever crossed the threshold of Maury Duggan. Maury was an Irish beggar-woman, who had long lived in the street; whence, or how she came into it, no one knew. She was very ugly, a shapeless mass of dirty rags, with a wicked, restless grey eye, set in a deeply wrinkled and bearded face. She was very bad; the world was in a conspiracy to keep alive her evil passions. She was believed to be uncanny, and it was whispered that she had the evil eye. There wasn't a mother in the street would stand at the door with her babe in her arms if she saw Maury coming along. I don't wonder that they got out of her way. As her image crosses my brain, I draw back with somewhat of the old feeling with which I shrank from her as a boy. She was the ugliest human being I ever saw living, and the first I ever saw dead.

Her house was a point of terror in the street; yet the boys were often drawn to it in spite of, perhaps because of, their fears. She lived a little north of the pump, on the opposite side of the street, in a room with an earthen floor, below the level of the roadway, and on to which the rain-water often ran and settled in pools. There was no glass in her windows; the upper part of the frame was away altogether, and across the open space, hung an old gown—poor shelter in the cold nights. Some of the squares in the lower frame were filled with panes of wood; into others were stuffed bundles of rags, which, I regret to say, the boys often pushed in of a night, in order to look at Maury. There was a state of war between her and them, in the conduct of which there was nothing that wasn't legitimate.

Often when the mischief had been done was I led by curiosity to the window, to look in like the rest. I never saw a candle burning there; only a few times did I see a fire. Once when it was snowing without, I remember a little spark on the hearth, and Maury blowing it with her mouth. Often we looked in on utter darkness, in which she was muttering to herself; and once I remember, on a boy striking a light, we saw her seated on the floor, with her knees drawn up, rocking to and fro, opposite the vacant fireplace.

When she came out to beg, such of the boys as could trust their hands to touch her rags, often pulled her about, and wherever she appeared, the cry "Maury Duggan, Maury Duggan," was raised. Experience had taught her the policy of suffering quietly; but sometimes her face would suddenly fire up with fiendish emotions, and she would turn on her savage tormentors, curse them, and strike at them with her stick. I have seen her, when baffled by her nimble foes, go down on her knees and invoke curses on their heads that are heavy on my memory to this hour. Sometimes she would surprise them with a volley of stones picked up in the distance. If, before I was ten years old, I was familiar through her face with the expression of every hateful human passion, the conduct of the boys to her anticipated for me much that I have since learned of the cruelty of untutored savages.

My recollection of Maury is not softened by much pity. She never, that I am aware, gave a sign of kindliness, womanly feeling, humanity. I cannot say that the neighbours did not pity and assist her. They did both; but they feared her who never spoke but in curses to their bairns. I have often since thought, that she was one between whom and children war was the only

possible relation. If she never tried to win them by kindness—how would they have received kindness from one made by nature so ungainly? Poor wretch! one evening, as she was entering her lair she was seen to totter forwards, and fall in over the door-step. On being taken up she was found to be dead.

I have often tried to picture for myself the early life of such a being. From the cradle and unspotted innocence to such an end, what a history!

What scenes rise before me in closing these recollections, that would defy the most skilful pencil. Not all lovely. At one I clench my fists—a pale, little woman, with dishevelled hair and blood on her thin face from a recent wound, running with a cry from a man in his shirt-sleeves, who, bare-headed, staggers after her with a cleaver. What a life she led yoked to that man! Yet often I saw her sitting at the door-step, when the sun shone, knitting and looking perfectly cheerful. It puzzled me that she could even for a moment seem happy. And indeed there was much in the Old Street to force even a very young person to think how those whom we call "the wretched" live on and endure. I remember I used to fancy that the preserving principle was conceit blinding them to circumstances. We had none so wretched among us but looked with pity, if not contempt, on many of his neighbours. Nor am I now certain that the fancy is without a degree of truth. I have never known a human being, however miserable, that did not despise some class of his brothers; the most wretched I ever saw despised a whole nation. I was coming through one of our slums when I met her. At the head of a close sat the dirty stucco-faced woman, about forty years of age, with her knees drawn up to her chin. Her smirched and tattered cap had fallen on to her right shoulder; her dark hair was all rumpled, and a string of it hung down between her fishy eyes. Her arms hung before her, and she was trying, with her head slightly turned on one side, to suck into her mouth the tangle of hair that fell over her face. As I drew near, a storm of curses burst from the inner court, and, looking in, I saw a ruffian in rags ducking, to avoid a missile flung at him with an oath by a woman who, standing out to the waist from a window in the uppermost story, was shaking her fists at him, while farther up the court a mass of wretches were hustling over some one who had fallen. I turned to ask what was the matter. She was occupied as when I first saw her. Neither the fight nor my stopping to see it had disturbed her. On my question she looked up, and saying, with what in a lady would have been the tone of languor, "It's merely them miserable Irish," she resumed her amusement.

BUDDHA AND BUDDHISM.

BY E. VANSITTART NEALE.

Among the various subjects of interest contained in that rich storehouse of valuable information, the recent work where Sir Emerson Tennant has gathered together the fruits of personal observation and extensive research, to illustrate the natural productions and scenery, the history and antiquities, the customs and institutions of the beautiful island of Ceylon, no mean place must be allotted to his picturesque descriptions of "the numerous ecclesiastical buildings, whose number and magnitude form a remarkable characteristic" of that country; its rock temples with their gigantic statues, and its curious *Dhagobas*, or relic shrines.

These edifices, not less venerable from their antiquity than imposing from their size (one of the *Dhagobas* dates from B.C. 289, and another built B.C. 87, was

405 feet high and 1130 in circumference), carry us back to the thoughts of a man who quitted this earthly scene about 2,400 years before our day, leaving behind him a name not soon to pass away; a man to whom the title of a religious hero may be justly applied, if the exercise of a prodigious influence on the religious belief of mankind gives the right to such a title; and who is not less deserving of it from his private character—so far as this is discernible by us through the uncertain haze of tradition—to Siddartha of the royal race of Sákya, known in Indian history as Gautama Buddha.

Those shrines were raised to receive his relics, or the relics of the early propagators of his doctrines. Those statues represent him in the various acts of meditation, or teaching, or blessing. Ceylon is full of traces of him. Natural objects, as well as human works, bear witness to his memory. In the mass of hornblende and schist which forms the almost perpendicular summit of Adam's Peak, is a curious indentation, alleged to be the mark of Buddha's footstep. The *peepul*, a species of fig, conveys in its other name of *bo-tree*, an allusion to his story; and the legends attached to a venerable specimen of it still flourishing among the ruins of Avnarajapoora, take us back 2,149 years, to the time when Mahindu, the missionary son of Asoka, the then pious ruler of all northern India, came to preach to the Ceylonese the word of Buddha.

Nor are these the memorials of an extinct belief; hieroglyphics of a past, regarded by the present only with aversion or indifference. In the Viharas, or monasteries, which, as Sir E. Tennant assures us, still preserve their ancient organization, the ascetic priests, whose "humble thatched dwellings" surround the central temple, teach now the same doctrines as their predecessors taught beneath the palm groves of Ceylon, when Pyrrhus was invading Italy, and Ptolemy Philadelphus reigned over Egypt.

In Ceylon and Burma, in Siam, and the adjoining peninsulas of Southern Asia, in Nepaul and Tibet, among the Mongols whose name once spread terror throughout Europe, in the populous islands of the Japanese empire, and among the swarming millions of China, the doctrine of Gautama Buddha still is, and for many centuries has been, the prevailing belief. The cave temples of Ellora, and the numerous *Topes*, or *Dhagobas*, scattered over Central and Northern India, and the Punjab, tell of the time when its influence was recognized from the mouths of the Ganges to the mountains of Cabool—an influence which lasted for at least 1,000 years. Even now, though in these populous districts it has yielded to the older national creed of Brahminism, it is the religion of nations whose population, if that of China be taken at the 330,000,000 assigned to it by the most recent authorities, is little short of 400,000,000.

And this prodigious extension has not resulted from the natural diffusion of some race, which, spreading over the earth, has carried its hereditary creed with it; nor yet is it due, like the spread of Mahometanism, to the fiery zeal of a conquering people. The faith of Buddha originated from a single point, from an individual, whose existence is as certain as that of Confucius or Socrates; and whose death modern inquirers agree in fixing in 543 B.C. It has spread from land to land through the zeal of learned missionaries, by argument and conviction, not through violence. Its annals, indeed, are marked by a singular spirit of toleration. If we except the doubtful history of one religious war, between a reforming party in Tibet, and those whom they endeavoured to reform, its orthodox adherents have contented themselves with denouncing the punishments of a future world against the heretics whose doctrines they unflinchingly repudiated; and have left them in this world unmolested by the civil power. And although Buddhism appears to have been rooted out of India by persecution, we do not find that either there or elsewhere, the Buddhist priesthood have resorted to persecution for its establishment.

Under these circumstances, the inquiry whence Buddhism has derived its power of growth; what there can be in it to constitute its mighty hold upon men's minds, is one of no small interest: and that interest is increased by a remarkable peculiarity attending this belief. Buddhism has all the external signs of a religion. Wherever it has existed, temples and shrines have arisen. We find in all Buddhist countries a splendid ceremonial of worship, crowds of worshippers, forms of prayer in use in order to obtain benefits or ward off injury. Its sacred legends are interwoven with miracles of the most astonishing kind. And yet inquirers, deeply versed in its doctrines, assert that at bottom it is a system of Atheism, denying the existence of any supreme intelligent Deity, and worshiping a being whom its most learned doctors declare to be entirely unconscious of the worship he receives.

There is a mystery here which deserves investigation, and a little time and patience may not be thrown away in examining, as I propose to do, so far as the limits of this paper allow, what the belief known as Buddhism really is, and in what its strength lies.

It lies, as I apprehend, in three things; 1st. In the strong grasp taken by Buddha of a great moral truth, which in every age and country has forced itself upon the thoughts of meditative men. 2ndly. In a bold philosophical system, by which this moral truth is raised into a universal law of existence. 3rdly. In the formation of institutions which have arisen out of the application of this system to actual life, and have given to it the power of penetrating into the heart of society.

"Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "all is vanity—all things are full of labor "—man cannot utter it. The eye is not "satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with "hearing . . . . I have seen all the works "that there are under the sun, and behold "all is vanity and vexation of spirit." On this truth, which, more or less, finds an echo in every breast, Siddartha *Sakyamuni*, *i.e.* the hermit of Sakya, took his stand with the Jewish preacher; but, unlike the latter, he did not stop there. The difference will be best understood by the story of his early life; a story so consistent with his subsequent teachings, that I venture to assume its main outlines to be real, notwithstanding the dazzling mist of legendary wonder cast around them.

Siddartha, then, was the eldest son of the king of Capila; a town situated near the present Goruckpoor. Tall, handsome, with large blue eyes and a lofty forehead, endowed with great personal strength, and married to the beautiful daughter of a neighbouring prince, he lived till nearly the age of twenty-nine immersed in the enjoyments which his station permitted. But at that period, the sight of an old decrepit man, of a leper, and of a corpse, led him to meditate on his own liability to age, sickness, and death; while, shortly afterwards, the countenance of a brahminical devotee whom he accidentally met, fascinated him by the contrast of its calm tranquillity with the restless and jaded expression of his father's courtiers. Soon his mind is made up; he tears himself away from his sleeping wife, casting only one glance on his infant son as it slumbered in her arms, rides rapidly to the banks of the river Amoma, there cuts off with his own hands his long hair, dismisses his sole attendant, assumes the garb of a *Bhikshu*, *i.e.* a religious mendicant, and begs his first meal in the town of Rabagriha, near Guya; overcoming his disgust at the coarse food, by reflecting, "Let element join element."

The king of the city was an old friend; but vainly did he endeavour to draw Siddatha back to the enjoyments of his station. He withdrew into the forest, and there spent six years in meditation and abstinence; patiently striving, with such help as a few Brahminical ascetics could afford him, to solve the mystery of his own existence, and that of the universe. At the end of this period, he renounced the effort to subdue his will by austerities which, as he discovered, did but weaken his body, and cloud his intellect; concentrated his attention on the discipline of

his spiritual nature, resumed the alms-bowl, and the habit of eating in moderation of common food, and after seven weeks of profound meditation spent under different trees, ending with the bo-tree, *i.e.* the tree of wisdom, claimed to have attained the revelation of supreme intelligence, and came forth as Buddha, *i.e.* "the all-knowing," to reveal to mankind the path to the City of Peace. The patronymic of Gautama served as a distinction from other Buddhas, whom he believed to have been his predecessors.

The visions of Swedenborg, and the dreams of an intuitive knowledge of the whole mystery of existence, which have filled Germany in our own days, may explain the pretensions of Gautama Buddha, without obliging us to impugn his sincerity. I proceed to indicate the path of deliverance which he pointed out.

The source of human misery, he said, is unwise desire. Mankind are the victims of covetousness, enmity, impurity, and ignorance of good, gross and sluggish of soul, because unaccustomed to the exercises of meditation. They are like a clump of many knotted bamboos, whose branches and leaves are so entangled that none can be extricated. In this state sorrows of every kind hang heavily on the horizon of their life.

From it there are four stages to complete deliverance.

The first stage is the renunciation of self-confidence. Men say, "we are;" "this is ours;" as if they could live for ever. The entrance to the path of wisdom is to learn the transitory nature of ourselves, all our knowledge and all our possessions, to look out for a wiser teacher, and to value his precepts. Thus will the three lowest knots of the bamboo be cleared.

The second stage carries on the learner, by appropriate meditation, to the renunciation of self-complacency, and of the disposition to wish evil to others: clearing two more knots.

The third stage teaches us to renounce the attachment to every thing which gives pleasure to eye, or ear, or smell, or taste, or touch; and to soar on the wings of meditation into a region of calm equanimity, whence the objects of sense appear too mean and insignificant to awaken desire.

Ten knots of the bamboo are now cleared. Of the elements of existence there remains thought only. Is any further advance possible? Buddha answers, Yes. There is still a fourth stage before sorrow can be finally vanquished. It is to renounce all desire of existence, even of the existence of pure thought. Raise yourselves to this point of self-renunciation, and you will attain a joy inexpressible, a peace which can never pass away; you will become an *Arhat*, *i. e.* a high and worthy one, and float far above all the sorrow of existence, in the cloudless region of absolute tranquillity. In Buddhist language you will attain the fruition of *Nirwana*, *i.e.* the state of breathing away, which on the death of the body will finally await you.

Such was Buddha's exposition of the great moral truth which lies at the bottom of his system, the truth that human life is full of sorrow, because it is full of selfish desire; whence Buddha inferred that the path to deliverance lay in the entire renunciation of all desire, including the desire of existence.

Had he stopped at the enunciation of this principle, he might perhaps have founded a philosophical sect; but he never would have influenced the body of mankind. His sway over them has arisen from the boldness with which he raised his exposition of this moral truth into the regulating principle of all sentient being.

He taught that birth in this world, is not the beginning, nor death the end of life. In one vast unending round the tide of being flows on. Every creature is subject to production, growth, decay, and re-production. There are countless universes besides this earth, but all are formed on the same plan, and are themselves subject to the same law of formation, decay, and renovation. Four continents lie around a great central mountain, Meru, about which,

sun and moon, and planets and stars, revolve. Beyond these continents is the encircling ocean; beneath them is hell; above them are the heavens, in three successive stages; the first completing the world of sense, of which hell and our earth form a part; the second constituting the world of form; the third constituting the formless world. And hell, and each of the upper worlds have many subdivisions. Life in these heavens and in the hells is prolonged to periods of vast extent, which are spent, by the inhabitants of the hells in unspeakable torments; by those of the heavens in enjoyments greatly surpassing the enjoyments of earth. But everywhere there is death: neither the pains of hell, nor the joys of the heavens are endless. And death is everywhere followed, so long as the desire of existence has not been overcome, by re-birth either into one of the hells, or heavens, or into some form of sentient existence upon earth; the particular condition of each individual being determined by the accumulated merit or demerit of his or her past existence. Cruelty and covetousness, and falsehood and lust, and drunkenness, and other vices will heap up a stock of demerit, producing re-birth in one of the hells, or at least in some wretched condition of life upon earth, according to the amount of demerit in store. The practice of the opposite virtues will insure re-birth in one of the heavens, or in some desirable condition upon earth, according to the store of accumulated merit. And the law of merit and demerit is declared in every universe by Buddhas; whose number, and the times of their appearance is determined when the universe is formed; and who, by the mysterious internal power of their will, are led to follow during long ages the desire of becoming the deliverers of their brethren, and to exercise in repeated births the virtues whose collective merit opens to them at length the fountain of boundless wisdom, whence all who will may quench the thirst of existence. For sentient being has its deep root in the ignorance of true wisdom, whence arises thought, and from thought consciousness, and from consciousness body and mind, and from these the organs of perception, and from the action of these organs the various modes of desire, and from desire the modes of actual existence, which finds its expression in birth, and growth, and sorrow, and decay, till death breaks up the elements of the individual life, but leaves the re-productive power subsisting to run the same round again.

A weary round! yet one from which wisdom, embodied in the Buddhas, offers to all alike the knowledge of the way of deliverance; or, if this road is too hard for any to travel to its final stage, then offers to them at least the means of securing as much happiness as is compatible with their still remaining desire. Of the Buddhas belonging to the universe of the earth, Gautama declared himself to be the fourth; the appointed number being five, of whom the last would appear 5,000 years after Gautama's decease to renew his doctrine, which, in obedience to the universal law of decay, would by that time be neglected and forgotten, as had been the case with the teachings of his predecessors.

Such, in its main outlines, was the system of thought which Gautama Buddha preached for forty-five years through Upper and North-Western India, gathering round himself numerous disciples, till, at the age of eighty, he died near Kusinara, in a mango grove, surrounded, it is said, by 500 of his most eminent followers; to whom his dying words were, "*Bhikshus*, I exhort "you for the last time, — transitory "things are perishable,—qualify your- "selves for *Nirwana*."

It remains to describe the institutions which have secured to the teaching of Gautama, its penetrative and enduring power; institutions by which his greatness as a religious inventor is chiefly shown. For we must not suppose that his system of thought was altogether his own. On the contrary, one great cause of the rapid progress of his doctrine lay in the circumstance that its scattered elements formed part of the

received opinions of his countrymen. He worked, as true genius always works, with the materials lying ready to his hand; but he so combined these materials as to give an entirely new impulse to the society among which he appeared: an impulse whose effect is not yet exhausted.

In India, when Gautama taught, as in India now, caste was prevalent. Under the teaching of Gautama, caste disappeared. "My law is a law of "mercy for all," said Buddha. "All "need my help, and none are excluded "from it. To the highest brahmin and "the lowest pariah, to the man and the "woman, to the rich and the poor, to "the virtuous and the criminal, the ex- "ercises of self-renunciation are the feet "by which they tread the way to repose "over the desert of existence. The "merit and the reward of every one "depend solely on the degree of profi- "ciency attained in these exercises; "among the company of the faithful "there is no distinction but that arising "from the advance made in the paths "of peace."

Again, in India, when Gautama began to teach, retirement from the world for the practice of a life of self-mortification was not uncommon. His own history shows this. But the recluses were hermits, acting each for himself, according to his own fancies. Some lived entirely in the forest; some disdained the use of clothes or ablutions; some would eat no flesh; some made a merit of starving or otherwise torturing their bodies. Asceticism ran wild in their hands. Gautama regulated it. He did not prohibit the residence in the forest, on the contrary, he commended it, and spent much of his own time there; and the word *Pansala, i.e.* leaf dwelling, is the appropriate expression for the residence of the Buddhist priest. But on the fantastic extravagances of ascetic piety he placed a complete check by an elaborate system of rules, in which the dress, the behaviour, the food, and manner of obtaining it, the whole conduct, in short, of those who seek to enter the paths to the city of peace, is minutely prescribed. The body is to be kept clean, and decently clad in an under dress, a tunic, and a yellow robe, of which the material must be of some vegetable substance, that life may not be sacrificed in making it, and which is to be formed of many patches, that there may be nothing about it to excite vanity. The appetite is to be governed by the priest living upon such food as he can collect in his alms-bowl; and a daily exercise of self-control is provided by the prohibition to eat after mid-day. But if the body is not to be pampered, it is not to be exhausted. "We take care of it," says one of Buddha's most learned followers, "as we take care of a wound; not "because we delight in it, but to obtain "power for keeping the precepts." The writings of Buddha anticipate the maxim that "bodily exercise profiteth little."

This watchfulness over the extravagances of asceticism naturally led Buddha to encourage his followers to reside together in fixed establishments, where the younger disciples could be trained up in the knowledge and observance of his rules; while the collective body could exercise a healthy control over each of its members. Hence arose that most important of Buddhistic institutions, the *Vihara,* i. e. *temple college,* or, in western language, the monastery; that source of spiritual life; and of formalism, the greatest enemy of this life; of strength, by reconciling the individual poverty of the priest with the collective wealth of the order; of weakness, by tempting the rapacity of one age to seize what the piety of its predecessors has bestowed.

By this institution the solitary ascetic was converted into the member of an order of priests, for the temple formed part of the vihara. He became a limb in a collegiate body, into which he was received after a novitiate, on proof of competent knowledge, and a blameless life during its continuance, and from which he was liable to be cut off, for grave offences against morals or orthodoxy. But whilst Buddha thus put a bridle upon the excesses of asceticism, he did not destroy the freedom belonging

to the hermit. The priest, during the greater part of the year, may reside out of his vihara, and may, if he so chooses, at any time give up his higher profession without forfeiting his right to be counted among the faithful; nay, may again resume the yellow robe, if in throwing it off he obtained the consent of the members of the vihara to which he belonged.

Through the institution of these collective bodies of priests, Buddha made provision for the diffusion of his doctrines among all classes of the community. He ordained that during the three months of the rainy season the priests should always reside in fixed habitations, and teach *bana*, *i.e.* the word, to the people. From this practice, which, when Buddha's teaching had been reduced into writing, after his decease, became bound up with the public reading of the holy books, has originated one of the most interesting customs of Ceylon, called *Wass*. During the rainy season, especially at or near the full moon, large bodies of people may be seen collected in the evenings under open circular sheds, usually to be found in the neighbourhood of the viharas; the females in their gayest attire, their hair combed back and fastened with silver pins behind their heads, and the men in cotton dresses of dazzling whiteness. In the centre of the assembly is a platform covered with white cloth, embroidered with moss, flowers, and the young leaves of the cocoa-nut, and hung with coloured lamps, where the priests take their stand, and chant, through the calm nights of that brilliant climate, passages from the sacred books, or from approved comments upon them, while at every repetition of the sacred name of Buddha, the whole body of listeners join in an exclamation of praise.

We are thus brought to the second of the great institutions which have given energy to Buddhism—the formation of bodies of associated laics.

Every religion which seeks to improve human conduct must experience a difficulty in knowing how to deal with the ever-growing population of those to whom faith in it is a matter of inheritance, but who entertain no strong personal conviction of the belief they profess—the half-converted and half-awakened class of our Western preaching. To Buddhism, this difficulty in dealing with the mass of the population among whom it sought to take root, presented itself in the strongest form; for it placed the goal of perfection in the entire renunciation of self: a renunciation necessarily involving a life of celibacy and the abandonment of all personal property. "To people its heavens" it must truly "have unpeopled earth." How was it to treat the numerous class who might lend a favourable ear to its teachings, who might be ready to take the first steps towards the city of peace, to exercise the lower grades of self-denial, but who had not resolution enough to carry them all the way along the sacred path. "Let them "associate themselves with us as far as "they can go," is Gautama's reply. "Let "them renounce confidence in themselves. Let them profess their readiness to take refuge in Buddha, in the "truth, *Dharma*, and in the associated "saints, *Sangha;* and then let them take "upon themselves the voluntary obligation to keep as many as they can of the "fundamental precepts which forbid the "sins of body, speech, or mind—murder, "theft, adultery, lying, slander, abuse, "unprofitable conversation, covetousness, malice, drunkenness, gambling, "idleness, bad company, &c. These "shall be our lay brothers and sisters. "If any are unwilling to pledge themselves for the whole of life, let them "fix the duration of the obligation at "some shorter period. The voluntary "observance of the precepts, or any one "of them, were it but for a single day, is "a step onwards upon the road, and "sows a seed of merit which will not fail "to bear its fruit. In some future birth "their good deeds may earn for them the "blessedness of a clearer insight into the "teachings of true wisdom; and the conviction of the nothingness and misery

"of existence may give them resolution "enough to cross the ocean of being and "gain the shore of unending rest."

Thus did Buddha fulfil his profession of opening the way of deliverance to all mankind. That the spread of Buddhism was greatly due to the influence of these lay brethren, among whom the rich, the noble, and the great could find a place without abandoning their wealth and social position, seems clear. The accounts of the early Buddhist missionaries constantly distinguish the number of converts from the number of those who followed the perfect life. The inscriptions on the colonnade round the great tope at Sanchi, described by Major Cunningham, commemorate the names of lay brethren among the donors of the pillars. The zeal of many of the monarchs of India, China, and Ceylon, for the spread of Buddhism is clearly attested, and they could not be ascetic recluses. At a recent period, Mr. Judson found the most popular expounder of Buddhism at Rangoon to be a lay brother, who had been a priest but had returned to common life; and Mr. Hardy, in his "Eastern Monachism," gives an account of a recent reforming movement among the Buddhists of Ceylon, which originated in the zeal of a layman, who subsequently obtained ordination as a priest in Burma.

What has been said may show wherein the strength of this remarkable creed principally consists. Let me add a few words on its weakness.

1st. Buddhism is weak intellectually, from the same cause whence arises the weakness of all philosophies which lay claim to intuitive knowledge, namely, their collision with the results of experimental investigation. The hells and heavens of Buddhism are bound up, with Great Meru; round which sun, moon, planets, and stars revolve. When the learned Buddhist discovers that geography and astronomy dispose of Mount Meru, with its circumjacent continents, and encircling oceans, and circumambient celestial bodies, he must be driven, if he retains his faith, to rationalize away his sacred books; and as he loses his firm trust in their infallibity, must lose also the foundation of his confidence in that endless reproduction of existence through the operation of desire, which lies at the bottom of his whole system.

2d. Buddhism is weak, intellectually, from its prodigious fondness for the miraculous—a tendency arising, apparently, out of the belief that to him who has attained true wisdom, and thus stands above all the delusions of desire, whence existence springs, this inferior power cannot offer any obstacle, but must yield to his will. The working of miracles is reduced in it to a system, the power being held to be attainable by all true followers of Buddha who perform any of the ten acts of profound meditation called *Kasinas;* though it is admitted that, at the present day, few persons, if any, can perform them aright. The description of these acts would take up too much space to allow of its being given here. It may be sufficient to mention, as some of their results, that they enable the holy performer to multiply his person indefinitely; to pass through the air with the swiftness of wind; to walk on the water; to see through and penetrate solid substances; to create rain, rivers, and seas; to shake the earth or any part of it; to call down fire from heaven; to make his own body or any other substance luminous; to change any substance into the appearance of gold; to produce any figure of any colour he pleases, &c. &c.

Of course, the possession of these powers in their fullest extent is attributed to Buddha. His life and that of his early followers are little more than a series of marvels. How far he himself claimed the possession of any power of this sort, it is not, however, easy to determine. For although his teaching appears to have been committed to writing soon after his decease, the legends about him are of a date so much later, as to have allowed ample time for the growth of a crop of imaginary wonders, whose luxuriance almost conceals the true Sákya from our sight.

For instance, they raise his stature to eighteen cubits; cover the soles of his feet with 216 peculiar marks, 108 on each; convert an indentation five feet long, and proportionably wide, existing, as above noticed, on Adam's Peak, into an impression of his footstep; seen in the constant motion of the leaves of the bo-tree, ever trembling, even in the profoundest calm, on their long slender stalks, a perpetual memorial of the wonderful scene witnessed by this holy plant, when Sákya became Buddha; and tell how a branch of the original tree spontaneously separated itself, at the prayer of Asoka, from the parent stem, that it might be transported to Ceylon, to edify king Tissa. But the main root of the Buddhist miracles appears to be the desire to assert the superiority of the inward life of wisdom over all outward existence, and the abundant growth of wonders, which has sprung up from it, is not undeserving of study, by those who are curious in the natural history of the miraculous legend.

3rd. Buddhism is weak morally, from the inevitable tendency of every system of minutely regulated religious observances to degenerate into an external formalism. And the same cause appears also to affect its intellectual character, injuriously. At least, modern observers describe the priests in its monasteries, as seeming in many cases to be in a state not far removed from idiotcy.

4th. Buddhism is weak morally, from the want of an active principle of goodness in its teachings. Its virtue is essentially negative. It enjoins men to "cease to do evil," but stops short of urging them to "learn to do well." The positive maxims of morality which adorn its practical precepts, and define, often with great beauty, the relative duties of parent and child, husband and wife, master and servant, &c. are rather the offspring of the natural emotions of goodness which spring up whenever the rank growth of selfish passion is destroyed, than the legitimate result of the principles on which it insists. Hence Buddhism has been accused, not without justice, of being unfruitful in good works. Its priests are said to be generally kind, and hospitable according to their means, and are sometimes famed for medical skill; and travellers speak of the Vihara's as affording them a friendly welcome, when it has been denied them elsewhere. But no orders like those of the "Sisters of Charity," or the "Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paula," have arisen out of the innumerable cloisters, with which Buddhism has covered the East; and although hospitals and asylums for cripples, women in their confinement, the blind, the deformed, and the destitute, are recorded as having formerly been founded by the munificence of Buddhist sovereigns, no institutions of this nature seem to spring up from the voluntary action even of the largest Buddhist communities.

Indeed, the disposition out of which such foundations might arise, is curiously distorted by the teaching of the sacred books in respect of the virtue of almsgiving. Alms, they say, are well bestowed in proportion as the recipient of them is worthy of the gift: a proposition in itself indisputable. But since the great motive to the practice of almsgiving or of any other virtue, lies, according to the Buddhist doctrine, in the merit to be acquired by their exercise, and the merit of alms is held to be lessened if the gift is ill-bestowed, it follows that the current of charity is diverted from the simply destitute—whose very destitution is to the Buddhist, at least a presumption of their unworthiness—to be directed to the worthiest on earth, to the community of priests, who are bound to receive the gifts bestowed, that the faithful may acquire merit; though forbidden by the self-renouncing principles of their creed, to retain them for their private advantage.

In truth, Buddhism is, as its name implies, the Deification of Wisdom. Buddha is the all-wise; and the doctrine of self-renunciation which forms the moral strength of his system, springs from a lively conviction of the impermanency and unreality of the world of

sense; not from that aspiration after communion with a being of perfectly unselfish goodness, which kindled the genius of Plato, and forms the deep root of Christian morality.

And herein lies the explanation of that startling peculiarity of Buddhism, that it is a religion which does not recognise any conscious intelligence in the object of its worship. Wisdom asks only for insight. It wants no other god than a power, by means of which it can account for phenomena. Buddha beheld around him an ever active force, working according to certain fixed laws which he believed himself to have discovered, and he remained satisfied with this discovery. He asked for nothing more. Why this force should work as it did do, he does not attempt to explain. The ultimate cause of being he expressly declares to be unknown. He contents himself therefore, with asserting that there is such a cause, and without saying anything about its nature, confines himself to the enunciation of the law according to which its operations are conducted.

To those who enter into the force of the declaration that God is love,—who seek in the Divine being for a spirit with whom the soul of man can hold communion,—this mode of thought must be entirely unsatisfactory. It robs them of the conceptions in which they are accustomed to find the purest pleasures. But it is curious to observe to how great an extent the moral force, which, to the Buddhist, supplies the place of a conscious God, fulfils the functions commonly assigned by Christian teachers to the Divine Being, if we exclude those which specially relate to the inward life of the soul.

Thus it is a power by which this world has been created, is upheld, and will be destroyed; a power ever busy in superintending human affairs; a power from which no action, however secret, can escape; which will infallibly reward the good and punish the bad; a power which has provided for mankind an infallible declaration of the truths essential to their eternal welfare; a power which enables its chosen instruments to work miracles; a power from which, by proper forms of supplication, man can obtain the grant of earthly blessings, and protection from earthly dangers; a power to which it is the duty of man to offer worship.

This worship is directly addressed to Buddha; who, although as an individual he has passed away, yet, as the embodiment of wisdom, represents to the Buddhist the all-regulating power whose law of action he unfolded. It may be asked how can it be reasonable to worship an unconscious being? The Buddhist theologian is at no loss for an answer. By offering this worship they say you put in motion a force which will work out the accomplishment of your desires. That this is so we know, for Buddha has declared it. You may not understand how the effect can be produced, but this is only what happens to you every day. Is the earth which you cultivate conscious of your acts; and do you know how it causes the plants to grow? The doctrines of the Buddhist leave no room for prayer, if it be regarded as the lifting up of the heart to God. But prayer, considered as a mysterious power by which men can move God to do what they wish, is consistent with the Buddhist belief, and is constantly practised in Buddhist communities.

To describe the Buddhist system as a system of atheism, is then to convey a false impression of its character, and to deal with words rather than with the thoughts represented by them. It may be described more truly as a system which dwells on the conception of the Divine power to the exclusion of that of the Divine goodness; which sees in God only the Creator, Ruler, and Judge, but not the Father of mankind.

A HEDGE-SIDE POET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

> "A poor tired, wandering singer, singing through
> The dark."

We hear a good deal now of poets of the people. The days are gone by when glorious ploughmen and inspired shepherds were made much of at noblemen's tables, and treated by noblewomen with something of the magnificent protection which the great Glumdalclitch accorded to Lemuel Gulliver. We no longer meet them led about as tame lions by an admiring, yet patronising host, who hints "hush!" at the least prospect of their roaring; and they are expected to roar always at the keeper's will—never against it. But if in these times they are more independent, they are much less rare and majestic creatures. They haunt every literary drawing-room by twos and threes,—the mud of their aboriginal fields still sticking to their illustrious boots,—pleased, but awkward; trying hard to tone down their native accents, manners and customs, to the smooth level of what is termed "good society." Or else, taking the opposite tack, are for ever thrusting forward, with obnoxious ostentation, their "origin;" forgetting that the delicate inborn refinement which alone can save a nobleman from being a clown, is also the only thing which can make a clodhopper into a gentleman. If it have not made him such—in manners as in mind—he may be a poet, but he remains a clodhopper still.

But, happily, many of these poets of the people are likewise of the true "gentle" blood; and thus, be their birth ever so humble, they rise, step by step, educating themselves—heaven knows how—but they are educated: acquiring, as if by instinct, those small social *bienséances*, which are good as well as pleasant, being the outward indication of far better things. Men such as these, wherever met, are at once easily recognisable, and quickly recognised; society gives them a cordial welcome; they are neither merely tolerated nor insultingly patronised; but take by right their natural place in the world, as its "best" portion—its truest aristocracy.

There is yet another class of born poets, whom the muse finds at the plough, the loom, the forge, the tailor's board, or the cobbler's stall,—and leaves them there. This, from various causes. First, because genius, or talent—call it which you please—is infinite in its gradations; the same amount of intellectual capacity which, found in an educated person, will enable him to take a very high place among "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," will not enable a common day-labourer to teach himself everything from the alphabet upwards, and raise himself from the plough-tail to the Laureateship. Secondarily, because, almost invariably, the organisation, mental and physical, which accompanies the poetic faculty is the one least fitted for that incessant battle with the world, for which a man must arm himself who aims to rise therein. Therefore it is, that while our noble Stephensons, and the like,—men who live poems instead of singing them,—move grandly on through the brave career, which may begin in a hut and end in Westminster Abbey,—these, who may be called our "hedge-side poets," never rise out of the station in which they were born. Unless some Capel Lofft or Savage Landor should catch them and exhibit them, they probably flutter on through life, singing their harmless songs to themselves, or to a very small audience; far happier in many things, than if they had been set up to plume and strut their little day in the gilded cage of popularity.

Yet, hear them in their native meadows, expecting from them neither epic hymns, nor operatic *fioriture*; and we are often charmed and amazed to find how exquisitely they sing: with a note as sweet and unexpected as a robin's warble out of a yellowing hedge, when leaves are falling, and flowers are few.

Such as this is more than one lyric, which we have discovered in two humble-looking volumes, printed by subscription, and probably hardly known beyond the subscribers' drawing-room tables, which purport to be "Poems" by a Cambridgeshire labouring man, James Reynolds Withers.

Let us take the first that offers, a "Song of the Butterfly":—

"I come from bowers of lilacs gay,
"With honeysuckles blending;
"And many a spray of willows gray,
"Above the waters bending.

"I flutter by the river side,
"Where laves the swan his bosom;
"And o'er the open common wide,
"Where yellow ragworts blossom.

"Away on downy pinions borne,
"With many a happy rover,
"I skim above the rustling corn,
"And revel in the clover.

"I laugh to see the frugal bee,
"For others hoard her treasure;
"From morn till night a toiler she,
"But mine's a life of pleasure.

* * * *

"The truant schoolboy loves to chase
"Me through the winding mazes;
"I lure him on a merry race,
"O'er meadows white with daisies.

"He creeps and crawls with cat-like tread,
"When I'm on cowslip rocking;
"Then up I flutter o'er his head,
"His vain endeavours mocking.

"And when the bee is in her cell,
"And shrill-tongued cricket calling,
"I sleep within the lily's bell,
"Whilst nightly damps are falling.

"There round my clean white-sheeted bed,
"Are pearly dews distilling;
"And nightingales, above my head,
"Their sweetest notes are trilling.

"I dance, I play, make love, and sleep,
"This is my whole employment;
"For men may smile or men may weep—
"My life is all enjoyment."

Now to take a working-man from his inherited calling, and exalt him into a poet, is a difficult and dangerous thing. But when an English agricultural labourer, at seven shillings a week, writes such verses as these, those acquainted with the normal condition of the race, are naturally somewhat surprised. If a Wordsworth, descending from his height of gentlemanly scholarship to this sweet, simple chronicling of simple nature, fresh as a breezy June morning,—if a Wordsworth had done it, we should have set down this poem as "charming;" but when it comes from the brain of uneducated Hodge, to whom even decent English must have been a difficult acquirement, we are forced to reflect, "This man must have something in him: who and what is he?" Let him answer for himself. A letter of his, which has fallen under our notice, is so simple and touching an expression of the man, James Reynolds Withers, that it is a poem in itself. We feel we are not breaking confidence, nor infringing on the right of every author to be known only by his published writings, if he so chooses, in giving it here, entire and unaltered:—

"I was born in the year 1812, on the "24th of May, at Weston Colville, in "Cambridgeshire—a village with about "400 inhabitants. My father was a "shoemaker there, but had failed in "business before I was born. I am the "youngest of four children, and the only "son, born almost out of due season, a "sort of Benjamin to my parents, being "a child of their old age. They could "not afford to send me to school, so my "mother taught me to read and write "a little. At an early age, I was em-"ployed at picking stones, weeding corn,

"and scaring birds, and part of one "year I was a keeper of sheep, when I "was much alone, and from that time "I date the first awakening of a poetic "feeling. I had a book of old ballads, "and Watts's Divine Songs for children, "that I used to read a great deal, and "many I committed to memory. After "that, I began to like to be alone, "and preferred, when unemployed, strol-"ling in the woods, and rambling in "the meadows amongst the trees and "flowers, to joining in the games of my "playmates. My father had some "knowledge of a market gardener at "Fordham, and wishing to get me into "some way of getting my living, at "twelve years old I was put to this "man for three years. The first two "years I had only my board and lodg-"ing; for the last year I received thirty "shillings. I stayed my time, but I "learned but little—in fact, there was "nothing to learn but what any one "might do—plain digging, hoeing, and "weeding. After my time was out I "went to lodgings, and continued to "work for my old master at seven shil-"lings per week. When I was about "nineteen years old [my second sister "married and was living at Cambridge, "and she hearing that an under-porter "was wanted at Magdalene College, "succeeded in getting the place for me, "but I did not stay more than five "months. I felt like a caged bird, and "sighed for the freedom of the fields "again. I returned to Fordham again, "to my old place and old wages, but I "could study nature in the day and "books in the evening, and write my "jingling verses without interruption; "but I was often in straitened circum-"stances in the winter; perhaps, for two "months I had nothing to do. At such "times I visited my mother; my father "was still living, but it was my mother "that I always clung to the most. "When I was about twenty-four years "old, my mother had a small sum of "money left her by her mother, who "died at the age of ninety-six, and "then it was that I thought I should "like to learn the shoemaking; and my "mother, wishing always to benefit me "all she could, paid a small sum to the "successor of my father to instruct me "for one year, and in that year my "mother died, and I never learned the "trade. After two years' absence I re-"turned to Fordham again, and soon "married, and have got a livelihood by "mending shoes and sometimes work-"ing in the fields, always going to har-"vest work. It was while reaping for "R. D. Fyson, Esq., about six years "back, that I was so fortunate as to be "introduced to Mrs. Fyson, who first "brought my works before the public, "and has been my constant friend ever "since.

"I have had four children, three of "whom are living; the eldest a girl, "eighteen years, and two boys, one "seventeen, the other fourteen, years "old. The girl belongs to the 'stitch, "stitch, stitch' sisterhood; the boys I "am anxious to get out to something "where they may get a living. They "go out to work in the fields when they "can get work to do, but I should "rejoice in the hope of being able to "give them some trade.

"Yours truly,

"J. R. Withers."

A simple story; yet what a picture it gives of this poor man's life, outwardly not different from the lives of thousands of East-Anglian peasants; the only difference was in *the man*, to whom nature gave a portion—great or small, time will show, for he is still not old—an undoubted portion of that strange gift called the poetic faculty. He therefore sees things with other eyes, feels things in another way, than his fellows; has pleasures they know not, struggles and pains which they cannot comprehend. Whether this has been good for him or ill, God knows; but it is the necessary lot of all who have ever so small a share of the gift of genius,—God's gift, and therefore never to be undervalued or denied.

In going through these two volumes, with their occasional errors of rhyme and rhythm, their conventional phraseo-

logy, and common-placeness of subjects; the author, like all uneducated rhymers, choosing themes and thinking thoughts which scores of poets have lighted on before him,—it is curious to see the *mens divinior* cropping out, as geologists would say, through the commonest stratum of style and ideas. Such as—

"Away, away, through valleys fair
"Where flames the mustard bloomy,
"*As if the sun was shining there,*
"*When all around is gloomy.*"

Or this picture of the baby year, out of a series of many equally good, which form a poem, rough and careless in diction, but vivid and beautiful in imagery, entitled, "Reminiscences of the Year 1855."

"Wrapt in robes of snowy ermine,
"At first I saw thee slumbering lie,
"Calm, quiet, still, and beautiful:
"But soon thy chubby dimpled hands
"Were playing with the crocus cups,
"And gingling silver snowdrop bells.
"And now a toddling fair wee thing,
"Dressed in a frock of palest green,
"All sprigged with pinky hawthorn buds,
"And bordered with hepaticas,
"Thou lov'dst to tease old Father Frost,
"Pulling his grizly crispy beard,
"Shaking the powder from his locks,
"Spoiling with fingers moist and warm
"The pictures of his palsied hand."

A tender, close, and minute observation of nature is the strongest peculiarity of Withers's poetry. There is not much of the hot current of human emotion in it; little sentiment, and no passion: a gentle, moralizing, thoughtful nature, an eminently religious mind, and a shy retiring temperament, characterise it; as, we doubt not, they are the characteristics of the man himself; for with small demonstration, there is yet no pretence or affectation in his verses: all he does is essentially real. Such poems as "The Fire of Sticks," "The Old Well," "The Old Lane," indicate what a true "poet of the people" he might have become—nay might yet become, had he the power to concentrate into careful study of the art of poetry—for it is an art, as well as a native faculty—his delicacy of fancy, accuracy of perception, and truth of delineation. A man who could do this—embalming in real poetry the rural life of England—the poor man's life—with all its experiences and emotions—would do a thing which has never yet been done. The southern half of our island may boast its Clare and its Bloomfield—with one or two lesser singers—but it has never produced, perhaps never may produce, a Hogg or a Burns.

One may naturally ask, how is it that a man like Withers, with qualities, intellectual and moral, sufficient to raise him into a much higher and more congenial sphere, should, at forty-eight, remain still a common agricultural labourer? Possibly the explanation of this fact he has himself unconsciously given us in a little poem, called "Solitude the best Society."

"I was not formed to stem the tide,
"Or ride the stormy waves of strife;
"My little bark can only glide
"Along the shallow streams of life.
"Whilst bolder spirits fearless roam,
"And ocean's wildest tracks explore,
"I linger like a drone at home,
"And play with pebbles on the shore.
"Whilst some are proudly gaining
"A name for valiant deeds,
"Here lonely I only
"Gather shells and weeds.
"I know 'tis called a weakness
"'Gainst which I ought to strive;
"And if I had less meekness,
"Perhaps should better thrive.
"Why should I feel so shrinking,
"So timid and unwise,
"Whilst many men unthinking
"By boldness gain the prize?
"I see them how they toil and scheme,
"And plan from day to day;
"By grove and stream I muse and dream,
"Thus pass my time away.
"I would not be a senseless clod
"To only eat and sleep:
"Thou knowest me, my Father God,
"Though I can only creep.

"Towards thee still my heart doth tend
"Though pressed with sorrow down;
"To thee, my everlasting Friend,
"Are all its struggles known.
"Let bold blind bigots wrangle,
"And think they only see,
"I care not, I fear not,
"I dare to hope in Thee."

There is something deeply pathetic in all this; and one can easily understand the "struggles" which a man so gentle and refined, must, in his position, have found never-ending. But Withers is no prater of his own personality; even the incidents of his outward life are rarely more than hinted at: some lines "On the Death of my Child," being almost the only instance of what may be termed personal poetry. Except one, "Written from Newmarket Union to my Sister in Cambridge."

A poet in a workhouse!. Yes, it was so. In the year 1847, when, during very severe weather, he could get no work, rather than run into debt or subsist upon charity, this honest Englishman had the courage to ask the help which every Englishman, unable to find work or to do it, may claim, not so much as an alms, but a right—he dared to go with all his family, for a few months, into the union workhouse. And this little song he sung there, in its cheerful patience and self-respect, trusting that though temporarily a pauper, "a man's a man for a' that," deserves to be quoted here, for the everlasting shaming of all maudlin, egotistic, hypochondriac rhymsters, who think that genius warrants a man in being, not a man at all, but only a poet.

"Since I cannot, dear sister, with you hold communion,
"I'll give you a sketch of our life in the Union.
"But how to begin I don't know, I declare:
"Let me see; well, the first is our grand bill of fare.
"We've skilly for breakfast; at night bread and cheese,
"And we eat it, and then go to bed if we please.
"Two days in the week we've puddings for dinner,
"And two we have broth so like water, but thinner;
"Two, meat and potatoes, of this none to spare;
"One day bread and cheese—and this is our fare.
"And now then my clothes I will try to pourtray;
"They're made of coarse cloth, and the colour is grey;
"My jacket and waistcoat don't fit me at all;
"My shirt is too short, or else I am too tall;
"My shoes are not pairs, though of course I have two,
"They are down at the heel, and my stockings are blue.
"But what shall I say of the things they call breeches?
"Why mine are so large they'd have fitted John Fitches.
"John Fitches, you'll say, well, pray who was he?
"Why one of the fattest men I ever did see.
"To be well understood, dear, they ought to be seen;
"Neither breeches nor trousers, but something between;
"And though they're so large, you'll remember, I beg,
"That they're low in the waist and high on the leg.
"And no braces allowed me—oh dear, oh dear;
"We are each other's glass, so I know I look queer.
"A sort of Scotch bonnet we wear on our heads;
"And I sleep in a room where there are just fourteen beds;
"Some are sleeping, some snoring, some talking, some playing,
"Some fighting, some swearing, but very few praying.
"Here are nine at a time who work on the mill:
"We take it by turns, so it never stands still:
"A half an hour each gang; 'tis not very hard,

"And when we are off we can walk in
the yard.
"We have nurseries here, where the
children are crying;
"And hospitals too for the sick and the
dying.
"But I must not forget to record in
my verse,
"All who die here are honoured to ride
in a hearse.
"I sometimes look up to the bit of blue
sky
"High over my head, with a tear in my
eye,
"Surrounded by walls that are too high
to climb,
"Confined as a felon without any
crime;
"Not a field, not a house, not a hedge
can I see—
"Not a plant, not a flower, not a bush
nor a tree,
"Except a geranium or two that appear
"At the governor's window, to smile
even here."

A noticeable trait in Withers is his exceeding refinement of sentiment and expression. While far loftier versifiers seem to think it poetical to be coarse, and hold that gorgeous diction atones for any sensuousness, or even sensuality in idea;—this man, whose life has been passed in the sphere where the grossness of human nature rarely attempts to disguise itself, never pens a verse which a good man, when grown an old man, might regret having once written, and blush to see one of his own growing-up daughters read.

"Tea-table Talk,"—a conversation between a Dock and a Nettle, in which these two vegetable scandal-mongers tear to pieces a number of floral reputations; "Retaliation," where the same thing is done by a certain quick-witted Mrs. Sparrow, perched on the—

"—— green-budded thorn,
"Where the birds were assembled on
Valentine's morn;"—

and the "Toper's Lament," prove that Withers has a spice of humour in him; though, on the whole, he has too much of the meditative, didactic tone, to be capable of the strong contrasts of fun and pathos which constitute the dramatic, or rather, the intensely *human* element, in poetry. In short, he is more of a dreamer or a moralizer than an emotionalist. But, as we said, he is still far from being an old man; there may be much undeveloped power in him yet. A late MS. poem, not included in these volumes, is better than anything they contain.

As to the man himself—for the core of all a man writes and does, the root and indication of everything he may live to be, is his ego, his essential manhood,—let us quote what his minister, the clergyman of Fordham parish, has written of him:—

"Although Withers is in a very
"humble position of life, his mind is
"so well stored with valuable infor-
"mation on a variety of subjects, that
"with the greatest delight I spend
"much time in his company. I would
"also add, that his character is irre-
"proachable, and that he delights in
"doing good."

Will no one, who also "delights in doing good," try if a little good cannot be done in some way, by raising into a position more suitable for him our poor hedge-side poet, James Reynolds Withers?

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

CHAPTER XIV.

A CHANGE IN THE CREW, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

It was on a Saturday that the St. Ambrose boat made the first bump, described in our last chapter. On the next Saturday, the day-week after the first success, at nine o'clock in the evening, our hero was at the door of Hardy's rooms. He just stopped for one moment outside, with his hand on the lock, looking a little puzzled, but withal pleased, and then opened the door and entered. The little estrangement which there had been between them for some weeks, had passed away since the races had begun. Hardy had thrown himself into the spirit of them so thoroughly, that he had not only regained all his hold on Tom, but had warmed up the whole crew in his favour, and had mollified the martinet Miller himself. It was he who had managed the starting rope in every race, and his voice from the towing path had come to be looked upon as a safe guide for clapping on or rowing steady. Even Miller, autocrat as he was, had come to listen for it, in confirmation of his own judgment, before calling on the crew for the final effort.

So Tom had recovered his old footing in the servitor's rooms; and, when he entered on the night in question, did so with the bearing of an intimate friend. Hardy's tea commons were on one end of the table as usual, and he was sitting at the other poring over a book. Tom marched straight up to him, and leant over his shoulder.

"What, here you are at the perpetual grind," he said. "Come, shut up, and give me some tea; I want to talk to you."

Hardy looked up with a grim smile.

"Are you up to a cup of tea?" he said; "look here, I was just reminded of you fellows. Shall I construe for you?"

He pointed with his finger to the open page of the book he was reading. It was the Knights of Aristophanes, and Tom, leaning over his shoulder, read,—

κᾆτα καθίζου μαλακῶς ἵνα μὴ τρίβῃς τὴν ἐν Σαλαμῖνι, &c.

After meditating a moment, he burst out, "You hard-hearted old ruffian! I come here for sympathy, and the first thing you do is to poke fun at me out of your wretched classics! I've a good mind to clear out, and not do my errand."

"What's a man to do?" said Hardy. "I hold that it's always better to laugh at fortune. What's the use of repining? You have done famously, and second is a capital place on the river."

"Second be hanged!" said Tom. "We mean to be first."

"Well, I hope we may!" said Hardy. "I can tell you nobody felt it more than I—not even old Diogenes—when you didn't make your bump to-night."

"Now you talk like a man, and a Saint Ambrosian," said Tom. "But what do you think? Shall we ever catch them?" and, so saying, he retired to a chair opposite the tea-things.

"No," said Hardy; "I don't think we ever shall. I'm very sorry to say it, but they are an uncommonly strong lot, and we have a weak place or two in our crew. I don't think we can do more than we did to-night—at least with the present crew."

"But if we could get a little more strength we might?"

"Yes, I think so. Jervis's stroke is worth two of theirs. A very little more powder would do it."

"Then we must have a little more powder."

"Ay, but how are we to get it? Who can you put in?"

"You!" said Tom, sitting up. "There, now, that's just what I am come about. Drysdale is to go out. Will you pull next race? They all want you to row."

"Do they?" said Hardy, quietly (but Tom could see that his eyes sparkled at the notion, though he was too proud to show how much he was pleased); "then they had better come and ask me themselves."

"Well, you cantankerous old party, they're coming, I can tell you!" said Tom, in great delight. "The Captain just sent me on to break ground, and will be here directly himself. I say now, Hardy," he went on, "don't you say no. I've set my heart upon it. I'm sure we shall bump them if you pull."

"I don't know that," said Hardy, getting up, and beginning to make tea, to conceal the excitement he was in at the idea of rowing; "you see I'm not in training."

"Gammon," said Tom, "you're always in training, and you know it."

"Well," said Hardy, "I can't be in worse than Drysdale. He has been of no use above the Gut this last three nights."

"That's just what Miller says," said Tom, "and here comes the Captain." There was a knock at the door while he spoke, and Jervis and Miller entered.

Tom was in a dreadful fidget for the next twenty minutes, and may best be compared to an enthusiastic envoy negotiating a commercial treaty, and suddenly finding his action impeded by the arrival of his principals. Miller was very civil, but not pressing; he seemed to have come more with a view of talking over the present state of things, and consulting upon them, than of enlisting a recruit. Hardy met him more than half-way, and speculated on all sorts of possible issues, without a hint of volunteering himself. But presently Jervis, who did not understand finessing, broke in, and asked Hardy, point blank, to pull in the next race; and when he pleaded want of training, overruled him at once by saying that there was no better training than sculling. So in half an hour all was settled. Hardy was to pull five in the next race, Diogenes was to take Blake's place at No. 7, and Blake to take Drysdale's oar at No. 2. The whole crew were to go for a long training walk the next day, Sunday, in the afternoon; to go down to Abingdon on Monday, just to get into swing in their new places, and then on Tuesday to abide the fate of war. They had half an hour's pleasant talk over Hardy's tea, and then separated.

"I always told you he was our man," said the Captain to Miller, as they walked together to the gates; "we want strength, and he is as strong as a horse. You must have seen him sculling yourself. There isn't his match on the river to my mind."

"Yes, I think he'll do," replied Miller; "at any rate he can't be worse than Drysdale."

As for Tom and Hardy, it may safely be said that no two men in Oxford went to bed in better spirits that Saturday night than they two.

And now to explain how it came about that Hardy was wanted. Fortune had smiled upon the St. Ambrosians in the two races which succeeded the one in which they had bumped Exeter. They had risen two more places without any very great trouble. Of course, the constituencies on the bank magnified their powers and doings. There never was such a crew, they were quite safe to be head of the river, nothing could live against their pace. So the young oars in the boat swallowed all they heard, thought themselves the finest fellows going, took less and less pains to keep up their condition, and when they got out of ear-shot of Jervis and Diogenes, were ready to bet two to one that they would bump Oriel the next night, and keep easily head of the river for the rest of the races.

Saturday night came, and brought with it a most useful though unpalatable lesson to the St. Ambrosians. The Oriel boat was manned chiefly by old oars, seasoned in many a race, and not liable to panic when hard pressed. They had a fair though not a first-rate stroke, and a good coxswain; experts remarked that they were rather too heavy for their boat, and that she dipped a little when they put on anything like a severe spurt; but on the whole they were by no means the sort of crew you

could just run into hand over hand. So Miller and Diogenes preached, and so the Ambrosians found out to their cost.

They had the pace of the other boat, and gained as usual a boat's length before the Gut; but, first those two fatal corners were passed, and then other well-remembered spots where former bumps had been made, and still Miller made no sign; on the contrary, he looked gloomy and savage. The St. Ambrosian shouts from the shore too changed from the usual exultant peals into something like a quaver of consternation, while the air was rent with the name and laudations of "little Oriel."

Long before the Cherwell Drysdale was completely baked, (he had played truant the day before and dined at the Weirs, where he had imbibed much dubious hock), but he from old habit managed to keep time. Tom and the other young oars got flurried, and quickened; the boat dragged, there was no life left in her, and, though they managed just to hold their first advantage, could not put her a foot nearer the stern of the Oriel boat, which glided past the winning-post a clear boat's length ahead of her pursuers, and with a crew much less distressed.

Such races must tell on strokes; and even Jervis, who had pulled magnificently throughout, was very much done at the close, and leant over his oar with a swimming in his head, and an approach to faintness, and was scarcely able to see for a minute or so. Miller's indignation knew no bounds, but he bottled it up till he had manœuvred the crew into their dressing-room by themselves, Jervis having stopped below. Then he let out, and did not spare them. "They would kill their captain, whose little finger was worth the whole of them; they were disgracing the college; three or four of them had neither heart, head, nor pluck." They all felt that this was unjust, for after all had they not brought the boat up to the second place? Poor Diogenes sat in a corner and groaned; he forgot to prefix "old fellow" to the few observations he made. Blake had great difficulty in adjusting his necktie before the glass; he merely remarked in a pause of the objurgation, "In faith, coxswain, these be very bitter words." Tom and most of the others were too much out of heart to resist; but at last Drysdale fired up—

"You've no right to be so savage that I can see," he said, stopping the low whistle suddenly in which he was indulging, as he sat on the corner of the table; "you seem to think No. 2 the weakest out of several weak places in the boat."

"Yes, I do," said Miller.

"Then this honourable member," said Drysdale, getting off the table, "seeing that his humble efforts are unappreciated, thinks it best for the public service to place his resignation in the hands of your coxswainship."

"Which my coxswainship is graciously pleased to accept," replied Miller.

"Hurrah for a roomy punt and a soft cushion next racing night—it's almost worth while to have been rowing all this time, to realize the sensations I shall feel when I see you fellows passing the Cherwell on Tuesday."

"*Suave est*, it's what I'm partial to, *mari magno*, in the last reach, *a terrâ*, from the towing-path, *alterius magnum spectare laborem*, to witness the tortures of you wretched beggars in the boat. I'm obliged to translate for Drysdale, who never learned Latin," said Blake, finishing his tie, and turning to the company. There was an awkward silence. Miller was chafing inwardly and running over in his mind what was to be done; and nobody else seemed quite to know what ought to happen next, when the door opened and Jervis came in.

"Congratulate me, my captain," said Drysdale; "I'm well out of it at last."

Jervis "pished and pshaw'd" a little at hearing what had happened, but his presence acted like oil on the waters. The moment that the resignation was named, Tom's thoughts had turned to Hardy. Now was the time—he had such confidence in the man, that the idea of getting him in for next race entirely changed the aspect of affairs to him, and made him feel as "bumptious"

again as he had done in the morning. So with this idea in his head, he hung about till the Captain had made his toilet, and joined himself to him and Miller as they walked up.

"Well, what are we to do now?" said the Captain.

"That's just what you have to settle," said Miller; "you have been up all the term, and know the men's pulling better than I."

"I suppose we must press somebody from the torpid—let me see, there's Burton."

"He rolls like a porpoise," interrupted Miller positively; "impossible."

"Stewart might do then."

"Never kept time for three strokes in his life," said Miller.

"Well, there are no better men," said the Captain.

"Then we may lay our account to stopping where we are, if we don't even lose a place," said Miller.

"Dust unto dust, what must be, must;
If you can't get crumb, you'd best
eat crust,"

said the Captain.

"It's all very well talking coolly now," said Miller, "but you'll kill yourself trying to bump, and there are three more nights."

"Hardy would row if you asked him, I'm sure," said Tom.

The Captain looked at Miller, who shook his head. "I don't think it," he said; "I take him to be a shy bird that won't come to everybody's whistle. We might have had him two years ago I believe—I wish we had."

"I always told you so," said Jervis; "at any rate let's try him. He can but say no, and I don't think he will, for you see he has been at the starting-place every night, and as keen as a freshman all the time."

"I'm sure he won't," said Tom; "I know he would give anything to pull."

"You had better go to his rooms and sound him," said the Captain; "Miller and I will follow in half an hour." We have already heard how Tom's mission prospered.

The next day, at a few minutes before two o'clock, the St. Ambrose crew, including Hardy, with Miller (who was a desperate and indefatigable pedestrian) for leader, crossed Magdalen Bridge. At five they returned to college, having done a little over fifteen miles, fair heel and toe walking, in the interval. The afternoon had been very hot, and Miller chuckled to the Captain, "I don't think there will be much trash left in any of them after that. That fellow Hardy is as fine as a race-horse, and, did you see, he never turned a hair all the way."

The crew dispersed to their rooms, delighted with the performance now that it was over, and feeling that they were much the better for it, though they all declared it had been harder work than any race they had yet pulled. It would have done a trainer's heart good to have seen them, some twenty minutes afterwards, dropping into Hall (where they where allowed to dine on Sundays, on the joint), fresh from cold baths, and looking ruddy and clear, and hard enough for anything.

Again on Monday, not a chance was lost. The St. Ambrose boat started soon after one o'clock for Abingdon. They swung steadily down the whole way, and back again to Sandford without a single spurt; Miller generally standing in the stern, and preaching above all things steadiness and time. From Sandford up, they were accompanied by half a dozen men or so, who ran up the bank watching them. The struggle for the first place on the river was creating great excitement in the rowing world, and these were some of the most keen connoisseurs, who, having heard that St. Ambrose had changed a man, were on the look-out to satisfy themselves as to how it would work. The general opinion was veering round in favour of Oriel; changes so late in the races, and at such a critical moment, were looked upon as very damaging.

Foremost amongst the runners on the bank was a wiry dark man, with sanguine complexion, who went with a peculiar long, low stride, keeping his keen eye well on the boat. Just above Kennington

island, Jervis, noticing this particular spectator for the first time, called on the crew, and, quickening his stroke, took them up the reach at racing pace. As they lay in Iffley lock the dark man appeared above them, and exchanged a few words, and a good deal of dumb show, with the Captain and Miller, and then disappeared.

From Iffley up they went steadily again. On the whole Miller seemed to be in very good spirits in the dressing room; he thought the boat trimmed better, and went better than she had ever done before, and complimented Blake particularly for the ease with which he had changed sides. They all went up in high spirits, calling on their way at "The Choughs" for one glass of old ale round, which Miller was graciously pleased to allow. Tom never remembered till after they were out again that Hardy had never been there before, and felt embarrassed for a moment, but it soon passed off. A moderate dinner and early to bed finished the day, and Miller was justified in his parting remark to the Captain, "Well, if we don't win, we can comfort ourselves that we hav'n't dropped a stitch this last two days, at any rate."

Then the eventful day arose which Tom and many another man felt was to make or mar St. Ambrose. It was a glorious early summer day, without a cloud, scarcely a breath of air stirring. "We shall have a fair start at any rate," was the general feeling. We have already seen what a throat-drying, nervous business, the morning and afternoon of a race-day is, and must not go over the same ground more than we can help; so we will imagine the St. Ambrose boat down at the starting-place, lying close to the towing-path, just before the first gun.

There is a much greater crowd than usual opposite the two first boats. By this time most of the other boats have found their places, for there is not much chance of anything very exciting down below; so, besides the men of Oriel and St. Ambrose (who muster to-night of all sorts, the fastest of the fast and slowest of the slow having been by this time shamed into something like enthusiasm), many of other colleges, whose boats have no chance of bumping or being bumped, flock to the point of attraction.

"Do you make out what the change is?" says a backer of Oriel to his friend in the like predicament.

"Yes, they've got a new No. 5, don't you see, and, by George, I don't like his looks," answered his friend; "awfully long and strong in the arm, and well ribbed up. A devilish awkward customer. I shall go and try to get a hedge."

"Pooh," says the other, "did you ever know one man win a race?"

"Ay, that I have," says his friend, and walks off towards the Oriel crowd to take five to four on Oriel in half sovereigns, if he can get it.

Now their dark friend of yesterday comes up at a trot, and pulls up close to the Captain, with whom he is evidently dear friends. He is worth looking at, being coxswain of the O. U. B., the best steerer, runner, and swimmer, in Oxford; amphibious himself, and sprung from an amphibious race. His own boat is in no danger, so he has left her to take care of herself. He is on the look-out for recruits for the University crew, and no recruiting sergeant has a sharper eye for the sort of stuff he requires.

"What's his name?" he says in a low tone to Jervis, giving a jerk with his head towards Hardy. "Where did you get him?"

"Hardy," answers the Captain in the same tone; "it's his first night in the boat."

"I know that," replies the coxswain; "I never saw him row before yesterday. He's the fellow who sculls in that brown skiff, isn't he?"

"Yes, and I think he'll do; keep your eye on him."

The coxswain nods as if he were pretty much of the same mind, and examines Hardy with the eye of a connoisseur, pretty much as the judge at an agricultural show looks at the prize bull. Hardy is tightening the

strap of his stretcher, and all-unconscious of the compliments which are being paid him. The great authority seems satisfied with his inspection, grins, rubs his hands, and trots off to the Oriel boat to make comparisons.

Just as the first gun is heard, Gray sidles nervously to the front of the crowd as if he were doing something very audacious, and draws Hardy's attention, exchanging sympathising nods with him, but saying nothing, for he knows not what to say, and then disappearing again in the crowd.

"Hallo, Drysdale, is that you?" says Blake, as they push off from the shore. "I thought you were going to take it easy in a punt."

"So I thought," said Drysdale, "but I couldn't keep away, and here I am. I shall run up; and mind, if I see you within ten feet, and cocksure to win, I'll give a view holloa. I'll be bound you shall hear it."

"May it come speedily," said Blake, and then settled himself in his seat.

"Eyes in the boat — mind now, steady all, watch the stroke and don't quicken."

These are Miller's last words; every faculty of himself and the crew being now devoted to getting a good start. This is no difficult matter, as the water is like glass, and the boat lies lightly on it, obeying the slightest dip of the oars of bow and two, who just feel the water twice or thrice in the last minute. Then, after a few moments of breathless hush on the bank, the last gun is fired and they are off.

The same scene of mad excitement ensues, only tenfold more intense, as almost the whole interest of the races is to-night concentrated on the two head boats and their fate. At every gate there is a jam, and the weaker vessels are shoved into the ditches, upset, and left unnoticed. The most active men, including the O. U. B. coxswain, shun the gates altogether, and take the big ditches in their stride, making for the long bridges, that they may get quietly over these and be safe for the best part of the race. They know that the critical point of the struggle will be near the finish.

Both boats make a beautiful start, and again as before in the first dash the St. Ambrose pace tells, and they gain their boat's length before first winds fail; then they settle down for a long steady effort. Both crews are rowing comparatively steady, reserving themselves for the tug of war up above. Thus they pass the Gut, and so those two treacherous corners, the scene of countless bumps, into the wider water beyond, up under the willows.

Miller's face is decidedly hopeful; he shows no sign, indeed, but you can see that he is not the same man as he was at this place in the last race. He feels that to-day the boat is full of life, and that he can call on his crew with hopes of an answer. His well-trained eye also detects that, while both crews are at full stretch, his own, instead of losing, as it did on the last night, is now gaining inch by inch on Oriel. The gain is scarcely perceptible to him even; from the bank it is quite imperceptible; but there it is; he is surer and surer of it, as one after another the willows are left behind.

And now comes the pinch. The Oriel Captain is beginning to be conscious of the fact which has been dawning on Miller, but will not acknowledge it to himself, and as his coxswain turns the boat's head gently across the stream, and makes for the Berkshire side and the goal, now full in view, he smiles grimly as he quickens his stroke; he will shake off these light-heeled gentry yet, as he did before.

Miller sees the move in a moment, and signals his Captain, and the next stroke St. Ambrose has quickened also; and now there is no mistake about it, St. Ambrose is creeping up slowly but surely. The boat's length lessens to forty feet, thirty feet; surely and steadily lessens. But the race is not lost yet; thirty feet is a short space enough to look at on the water, but a good bit to pick up foot by foot in the last two hundred yards of a desperate struggle. They are over under the Berkshire side now,

and there stands up the winning-post, close ahead, all but won. The distance lessens and lessens still, but the Oriel crew stick steadily and gallantly to their work, and will fight every inch of distance to the last. The Orielites on the bank, who are rushing along sometimes in the water, sometimes out, hoarse, furious, madly alternating between hope and despair, have no reason to be ashamed of a man in the crew. Off the mouth of the Cherwell there is still twenty feet between them. Another minute, and it will be over one way or another. Every man in both crews is now doing his best, and no mistake; tell me which boat holds the most men who can do better than their best at a pinch, who will risk a broken blood-vessel, and I will tell you how it will end. "Hard pounding, gentlemen, let's see who will pound longest," the Duke is reported to have said at Waterloo, and won. "Now, Tummy, lad, 'tis thou or I," Big Ben said as he came up to the last round of his hardest fight, and won. Is there a man of that temper in either crew to-night? If so, now's his time. For both coxswains have called on their men for the last effort; Miller is whirling the tassel of his right-hand tiller rope round his head, like a wiry little lunatic; from the towing path, from Christchurch Meadow, from the rows of punts, from the clustered tops of the barges, comes a roar of encouragement and applause, and the band, unable to resist the impulse, breaks with a crash into the "Jolly Young Waterman," playing two bars to the second. A bump in the Gut is nothing—a few partisans on the towing-path to cheer you, already out of breath; but up here at the very finish, with all Oxford looking on, when the prize is the headship of the river; once in a generation only do men get such a chance.

Who ever saw Jervis not up to his work? The St. Ambrose stroke is glorious. Tom had an atom of go still left in the very back of his head, and at this moment he heard Drysdale's view holloa above all the din; it seemed to give him a lift, and other men besides in the boat, for in another six strokes the gap is lessened and St. Ambrose has crept up to ten feet, and now to five from the stern of Oriel. Weeks afterwards Hardy confided to Tom that when he heard that view halloa he seemed to feel the muscles of his arms and legs turn into steel, and did more work in the last twenty strokes than in any other forty in the earlier part of the race.

Another fifty yards and Oriel is safe, but the look on the Captain's face is so ominous that their coxswain glances over his shoulder. The bow of St. Ambrose is within two feet of their rudder. It is a moment for desperate expedients. He pulls his left tiller rope suddenly, thereby carrying the stern of his own boat out of the line of the St. Ambrose, and calls on his crew once more; they respond gallantly yet, but the rudder is against them for a moment, and the boat drags. St. Ambrose overlaps. "A bump, a bump," shout the St. Ambrosians on shore. "Row on, row on," screams Miller. He has not yet felt the electric shock, and knows he will miss his bump if the young ones slacken for a moment. A young coxswain would have gone on making shots at the stern of the Oriel boat, and so have lost.

A bump now and no mistake; the bow of the St. Ambrose boat jams the oar of the Oriel stroke, and the two boats pass the winning-post with the way that was on them when the bump was made. So near a shave was it.

To describe the scene on the bank is beyond me. It was a hurly-burly of delirious joy, in the midst of which took place a terrific combat between Jack and the Oriel dog—a noble black bull terrier belonging to the college in general, and no one in particular—who always attended the races and felt the misfortune keenly. Luckily they were parted without worse things happening; for though the Oriel men were savage, and not disinclined for a jostle, the milk of human kindness was too strong for the moment in their adversaries, and they extricated themselves from the crowd, carrying off Crib their dog,

and looking straight before them into vacancy.

"Well rowed, boys," says Jervis, turning round to his crew as they lay panting on their oars.

"Well rowed, five," says Miller, who even in the hour of such a triumph is not inclined to be general in laudation.

"Well rowed, five," is echoed from the bank; it is that cunning man, the recruiting-sergeant. "*Fatally* well rowed," he adds to a comrade, with whom he gets into one of the punts to cross to Christ-church Meadow; "we must have him in the University crew."

"I don't think you'll get him to row, from what I hear," answers the other.

"Then he must be handcuffed and carried into the boat by force," says the coxswain O. U. B.; "why is not the press-gang an institution in this University?"

CHAPTER XV.

A STORM BREWS AND BREAKS.

Certainly Drysdale's character came out well that night. He did not seem the least jealous of the success which had been achieved through his dismissal. On the contrary, there was no man in the college who showed more interest in the race, or joy at the result, than he. Perhaps the pleasure of being out of it himself may have reckoned for something with him. In any case, there he was at the door with Jack, to meet the crew as they landed after the race, with a large pewter foaming with shandygaff, in each hand, for their recreation. Draco himself could not have forbidden them to drink at that moment; so, amidst shaking of hands and clappings on the back, the pewters travelled round from stroke to bow, and then the crew went off to their dressing-room, accompanied by Drysdale and others.

"Bravo! it was the finest race that has been seen on the river this six years; everybody says so. You fellows have deserved well of your country. I've sent up to college to have supper in my rooms, and you must all come. Hang training! there are only two more nights, and you're safe to keep your place. What do you say, Captain? eh, Miller? Now be good-natured for once."

"Miller, what do you say?" said the Captain.

"Well, we don't get head of the river every night," said Miller. "I don't object if you'll all turn out and go to bed at eleven."

"That's all right," said Drysdale; "and now let's go to the old 'Choughs' and have a glass of ale while supper is getting ready. Eh, Brown?" and he hooked his arm into Tom's and led the way into the town.

"I'm so sorry you were not in it for the finish," said Tom, who was quite touched by his friend's good humour.

"Are you?" said Drysdale; "it's more than I am then, I can tell you. If you could have seen yourself under the willows, you wouldn't have thought yourself much of an object of envy. Jack and I were quite satisfied with our share of work and glory on the bank. Weren't we, old fellow?" at which salutation Jack reared himself on his hind legs and licked his master's hand.

"Well, you're a real good fellow for taking it as you do. I don't think I could have come near the river if I had been you."

"I take everything as it comes," said Drysdale. "The next race is on Derby day, and I couldn't have gone if I hadn't been turned out of the boat; that's a compensation, you see. Here we are. I wonder if Miss Patty has heard of the victory?"

They turned down the little passage-entrance of the "Choughs" as he spoke, followed by most of the crew, and by a tail of younger St. Ambrosians, their admirers, and the bar was crowded the next moment. Patty was there, of course, and her services were in great requisition; for though each of the crew only took a small glass of the old ale, they made as much fuss about it with the pretty barmaid as if they were drinking hogsheads. In fact, it had

become clearly the correct thing with the St. Ambrosians to make much of Patty; and, considering the circumstances, it was only a wonder that she was not more spoilt than seemed to be the case. Indeed, as Hardy stood up in the corner opposite to the landlady's chair, a silent on-looker at the scene, he couldn't help admitting to himself that the girl held her own well, without doing or saying anything unbecoming a modest woman. And it was a hard thing for him to be fair to her, for what he saw now in a few minutes confirmed the impression which his former visit had left on his mind—that his friend was safe in her toils; how deeply, of course he could not judge, but that there was more between them than he could approve was now clear enough to him, and he stood silent, leaning against the wall in that farthest corner, in the shadow of a projecting cupboard, much distressed in mind, and pondering over what it behoved him to do under the circumstances. With the exception of a civil sentence or two to the old landlady, who sat opposite him knitting, and casting rather uneasy looks from time to time towards the front of the bar, he spoke to no one. In fact, nobody came near that end of the room, and their existence seemed to have been forgotten by the rest.

Tom had been a little uncomfortable for the first minute; but after seeing Hardy take his glass of ale, and then missing him, he forgot all about him, and was too busy with his own affairs to trouble himself further. He had become a sort of drawer or barman at the "Choughs," and presided, under Patty, over the distribution of the ale, giving an eye to his chief to see that she was not put upon.

Drysdale and Jack left after a short stay, to see that the supper was being properly prepared. Soon afterwards Patty went off out of the bar in answer to some bell which called her to another part of the house; and the St. Ambrosians voted that it was time to go off to college to supper, and cleared out into the street.

Tom went out with the last batch of them, but lingered a moment in the passage outside. He knew the house and its ways well enough by this time. The next moment Patty appeared from a side door, which led to another part of the house.

"So you're not going to stay to play a game with Aunt," she said; "what makes you in such a hurry?"

"I must go up to college; there's a supper to celebrate our getting head of the river." Patty looked down and pouted a little. Tom took her hand, and said sentimentally, "Don't be cross now; you know that I would sooner stay here, don't you?"

She tossed her head, and pulled away her hand, and then changing the subject, said,—

"Who's that ugly old fellow who was here again to-night?"

"There was no one older than Miller, and he is rather an admirer of yours. I shall tell him you called him ugly."

"Oh, I don't mean Mr. Miller; you know that well enough," she answered. "I mean him in the old rough coat, who don't talk to any one."

"Ugly old fellow, Patty? Why you mean Hardy. He's a great friend of mine, and you must like him for my sake."

"I'm sure I won't. I don't like him a bit; he looks so cross at me."

"It's all your fancy. There now, good-night."

"You shan't go, however, till you've given me that handkerchief. You promised it me if you got head of the river."

"Oh! you little story-teller. Why they are my college colours. I wouldn't part with them for worlds. I'll give you a lock of my hair, and the prettiest handkerchief you can find in Oxford; but not this."

"But I *will* have it, and you *did* promise me it," she said, and put up her hands suddenly, and untied the bow of Tom's neck-handkerchief. He caught her wrists in his hands, and looked down into her eyes, in which, if he saw

a little pique at his going, he saw other things which stirred in him strange feelings of triumph and tenderness.

"Well, then, you shall pay for it, any how," he said.—Why need I tell what followed?—There was a little struggle; a "Go along, do, Mr. Brown;" and the next minute Tom, minus his handkerchief, was hurrying after his companions; and Patty was watching him from the door, and setting her cap to rights. Then she turned and went back into the bar; and started, and turned red, as she saw Hardy there, still standing in the further corner, opposite her aunt. He finished his glass of ale as she came in, and then passed out, wishing them "Good-night."

"Why, aunt," she said, "I thought they were all gone. Who was that sour-looking man?"

"He seems a nice quiet gentleman, my dear," said the old lady looking up. "I'm sure he's much better than those ones as makes so much racket in the bar. But where have you been, Patty?"

"Oh, to the commercial room, aunt. Won't you have a game at cribbage?" and Patty took up the cards and set the board out, the old lady looking at her doubtfully all the time through her spectacles. She was beginning to wish that the college gentlemen wouldn't come so much to the house, though they were very good customers.

Tom, minus his handkerchief, hurried after his comrades, and caught them up before they got to college. They were all there but Hardy, whose absence vexed our hero for a moment; he had hoped that Hardy, now that he was in the boat, would have shaken off all his reserve towards the other men, and blamed him because he had not done so at once. There could be no reason for it but his own oddness, he thought, for every one was full of his praises as they strolled on talking of the race. Miller praised his style, and time, and pluck. "Didn't you feel how the boat sprung when I called on you at the Cherwell?" he said to the Captain. "Drysdale was always dead beat at the Gut, and just a log in the boat, pretty much like some of the rest of you."

"He's in such good training, too," said Diogenes; "I shall find out how he diets himself."

"We've pretty well done with that, I should hope," said Number 6. "There are only two more nights, and nothing can touch us now."

"Don't be too sure of that," said Miller. "Mind now, all of you, don't let us have any nonsense till the races are over and we are all safe."

And so they talked on till they reached college, and then dispersed to their rooms to wash and dress, and met again in Drysdale's rooms, where supper was awaiting them.

Again Hardy did not appear. Drysdale sent a scout to his rooms, who brought back word that he could not find him; so Drysdale set to work to do the honours of his table, and enjoyed the pleasure of tempting the crew with all sorts of forbidden hot liquors, which he and the rest of the non-professionals imbibed freely. But with Miller's eye on them, and the example of Diogenes and the Captain before them, the rest of the crew exercised an abstemiousness which would have been admirable, had it not been in a great measure compulsory.

It was a great success, this supper at Drysdale's, although knocked up at an hour's notice. The triumph of their boat had, for the time, the effect of warming up and drawing out the feeling of fellowship, which is the soul of college life. Though only a few men besides the crew sat down to supper, long before it was cleared away men of every set in the college came in in the highest spirits, and soon the room was crowded. For Drysdale sent round to every man in the college with whom he had a speaking acquaintance, and they flocked in and sat where they could, and men talked and laughed with neighbours, with whom, perhaps, they had never exchanged a word since the time when they were freshmen together.

Of course there were speeches cheered to the echo, and songs, of which the

choruses might have been heard in the High Street. At a little before eleven, nevertheless, despite the protestations of Drysdale, and the passive resistance of several of their number, Miller carried off the crew, and many of the other guests went at the same time, leaving their host and a small circle to make a night of it.

Tom went to his rooms in high spirits, humming the air of one of the songs he had just heard; but he had scarcely thrown his gown on a chair when a thought struck him, and he ran down stairs again and across to Hardy's rooms.

Hardy was sitting with some cold tea poured out, but untasted, before him, and no books open—a very unusual thing with him at night. But Tom either did not or would not notice that there was anything unusual.

He seated himself and began gossiping away as fast as he could, without looking much at the other. He began by recounting all the complimentary things which had been said by Miller and others of Hardy's pulling. Then he went on to the supper party; what a jolly evening they had had; he did not remember anything so pleasant since he had been up, and he retailed the speeches and named the best songs. "You really ought to have been there, why didn't you come? Drysdale sent over for you. I'm sure every one wished you had been there. Didn't you get his message?"

"I didn't feel up to going," said Hardy.

"There's nothing the matter, eh?" said Tom, as the thought crossed his mind that perhaps Hardy had hurt himself in the race, as he had not been regularly training.

"No, nothing;" answered the other.

Tom tried to make play again, but soon came to an end of his talk. It was impossible to make head against that cold silence. At last he stopped, looked at Hardy for a minute, who was staring abstractedly at the sword over his mantle-piece, and then said,—

"There *is* something the matter, though. Don't sit glowering as if you had swallowed a furze bush. Why, you haven't been smoking, old boy?" he added, getting up and putting his hand on the other's shoulder. "I see that's it. Here, take one of my weeds, they're mild. Miller allows two of these a day."

"No, thank'ee," said Hardy, rousing himself; "Miller hasn't interfered with my smoking, and I *will* have a pipe, for I think I want it."

"Well, I don't see that it does you any good," said Tom, after watching him fill, and light, and smoke for some minutes without saying a word. "Here, I've managed the one thing I had at heart. You are in the crew, and we are head of the river, and every body is praising your rowing up to the skies, and saying that the bump was all your doing. And here I come to tell you, and not a word can I get out of you. Ain't you pleased? Do you think we shall keep our place?" He paused a moment.

"Hang it all, I say," he added, losing all patience; "swear a little if you can't do anything else. Let's hear your voice; it isn't such a tender one that you need keep it all shut up."

"Well," said Hardy, making a great effort; "the real fact is I *have* something, and something very serious, to say to you."

"Then I'm not going to listen to it," broke in Tom; "I'm not serious, and I won't be serious, and no one shall make me serious to-night. It's no use, so don't look glum. But isn't the ale at 'The Choughs' good; and isn't it a dear little place?"

"It's that place I want to talk to you about," said Hardy, turning to him at last with a deep fetching of his breath. "Now, Brown, we haven't known one another long, but I think I understand you, and I know I like you, and I hope you like me."

"Well, well, well," broke in Tom, "of course I like you, old fellow, or else I shouldn't come poking after you, and wasting so much of your time, and sitting on your cursed hard chairs in the middle of the races. What has liking to do with 'The Choughs,' or 'The Choughs'

with long faces? You ought to have had another glass of ale there."

"I wish you had never had a glass of ale there," said Hardy, bolting out his words as if they were red hot. "Brown, you have no right to go to that place."

"Why?" said Tom, sitting up in his chair, and beginning to be nettled.

"You know why," said Hardy, looking him full in the face, and puffing out huge volumes of smoke. In spite of the bluntness of the attack, there was a yearning look which spread over the rugged brow, and shone out of the deep set eyes of the speaker, which almost conquered Tom. But first pride, and then the consciousness of what was coming next, which began to dawn on him, rose in his heart. It was all he could do to meet that look full, but he managed it, though he flushed to the roots of his hair, as he simply repeated through his set teeth, "Why?"

"I say again," said Hardy, "you know why."

"I see what you mean," said Tom slowly; "as you say, we have not known one another long; long enough though, I should have thought, for you to have been more charitable. Why am I not to go to 'The Choughs,' because there happens to be a pretty bar-maid there? All our crew go, and twenty other men besides."

"Yes; but do any of them go in the sort of way you do? Does she look at any one of them as she does at you?"

"How do I know?"

"That's not fair, or true, or like you, Brown," said Hardy, getting up, and beginning to walk up and down the room. "You *do* know that that girl doesn't care a straw for the other men who go there. You *do* know that she is beginning to care for you."

"You seem to know a great deal about it," said Tom; "I don't believe you were ever there before two days ago."

"No, I never was."

"Then I think you needn't be quite so quick at finding fault. If there were anything I didn't wish you to see, do you think I should have taken you there? I tell you she is quite able to take care of herself."

"So I believe," said Hardy; "if she were a mere giddy, light girl, setting her cap at every man who came in, it wouldn't matter so much—for her at any rate. She can take care of herself well enough so far as the rest are concerned, but you know it isn't so with you. You know it now, Brown; tell the truth; any one with half an eye can see it."

"You seem to have made pretty good use of your eyes in these two nights, anyhow," said Tom.

"I don't mind your sneers, Brown," said Hardy, as he tramped up and down with his arms locked behind him; "I have taken on myself to speak to you about this; I should be no true friend if I shirked it. I'm four years older than you, and have seen more of the world and of this place than you. You shan't go on with this folly, this sin, for want of warning."

"So it seems," said Tom doggedly. "Now I think I've had warning enough; suppose we drop the subject."

Hardy stopped in his walk, and turned on Tom with a look of anger. "Not yet," he said firmly; "you know best how and why you have done it, but you know that somehow or other you have made that girl like you."

"Suppose I have, what then; whose business is that but mine and hers?"

"It's the business of every one who won't stand by and see the devil's game played under his nose if he can hinder it."

"What right have you to talk about the devil's game to me?" said Tom. "I'll tell you what, if you and I are to keep friends, we had better drop this subject."

"If we are to keep friends we must go to the bottom of it. There are only two endings to this sort of business, and you know it as well as I."

"A right and a wrong one, eh? and because you call me your friend you assume that my end will be the wrong one."

"I do call you my friend, and I say the end must be the wrong one here. There's no right end. Think of your family. You don't mean to say—you dare not tell me, that you will marry her."

"I *dare* not tell you!" said Tom, starting up in his turn; "I dare tell you or any man anything I please. But I won't tell you or any man anything on compulsion."

"I repeat," went on Hardy, "you *dare* not say you mean to marry her. You don't mean it—and, as you don't, to kiss her as you did to-night,"—

"So you were sneaking behind to watch me," burst out Tom, chafing with rage, and glad to find any handle for a quarrel. The two men stood fronting one another, the younger writhing with the sense of shame and outraged pride, and longing for a fierce answer, a blow, anything to give vent to the furies which were tearing him.

But at the end of a few seconds the elder answered, calmly and slowly,—

"I will not take those words from any man; you had better leave my rooms."

"If I do, I shall not come back till you have altered your opinions."

"You need not come back till you have altered yours."

The next moment Tom was in the passage; the next, striding up and down the side of the inner quadrangle in the pale moonlight.

Poor fellow! it was no pleasant walking ground for him. Is it worth our while to follow him up and down in his tramp? We have most of us walked the like marches, I suppose, at one time or another of our lives. The memory of them is by no means one which we can dwell on with pleasure. Times they were of blinding and driving storm, and howling winds, out of which voices as of evil spirits spoke close in our ears —tauntingly, temptingly, whispering to the mischievous wild beast which lurks in the bottom of all our hearts, now, "Rouse up! art thou a man and darest not do this thing?" now, "Rise, kill and eat—It is thine, wilt thou not take it? shall the flimsy scruples of this teacher, or the sanctified cant of that, bar thy way, and baulk thee of thine own? Though hast strength to brave them—to brave all things in earth, or heaven, or hell; put out thy strength, and be a man!"

Then did not the wild beast within us shake itself, and feel its power, sweeping away all the "Thou shalt not's" which the law wrote up before us in letters of fire, with the "I *will*" of hardy, godless, self-assertion? And all the while—which alone made the storm really dreadful to us—was there not the still small voice—never to be altogether silenced, by the roarings of the tempest of passion, by the evil voices, by our own violent attempts to stifle it—the still small voice appealing to the man, the true man, within us, which is made in the image of God—calling on him to assert his dominion over the wild beast—to obey, and conquer, and live? Ay! and though we may have followed the other voices, have we not while following them confessed in our hearts, that all true strength, and nobleness, and manliness, was to be found in the other path? Do I say that most of us have had to tread this path, and fight this battle? Surely I might have said all of us; all at least who have passed the bright days of their boyhood. The clear and keen intellect no less than the dull and heavy; the weak, the cold, the nervous, no less than the strong and passionate of body. The arms and the field have been divers; can have been the same, I suppose, to no two men, but the battle must have been the same to all. One here and there may have had a foretaste of it as a boy; but it is the young man's battle and not the boy's, thank God for it! That most hateful and fearful of all realities, call it by what name we will—self, the natural man, the old Adam—must have risen up before each of us in early manhood, if not sooner, challenging the true man within us, to which the spirit of God is speaking, to a struggle for life or death.

Gird yourself, then, for the fight, my young brother, and take up the pledge

which was made for you when you were a helpless child. This world, and all others, time and eternity, for you hang upon the issue. This enemy must be met and vanquished—not finally, for no man while on earth, I suppose, can say that he is slain; but, when once known and recognised, met and vanquished he must be, by God's help, in this and that encounter, before you can be truly called a man; before you can really enjoy any one even of this world's good things.

The strife was no light one for our hero on the night in his life at which we have arrived. The quiet sky overhead, the quiet solemn old buildings, under the shadow of which he stood, brought him no peace. He fled from them into his own rooms; he lighted his candles and tried to read, and force the whole matter from his thoughts; but it was useless: back it came again and again. The more impatient of its presence he became, the less could he shake it off. Some decision he must make; what should it be? He could have no peace till it was taken. The veil had been drawn aside thoroughly, and once for all. Twice he was on the point of returning to Hardy's rooms to thank him, confess, and consult; but the tide rolled back again. As the truth of the warning sank deeper and deeper into him, his irritation against him who had uttered it grew also. He could not and would not be fair yet. It is no easy thing for any one of us to put the whole burden of any folly or sin on our own backs all at once. "If he had done it in any other way," thought Tom, "I might have thanked him."

Another effort to shake off the whole question. Down into the quadrangle again; lights in Drysdale's rooms. He goes up, and finds the remains of the supper, tankards full of egg-flip and cardinal, and a party playing at vingt-un. He drinks freely, careless of training or boat-racing, anxious only to drown thought. He sits down to play. The boisterous talk of some, the eager keen looks of others, jar on him equally. One minute he is absent, the next boisterous, then irritable, then moody. A college card-party is no place to-night for him. He loses his money, is disgusted at last, and gets to his own rooms by midnight; goes to bed feverish, dissatisfied with himself, with all the world. The inexorable question pursues him even into the strange helpless land of dreams, demanding a decision, when he has no longer power of will to choose either good or evil.

But how fared it all this time with the physician? Alas! little better than with his patient. His was the deeper and more sensitive nature. Keenly conscious of his own position, he had always avoided any but the most formal intercourse with the men in his college whom he would have liked most to live with. This was the first friendship he had made amongst them, and he valued it accordingly; and now it seemed to lie at his feet in hopeless fragments, and cast down too by his own hand. Bitterly he blamed himself over and over again, as he recalled every word that had passed—not for having spoken—that he felt had been a sacred duty—but for the harshness and suddenness with which he had done it.

"One touch of gentleness or sympathy, and I might have won him. As it was, how could he have met me otherwise than he did—hard word for hard word, hasty answer for proud reproof? Can I go to him and recall it all? No; I can't trust myself; I shall only make matters worse. Besides, he may think that the servitor—Ah! am I there again? The old sore, self, self, self! I nurse my own pride; I value it more than my friend; and yet—no, no, I cannot go, though I think I could die for him. The sin, if sin there must be, be on my head. Would to God I could bear the sting of it! But there will be none—how can I fear? he is too true, too manly. Rough and brutal as my words have been, they have shown him the gulf. He will, he must escape it. But will he ever come back to me? I care not, so he escape."

How can my poor words follow the strong loving man in the wrestlings of

his spirit, till far on in the quiet night he laid the whole before the Lord and slept! Yes, my brother, even so, the old, old story; but start not at the phrase, though you may never have found its meaning.—He laid the whole before the Lord, in prayer, for his friend, for himself, for the whole world.

And you, too, if ever you are tried as he was—as every man must be in one way or another,—must learn to do the like with every burthen on your soul, if you would not have it hanging round you heavily, and ever more heavily, and dragging you down lower and lower till your dying day.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STORM RAGES.

Hardy was early in the chapel the next morning. It was his week for pricking in. Every man that entered —from the early men who strolled in quietly while the bell was still ringing, to the hurrying, half-dressed loiterers who crushed in as the porter was closing the doors, and disturbed the congregation in the middle of the confession, —gave him a turn (as the expressive phrase is), and every turn only ended in disappointment. He put by his list at last, when the doors were fairly shut, with a sigh. He had half expected to see Tom come into morning chapel with a face from which he might have gathered hope that his friend had taken the right path, and then he would have little care as to how he felt towards himself: *that* would all come right in time. But Tom did not come at all, and Hardy felt it was a bad sign.

They did not meet till the evening, at the river, when the boat went down for a steady pull, and then Hardy saw at once that all was going wrong. Neither spoke to or looked at the other. Hardy expected some one to remark it, but nobody did. After the pull they walked up, and Tom as usual led the way, as if nothing had happened, into "The Choughs." Hardy paused for a moment, and then went in too. For the first time he stayed till the rest of the crew left. Tom deliberately stayed after them all. Hardy turned for a moment as he was leaving the bar, and saw him settling himself down in his chair with an air of defiance, meant evidently for him, which would have made most men angry. Hardy was irritated for a moment, and then was filled with ruth for the poor wrong-headed youngster who was heaping up coals of fire for his own head. In his momentary anger Hardy said to himself, "Well, I have done what I can; now he must go his own way;" but such a thought was soon kicked in disgrace from his noble and well-disciplined mind. He resolved, that, let it cost what it might in the shape of loss of time and trial of temper, he would leave no stone unturned, and spare no pains, to deliver his friend of yesterday from the slough into which he was plunging. How he might best work for this end occupied his thoughts as he walked towards college.

Tom sat on at "The Choughs," glorifying himself in the thought that now, at any rate, he had shown Hardy that he wasn't to be dragooned into doing or not doing anything. He had had a bad time of it all day, and his good angel had fought hard for victory; but self-will was too strong for the time. When he stayed behind the rest, it was more out of bravado than from any defined purpose of pursuing what he tried to persuade himself was an innocent flirtation. When he left the house some hours afterwards he was deeper in the toils than ever, and dark clouds were gathering over his heart. From that time he was an altered man, and altering as rapidly for the worse in body as in mind. Hardy saw the change in both, and groaned over it in secret. Miller's quick eye detected the bodily change. After the next race he drew Tom aside, and said,—

"Why, Brown, what's the matter? What have you been about? You're breaking down. Hold on, man; there's only one more night."

"Never fear," said Tom, proudly, "I shall last it out."

And in the last race he did his work

again, though it cost him more than all the preceding ones put together, and when he got out of the boat he could scarcely walk or see. He felt a fierce kind of joy in his own distress, and wished that there were more races to come. But Miller, as he walked up arm-in-arm with the Captain, took a different view of the subject.

"Well, it's all right, you see," said the Captain; "but we're not a boat's length better than Oriel over the course after all. How was it we bumped them? If anything, they drew a little on us to-night."

"Ay, half a boat's length, I should say," answered Miller. "I'm uncommonly glad it's over; Brown is going all to pieces; he wouldn't stand another race, and we haven't a man to put in his place."

"It's odd, too," said the Captain; "I put him down as a laster, and he has trained well. Perhaps he has overdone it a little. However, it don't matter now."

So the races were over; and that night a great supper was held in St. Ambrose Hall, to which were bidden, and came, the crews of all the boats from Exeter upwards. The Dean, with many misgivings and cautions, had allowed the hall to be used on pressure from Miller and Jervis. Miller was a bachelor and had taken a good degree, and Jervis bore a high character and was expected to do well in the schools. So the poor Dean gave in to them, extracting many promises in exchange for his permission: and flitted uneasily about all the evening in his cap and gown, instead of working on at his edition of the Fathers, which occupied every minute of his leisure, and was making an old man of him before his time.

From 8 to 11 the fine old pointed windows of St. Ambrose Hall blazed with light, and the choruses of songs, and the cheers which followed the short intervals of silence which the speeches made, rang out over the quadrangles, and made the poor Dean amble about in a state of nervous bewilderment. Inside there was hearty feasting, such as had not been seen there, for aught I know, since the day when the king came back to "enjoy his own again." The one old cup, relic of the Middle Ages, which had survived the civil wars,—St. Ambrose's had been a right loyal college, and the plate had gone without a murmur into Charles the First's war-chest,—went round and round; and rival crews pledged one another out of it, and the massive tankards of a later day, in all good faith and good fellowship. Mailed knights, grave bishops, royal persons of either sex, and "other our benefactors," looked down on the scene from their heavy gilded frames, and, let us hope, not unkindly. All passed off well and quietly; the out-college men were gone, the lights were out, and the butler had locked the hall door by a quarter past 11, and the Dean returned in peace to his own rooms.

Had Tom been told a week before that he would not have enjoyed that night, that it would not have been amongst the happiest and proudest of his life, he would have set his informer down as a madman. As it was, he never once rose to the spirit of the feast, and wished it all over a dozen times. He deserved not to enjoy it; but not so Hardy, who was nevertheless almost as much out of tune as Tom; though the University coxswain had singled him out, named him in his speech, sat by him and talked to him for a quarter of an hour, and asked him to go to the Henley and Thames regattas in the Oxford crew.

The next evening, as usual, Tom found himself at "The Choughs" with half-a-dozen others. Patty was in the bar by herself, looking prettier than ever. One by one the rest of the men dropped off, the last saying, "Are you coming, Brown?" and being answered in the negative.

He sat still, watching Patty as she flitted about, washing up the ale glasses and putting them on their shelves, and getting out her work-basket; and then she came and sat down in her aunt's

chair opposite him, and began stitching away demurely at an apron she was making. Then he broke silence,—

"Where's your aunt to-night, Patty?"

"Oh, she has gone away for a few days for a visit to some friends."

"You and I will keep house, then, together; you shall teach me all the tricks of the trade. I shall make a famous barman, don't you think?"

"You must learn to behave better, then. But I promised aunt to shut up at nine; so you must go when it strikes. Now promise me you will go."

"Go at nine! what, in half an hour? the first evening I have ever had a chance of spending alone with you; do you think it likely?" and he looked into her eyes. She turned away with a slight shiver, and a deep blush.

His nervous system had been so unusually excited in the last few days, that he seemed to know everything that was passing in her mind. He took her hand. "Why, Patty, you're not afraid of me, surely?" he said, gently.

"No, not when you're like you are now. But you frightened me just this minute. I never saw you look so before. Has anything happened you?"

"No, nothing. Now, then, we're going to have a jolly evening, and play Darby and Joan together," he said, turning away, and going to the bar window; "shall I shut up, Patty?"

"No, it isn't nine yet; somebody may come in."

"That's just why I mean to put the shutters up; I don't want anybody."

"Yes, but I do, though. Now I declare, Mr. Brown, if you go on shutting up, I'll run into the kitchen and sit with Dick."

"Why will you call me Mr. Brown?"

"Why, what should I call you?"

"Tom, of course."

"Oh, I never! one would think you was my brother," said Patty, looking up with a pretty pertness which she had a most bewitching way of putting on. Tom's rejoinder, and the little squabble which they had afterwards about where her work-table should stand, and other such matters, may be passed over. At last he was brought to reason, and to anchor opposite his enchantress, the work-table between them; and he sat leaning back in his chair, and watching her, as she stitched away without ever lifting her eyes. He was in no hurry to break the silence. The position was particularly fascinating to him, for he had scarcely ever yet had a good look at her before, without fear of attracting attention, or being interrupted. At last he roused himself.

"Any of our men been here to-day, Patty?" he said, sitting up.

"There now, I've won," she laughed; "I said to myself, I wouldn't speak first, and I haven't. What a time you were! I thought you would never begin."

"You're a little goose! Now I begin then; who've been here to-day?"

"Of your college? let me see;" and she looked away across to the bar window, pricking her needle into the table. "There was Mr. Drysdale and some others called for a glass of ale as they passed, going out driving. Then there was Mr. Smith and them from the boats about four: and that ugly one—I can't mind his name—"

"What, Hardy?"

"Yes, that's it; he was here about half-past six, and—"

"What, Hardy here after hall?" interrupted Tom, utterly astonished.

"Yes, after your dinner up at college. He's been here two or three times lately."

"The deuce he has."

"Yes, and he talks so pleasant to Aunt, too. I'm sure he is a very nice gentleman, after all. He sat and talked to-night for half-an-hour, I should think."

"What did he talk about?" said Tom, with a sneer.

"Oh, he asked me whether I had a mother, and where I came from, and all about my bringing up, and made me feel quite pleasant. He is so nice and quiet and respectful, not like most of you. I'm going to like him very much, as you told me."

"I don't tell you so now."

"But you did say he was your great friend."

"Well, he isn't that now."

"What, have you quarrelled?"

"Yes."

"Dear, dear; how odd you gentlemen are!"

"Why, it isn't a very odd thing for men to quarrel, is it?"

"No, not in the public room. They're always quarrelling there, over their drink and the bagatelle-board; and Dick has to turn them out. But gentlemen ought to know better."

"They don't, you see, Patty."

"But what did you quarrel about?"

"Guess."

"How can I guess? What was it about?"

"About you."

"About me!" she said, looking up from her work in wonder. "How could you quarrel about me?"

"Well, I'll tell you; he said I had no right to come here. You won't like him after that, will you, Patty?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Patty, going on with her work and looking troubled.

They sat still for some minutes. Evil thoughts crowded into Tom's head. He was in the humour for thinking evil thoughts, and, putting the worst construction on Hardy's visits, fancied he came there as his rival. He did not trust himself to speak till he had mastered his precious discovery, and put it away in the back of his heart, and weighted it down there with a good covering of hatred and revenge, to be brought out as occasion should serve. He was plunging down rapidly enough now; but he had new motives for making the most of his time, and never played his cards better, or made more progress. When a man sits down to such a game, the devil will take good care that he sha'nt want cunning or strength. It was ten o'clock instead of nine before he left, which he did with a feeling of triumph. Poor Patty remained behind, and shut up the bar, while Dick was locking the front door, her heart in a flutter, and her hands shaking. She hardly knew whether to laugh or cry; she felt the change which had come over him, and was half fascinated and half repelled by it.

Tom walked quickly back to college, in a mood which I do not care to describe. The only one of his thoughts which my readers need be troubled with, put itself into some such words as these in his head:—"So, it's Abingdon fair next Thursday, and she has half-promised to go with me. I know I can make it certain. Who'll be going besides? Drysdale, I'll be bound. I'll go and see him."

On entering college, he went straight to Drysdale's rooms, and drank deeply, and played high into the short hours of the night, but found no opportunity of speaking.

Deeper and deeper yet for the next few days, downwards and ever faster downwards he plunged, the light getting fainter and ever fainter above his head. Little good can come of dwelling on those days. He left off pulling, shunned his old friends, and lived with the very worst men he knew in college, who were ready enough to let him share all their brutal orgies.

Drysdale, who was often present, wondered at the change, which he saw plainly enough. He was sorry for it in his way, but it was no business of his. He began to think that Brown was a good enough fellow before, but would make a devilish disagreeable one if he was going to turn fast man.

At "The Choughs" all went on as if the downward path knew how to make itself smooth. Now that the races were over, and so many other attractions going on in Oxford, very few men came in to interfere with him. He was scarcely ever away from Patty's side in the evenings while her aunt was absent, and gained more and more power over her. He might have had some compassion, but that he was spurred on by hearing how Hardy haunted the place now, at times when he could not be there. He felt that there was an influence struggling with his in the girl's mind; he laid it to Hardy's door, and

imputed it still, more and more, to motives as base as his own. But Abingdon fair was coming on Thursday. When he left "The Choughs" on Tuesday night, he had extracted a promise from Patty to accompany him there, and had arranged their place of meeting.

All that remained to be done was to see if Drysdale was going. Somehow he felt a disinclination to go alone with Patty. Drysdale was the only man of those he was now living with to whom he felt the least attraction. In a vague way he clung to him; and though he never faced the thought of what he was about fairly, yet it passed through his mind that even in Drysdale's company he would be safer than if alone. It was all pitiless, blind, wild work, without rudder or compass; the wish that nothing very bad might come out of it all, however, came up in spite of him now and again, and he looked to Drysdale, and longed to become even as he.

Drysdale was going. He was very reserved on the subject, but at last confessed that he was not going alone. Tom persisted. Drysdale was too lazy and careless to keep anything from a man who was bent on knowing it. In the end, it was arranged that he should drive Tom out the next afternoon. He did so. They stopped at a small public-house some two miles out of Oxford. The cart was put up, and after carefully scanning the neighbourhood they walked quickly to the door of a pretty retired cottage. As they entered, Drysdale said,

"By Jove, I thought I caught a glimpse of your friend Hardy at that turn."

"Friend! he's no friend of mine."

"But didn't you see him?"

"No."

They reached college again between ten and eleven, and parted, each to his own rooms.

To his surprise, Tom found a candle burning on his table. Round the candle was tied a piece of string, at the end of which hung a note. Whoever had put it there had clearly been anxious that he should in no case miss it when he came in. He took it up and saw that it was in Hardy's hand. He paused, and trembled as he stood. Then with an effort he broke the seal and read—

"I must speak once more. To-morrow "it may be too late. If you go to "Abingdon fair with her in the com-"pany of Drysdale and his mistress, or "I believe, in any company, you will "return a scoundrel, and she—; in the "name of the honour of your mother "and sister, in the name of God, I warn "you. May He help you through it. "—JOHN HARDY."

Here we will drop the curtain for the next hour. At the end of that time, Tom staggered out of his room, down the staircase, across the quadrangle, up Drysdale's staircase. He paused at the door to gather some strength, ran his hands through his hair, and arranged his coat; notwithstanding, when he entered, Drysdale started to his feet, upsetting Jack from his comfortable coil on the sofa.

"Why, Brown, you're ill; have some brandy," he said, and went to his cupboard for the bottle.

Tom leant his arm on the fireplace; his head on it. The other hand hung down by his side, and Jack licked it, and he loved the dog as he felt the caress. Then Drysdale came to his side with a glass of brandy, which he took and tossed off as though it had been water. "Thank you," he said, and as Drysdale went back with the bottle, reached a large arm-chair and sat himself down in it.

"Drysdale, I sha'n't go with you to Abingdon fair to-morrow."

"Hullo! what, has the lovely Patty thrown you over?" said Drysdale, turning from the cupboard, and resuming his lounge on the sofa.

"No:" he sank back into the chair, on the arms of which his elbows rested, and put his hands up before his face, pressing them against his burning temples. Drysdale looked at him hard, but said nothing; and there was a dead silence of a minute or so, broken only by Tom's heavy breathing, which he was labouring in vain to control.

"No," he repeated at last, and the remaining words came out slowly as if they were trying to steady themselves, "but, by God, Drysdale, I *can't* take her with you, and that—" a dead pause.

"The young lady you met to-night, eh?"

Tom nodded, but said nothing.

"Well, old fellow," said Drysdale, "now you've made up your mind, I tell you, I'm devilish glad of it—I'm no saint as you know, but I think it would have been a d——d shame if you had taken her with us."

"Thank you," said Tom, and pressed his fingers tighter on his forehead; and he *did* feel thankful for the words, though, coming from the man they did, they went into him like coals of fire.

Again there was a long pause, Tom sitting as before. Drysdale got up, and strolled up and down his room, with his hands in the pockets of his silk-lined lounging coat, taking at each turn a steady look at the other. Presently he stopped, and took his cigar out of his mouth. "I say, Brown," he said, after another minute's contemplation of the figure before him, which bore such an unmistakeable impress of wretchedness, that it made him quite uncomfortable, "why don't you cut that concern?"

"How do you mean?" said Tom.

"Why that 'Choughs' business—I'll be hanged if it won't kill you, or make a devil of you before long, if you go on with it."

"It's not far from that now."

"So I see—and I'll tell you what, you're not the sort of fellow to go in for this kind of thing. You'd better leave it to cold-blooded brutes, like some we know—I needn't mention names."

"I'm awfully wretched, Drysdale; I've been a brute myself to you and everybody of late."

"Well, I own I don't like the new side of you. Now make up your mind to cut the whole concern, old fellow," he said, coming up good-naturedly, and putting his hand on Tom's shoulder; "it's hard to do, I dare say, but you had better make the plunge and get it over. There's wickedness enough going about without your helping to shove another one into it."

Tom groaned as he listened, but he felt that the man was trying to help him in his own way, and according to his light, as Drysdale went on expounding his own curious code of morality. When it was ended he shook Drysdale's hand, and, wishing him good night, went back to his own rooms. The first step upwards towards the light had been made, for he felt thoroughly humbled before the man on whom he had expended in his own mind so much patronizing pity for the last half-year—whom he had been fancying he was influencing for good.

During the long hours of the night the scenes of the last few hours, of the last few days, came back to him and burnt into his soul. The gulf yawned before him now plain enough, open at his feet—black, ghastly. He shuddered at it, wondered if he should even yet fall in, felt wildly about for strength to stand firm, to retrace his steps; but found it not. He found not yet the strength he was in search of, but in the grey morning he wrote a short note.

"I shall not be able to take you to Abingdon fair to-day. You will not see me perhaps for some days. I am not well. I am very sorry. Don't think that I am changed. Don't be unhappy, or I don't know what I may do." There was no address and no signature to the note.

When the gates opened he hurried out of the college, and, having left it and a shilling with Dick (whom he found clearing the yard, and much astonished at his appearance, and who promised to deliver it to Patty with his own hands before eight o'clock), he got back again to his own rooms, went to bed, worn out in mind and body, and slept till mid-day.

To be continued.

THE SLEEP OF THE HYACINTH.

AN EGYPTIAN POEM. BY THE LATE DR. GEORGE WILSON, OF EDINBURGH.

The following poem, written by its lamented author at intervals of leisure, had its origin, as his papers inform us, in the fact that a bulbous root, found in the hand of the mummy of an Egyptian princess, grew again when planted. Pondering this fact, interesting to him as a man of science, and permitting it to develop itself in his imaginative mind in all the range of its suggestions, he constructed the poem. "I call the rhyme," he says in one of his letters, "*The Sleep of the Hyacinth:* it is a mosaic on life, death, and resurrection, natural and spiritual." Had it been finished according to the author's plan, it was to have consisted of six portions, entitled respectively as follows:—

I. The Garden.
II. The Queen and the Flowers.
III. The Death of the Queen.
IV. The Entombment of the Queen and the Flower.
V. The Sleep.
VI. The Awaking.

Of those intended portions the sixth is totally wanting; of the second all that exists is a few lines, suggesting the subject which the author meant to expand; and both the fourth and fifth portions are incomplete, so far that here and there is a gap where the author purposed to insert stanzas of connexion. Allowing for this incompleteness, and for the absence of corrections for which there are suggestions in the MS., the Poem will be welcomed as a characteristic production of the writer's mind. We present it in two divisions—the first division (containing the first three portions) now; the rest to follow in a future number.

I. THE GARDEN.

The ancient Egyptian garden wherein the Hyacinth grew.

Three thousand years! three thousand years!
Three thousand long and weary years
Have ceased to be oppressed with fears;
Have wept their latest, bitter tears;
Have drowned the echo of the cheers
That stirred their life awhile;
Have hushed to stillest rest their noise;
Have left to other years their toys;
Have lost the memory of their joys,
And long forgot to smile;
Have cast away their wings and fled
To join the ghosts of centuries dead,
That track the steps of Time,
Since, watered by the abounding Nile
In Egypt's favoured clime,
A Garden stretched where now the sand
Has ruined that delightful land—
A Garden such as mortal eye
Has never seen on Northern shore;
So plenteous were the flowers it bore,
So proudly did its trees on high
Lift their crowned foreheads to the sky,
And dare the burning sun
To blast them with his fiery eye,
To bid them his caresses shun,
Or make them wither, droop, or die.
Their glorious beauty could defy
The fervour of his ardent gaze;
Their tints were borrowed from his rays;
They loved to meet his noontide blaze;
He could not do them ill;
For round about their feet were swathed
Thick, mossy, verdant carpets, bathed
In moisture spread by many a rill
Which, winding from the teeming river,
Flowed in refreshing streams for ever.

The palm was there with fluttering leaves
The warm air fanning;
The sycamore with outspread boughs,
Like arches overspanning;
And all between,
Enrobed in green,
Myrtles and fragrant shrubs adorned the scene.
Among their leaves was many a nest,
From which, as from its night of rest
Each happy bird awoke,
A hymn of gladness broke,
And midst the sound of rustling wings,
Rose their Hosannah
To the King of kings.
High over these the tall banana
Lifted its head, like some Sultana
With glory crowned:
And through its leafy screen,
Tinting the light of green,
Spread a refreshing coolness all around,
And with its grateful shadow curtained o'er the ground.

The pomegranate upon the grass
Showered down its blood-red petals,
Like fluttering chips of burnished metals.
With armour bright of glowing brass,
And wings of gauze in colours shining,
Like ores which have through much refining,
And many a process come,
Hovered around the citron tree,
Filling the air with drowsy hum,
The broad-winged butterfly, the busy bee,
And mailèd beetles many a one,
Idling the hours,
Among the flowers,
From dawn of day, till set the evening sun.
Round the thick boughs and gnarlèd stems,
Where'er its clasping tendrils could entwine,
Laden with clusters like dark ruby gems,
Wound like a serpent the embracing vine,
And climbing to the topmost spray,
Out of the cunning fox's way,
Let its ripe bunches peep, out from among the leaves,
Like birds nestled in nooks of shady cottage-eaves.
The golden spheres of the orange-trees
Were tossed about by the playful breeze,
And bowled along the lawn:
The blossoms pale of the almond shed
Their hoary honours around the head
Of the parent stem when all else was dead,
And like flakes of snow on the ground were strawn.
The lemon flowers grew dim of sight,
And closed their drowsy eyes at night,
But opened them wide at the dawn.
The burly gourd, and the melon round,
Lazily rolled upon the ground;
And beneath their leaves the cucumber wound,
Like a snake about on a bird to bound.
The plum-trees laden with many years,
Mourned their old age in trickling tears
Of balsam and of gum;
And noisy chatter and happy hum
Showed how the busy birds made merry
On the nectarine's cheek, and each juicy berry,
And drank the blood of the crimson cherry.

And many another tree was there:
The acacia with its yellow hair,
The fig-tree and the lime;
The fairest things appeared more fair
In that delightful clime,
Where piercing north-blasts never blow,
Nor chills the bleak east wind,
Where falleth never hail or snow
To leave its blight behind,
But an eternal summer breathes
And from a horn of plenty fills,
And with a crown of beauty wreathes
The Everlasting Hills.
From every clime and every shore,
Whatever choicest plant it bore,
By tributary nation sent,
Gave to that Garden ornament.[1]
A thousand stately flowers stood up,
With chiselled stem and carvèd cup,
With sculptured urns; with hanging bells;
With trumped-tubes; with honey-cells
Wherein the bee found endless wells
Of nectar to be sipped;
And even the wasp forgot his malice,
When quaffing at each brimming chalice,

[1] Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians (two vol. ed.), vol. i. p. 57; also, vol. ii. p. 36.

And sheathed his sword, with poison tipped.
Some bore their heads like butterflies,
With plumes and fluttering wings,
And others wore rare ornaments,
Like crowns of queens and kings.
And some spread out like banners
Hung o'er a dungeon-keep,
And others were all hollowed out
And chased like goblets deep;
In which the drunken gnat could sleep
His day's debauch away,
And many a stealthy worm would creep
And make the buds his prey.
The bulrush grew at the water's edge,
With the paper-reed and the sword-leaved sedge,
Each with its root stuck down like a wedge
In the bed of the marshy pool;
And wherever the waters were clear and cool,
They were fringed by the oleander,
Whose rosy petals love to be
Where they can their own beauty see,
And blow where rills meander:
Or at the side of some still lake,
Where sea and sky
Gaze eye to eye,
And of each other's charms partake.
The rainbow-tinted iris,
And the slender asphodels,
Nodded gaily to each other
With a graceful, easy motion;
And pouted out their lips
Like those curious Eastern shells,
That have palaces to dwell in
At the bottom of the ocean.
The narcissus gazed with wonder
On his beauty in the stream;
And between his leaves and under
Glowed the crocus' golden gleam:
And the tulip's deep-mouthed pitcher
Stood erect upon her stem,
For she knew her flowers were richer,
Though no fragrance rose from them,
Than the petals of the wild thyme
That nestled at her feet,
And the marjoram or lavender,
Though their breath is very sweet.
The poppy with his scarlet plumes
Was like a soldier tall,
But the tallest was the hollyhock,
For he rose above them all,
And with trumpets stood the columbine
As if to sound a call,
At which the flowers should wake from rest,
And into ranks should fall,
As the bugle makes the soldier start,
And the steed neigh in his stall.
The floating white cups of the lotus lilies
With all their bravery of leaves, were there;
The yellow petals of the daffodillies
Breathed forth their perfume to the passing air;
And clustered chalices of amaryllis,
Some delicately fair,
Stood robed in white,
And others rosy bright,
Crowned on the summit of their stately stems
With crimson flowers like queenly diadems.
The dark-eyed violet sending
Forth its fragrance, when the wind blows,
The lowly lily of the valley bending
At the feet of the rose.
The rose herself, stately and tall
Over them all
As a queen reigning,
Lowlier things and their homage disdaining;
The heliotrope for ever turning
With eager eye to meet the burning
Glances of the god of day:
The towering forms, the long array
Of sunflowers with their starry faces;
The cistus with its fleeting graces;
And other bright flowers
Fanned by the winds, and unharmed by the showers,
Filled with their beauty the far-spreading bowers.

II. THE QUEEN AND THE FLOWERS.[1]

A young Egyptian princess, daughter of some Pharaoh, the Queen of the Garden, walks in it, in the fulness of life. The vision is but a glimpse; for this part of the poem is unfinished.

Within the garden lived a maid,
Of noble figure as became a Queen;
A gentle, graceful and majestic creature

With beauty written on each noble feature,
And wearing such a regal mien,
That they who watched it, said,
This is no queen whom man has crowned,
But one whom God has made.

* * * * *

III. THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

Death visits the Egyptian Eden; the Princess feels his approach, shrinks despairingly, invokes help from gods and men; and dies.

Within the earliest Eden
The tempter sought his prey:
From every later scene of bliss
He tries to steal the bliss away,
And oftentimes prevails.
For doubt, and woe, and want, and fear,
And grief, and guilt, and sin,
Are ever ready, standing near
To tempt the tempter in.
And neither youth, nor love, nor hope,
Nor beauty's fading flower,
Nor childhood's joy, nor manhood's strength,
Its purpose or its power,
Can keep away
The evil day,
Or long avert the hour
When grief must come.
The smiter striketh home:
The cup of sorrow circleth round,
And though we quail and shrink,
To pass it by
No one may try,
But all must bend and drink.
For Christ's dear flock
There doth remain,
A place of rest
From toil and pain,
And God himself on high,
Away from every eye,
Shall wipe off every tear;
But we have no abiding city here.

A morning came: all looked serenely bright,
As the queen walked forth in the early air;
The sun unrisen to his mid-day height,
Showed but the forelocks of his golden hair.
Unearthly beauty spread on all around
A glory she had never seen before;
Death, who keeps treading an impartial round,
Seemed to have passed the happy garden o'er.
All was so full of life, of love, of God,
All sang so joyously his kindly care,
From the small mosses nestling in the sod,
To the great eagles winging through the air.
"Oh God! they praise thee," sang her happy voice,
"I cannot hear them, thou dost hear them all,
"We all are thine; in thee we all rejoice,
"Giver of good gifts, on thy name we call."
So prayed the Queen, and countless happy days
Their long perspective spread before her gaze,
Like sculptured sphinxes, daughters of one mother,
With sister-faces, each one like the other,
Serenely stretched, with sweet looks glancing o'er
The long space leading to the temple-door,
Who seem unending, and who only cease
Where the gate opens, and the soul finds peace:
So gazed the queen. But lo! a little cloud
Rose from the sea, shaped like a mummy shroud.

The mid-day came: the sun was red as blood:
A dreary horror filled the air:
The birds sought covert in the thickest wood,
And the fierce lion crouched within his lair.
Death had bethought him of the happy spot,

That smiled so sweetly to the morning sun;
"It mocketh me: its beauty I will blot,
Its crown of glory shall be all undone."
He spared the flowers; he spared the leafy trees;
His mark was on them pointing to their prime;
The merry birds, the murmuring bees,
They could be his at any time.
He left a footmark here and there,
But knowing all was his, he could afford to spare.

With shadowless and soundless tread
He sought the bower where sat the queen;
Her heart oppressed with nameless dread,
And wond'ring at the changèd scene:
"I come for thee. Doff all thy pride,
"I have no time for seeking or for suing;
"Thy place is ready, thou must be my bride;
"This is my way of winning and of wooing;
"The sun bends downwards; when the stars arise
"Prepare to meet me; thou must be my prize."

"Oh! thou that sleep'st in Philæ's Holy Isle,
"Oh! great Osiris with the gentle heart,
"May I behold thy gracious smile!
"Oh! give me with thyself a part,
"In those delightful regions of the blest,
"Where thou to sinless spirits grantest rest.

"Ah me! but who shall sinless say,
"I come to claim the meed of good works done?
"Search me and try me; in the balance weigh;
"Blot of transgression on my soul is none:
"Or who shall disembodied throw,
"Himself on certain bliss where all perhaps is woe?

"Oh, God of gods! if such there be,
"And that there is my conscience tells,
"How shall I justify myself to thee,
"Being in whom perfection dwells?
"I see the stern, relentless judges seated,
"In solemn circle in the halls below;
"The summons dread the herald has repeated,
"And my distracted spirit fears to go
"Where in my utmost need,
"No one for me will plead,
"Or intercessor use prevailing prayer;
"Where altars do not stand,
"Or victims bleed,
"Or smoke of incense fill the grateful air;
"But in the gloomy land
"Is kept the record of each sinful deed.

"The impartial balance on its axis moving;
"The needle quivering on the swaying beam;
"The scale, swift rising, and as swift descending;
"All as if here before me seem:
"The avengers, waiting for the heart's last proving,
"The awful guardian with his eye of hate,
"The observing God his body bending
"To watch the action of the shifting weight,
"And the despairing spirit's cry "Too late!"
"As the great judge, his voice extending,
"Speaks till the vaults reverberate the sound,—
"'Heaven on thee closes her unwilling gate,'
"'Thou hast been weighed, and wanting found.'[1]

"Oh, God of gods! if such there be,
"And that there is my conscience tells,
"How shall I justify myself to thee,
"Being in whom perfection dwells?

[1] Wilkinson, vol. ii. p. 381.

" Each long-forgotten crime,
" That seemed
" Like something dreamed,
" All blotted out by time ;
" So that I deemed
" It was no part of me ;
" Like hieroglyphic flashing in the sun
" Proclaims, ' From evil thou hast done
" ' Thou never canst be free.'

" Legions of sins around my bed,
" In fierce, vindictive, terrible array,
" Gnash with their teeth, and scoff, and say,
" ' Sin hath its hour
" ' Of might and power :
" ' Long have we waited : now is no delay.
" ' They call for thee ! the impatient dead,
" ' And we shall guide thee on the way :
" ' Not one shall fail when God will call,
" ' Thou shalt be marshalled by us all,
" ' And we will win thee on the Judgment Day.' "

She started up, and half arose,
As if to battle with her foes,
And wildly round the air she struck
Like one who fights when sore beset,
Then gazed with an imploring look,
Which they who saw could ne'er forget,
So plainly seemed that glance to say,
" In this, my hour of dark dismay,
" Can ye not render other help than only weep and pray ? "

" Oh, God of gods ! if such there be,
" And that there is my conscience tells,
" How shall I justify myself to thee,
" Being in whom perfection dwells ?

" No Past rolls back behind thy throne,
" No Future spreads before,
" A Present, like a boundless sea,
" On no side finds a shore.
" The universe would rock and reel,
" If change should pass on thee,
" What thou hast been in eldest time,
" Thou must through endless ages be.

" The holiness that once was thine
" Cannot in Eons pass away ;
" With guilt it never can combine ;
" As yesterday thou art to-day.
" But is there not some wond'rous way,
" Some all unthought of, glorious plan,
" By which, though holy, thou may'st say
" ' I can be just, yet pardon man' ?

" ' Have I not heard a legend wild[1]
" Of one who, when the years roll on,
" Shall come to earth—a woman's child—
" And yet thine only Son ;
" Who shall to thee a ransom pay,
" And wash the guilt of man away ? ' "

She glanced around, and, as she ceased,
Quick beckoned to a thoughtful priest :
" Tell me," she said, " this wondrous tale,
" Tell me, ye priests, if it ye knew,
" My strength and courage faint and fail,—
" I swear you, speak me true
" As ye are priests of Him on high,
" And as ye shall on deathbeds lie,—
" Be done with secret things ;
" The daughter of a race of kings
" Lays her commands on you."

The priests looked grave, but nothing said ;
They deemed it a delirious dream,
Where strangest thoughts together wed,
And phantasies and things that are
No longer with each other war,
But all as real seem.

She read their looks, and bowed her head ;
She crossed her hands, and lowly said,—
" I kneel before thee in the dust,
" Dread God of gods, and King of kings ;
" Slay me, if Justice say thou must,
" But I will hide beneath thy wings,
" And thou shalt be my only trust."

All hushed she then, as if to hear
Some message whispered in her ear,

[1] See Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians, vol. i. p. 331.

All still she lay, as if to see
Some vision of Divinity.

But Death was fiercely beating
At life's shattered gate,
And scoffed at all entreating
That he awhile should wait.
And senselessness was stealing
O'er the wearied, aching brain,
And every pulse and feeling
Were numbed by cruel pain.
The ear was dull, and dim the eye,
Nor message seemed from Him on high.

Then rose upon the startled air
An awful cry of wild despair,
Which made the trembling hearers start,
And chilled the life-blood in each heart.
But whilst they stood with tortured ear,
Prepared again that sound to hear,
Lo! on the queenly face a change
Had passed, unutterably strange:
The look of pain and woe was gone,
The brow like polished marble shone,
The gleaming eyes were fixed above,
With a fond look of awe and love.
The hands were raised as if to clasp
Something beloved in their grasp;
The quivering lips essayed awhile
To speak, but only reached a smile;
Then all was still: upon the breast
The folded arms sank down to rest;
The dark eyelashes, like portcullis spears,
Closed fast for ever o'er the gate of tears.
And by their looks the watchers knew
That each the same conclusion drew;
But no one spake, for all amazed
Upon the wondrous vision gazed.

Silence came down on Pharaoh's pile,
Save in that chamber you might hear
Low stifled sobbing and the dropping tear,
And far-off ripple of the murmuring Nile.

(*To be continued.*)

DECAY AND PRESERVATION OF STONE.

BY PROFESSOR D. T. ANSTED, M.A. F.R.S.

The stones used for ordinary building purposes are in all countries and in all places those which are nearest at hand, provided they are adapted to the local want; and though, where tolerably cheap stone is not to be had, brick is often resorted to, we may be sure that the former will supersede the latter whenever it is possible. The stone, however, is generally used in the state in which it comes from the quarry, and often without much examination; so that, in towns near quarries, it has been a mere chance whether a good or bad quality of the common material has been selected, especially for private buildings. Nor is this the case in England only, for although, from the dampness and variable temperature of our climate and the quantity of coal burnt in towns, stone decays more rapidly with us than in the drier air of the continent of Europe, there are plenty of examples of bad material and bad selection in other places, and we everywhere find proof of the inevitable consequences.

All the stones in common use, of whatever kind, are more or less absorbent, and those most easily chiselled and worked into ornament are, almost without exception, those which most easily decay. The Bath stone is a good example; for, though unrivalled for cheapness and the facility of being worked,—especially when fresh from the quarry,—very beautiful in its creamy tint of colour, and in many other essentials an admirable material, this stone decomposes so rapidly when exposed to damp and town influences, that most of the buildings constructed of it show decay within a few years. It is remarkable, however, that the stones used in the city of Bath, and its fine Abbey church, have with

stood this process better than those elsewhere employed. Thus Bristol is in a far worse state than Bath, and but little remains of the elaborate ornaments that once decorated the churches there, although many of them were built from the very quarries that, about the same time, or not much later, were used for the sister city.

The only freestones that resist with any steadiness the attacks of weather in England, are the hard pale sandstones of some parts of Derbyshire, and those of Edinburgh, worked at Craigleith. These consist almost entirely of grains of silica, cemented with the same material, and in this mixture there is nothing whatever to induce decay. They are however, expensive, and not easily worked. The mixed carbonates of lime and magnesia obtained from the borders of Derbyshire and Yorkshire have withstood exposure in their own neighbourhood, but require careful selection. Granites generally resist weathering, but they also are too costly to be employed on a large scale.

The mode in which decay affects exposed stones, is simple and easily understood. Very few stones are to be found that do not absorb water, and this is the foundation of the mischief. The water acts, however, in different ways, according to the nature of the stone. Limestone, the most common kind, generally consists of a number of small grains of carbonate of lime, or particles of shells and coral broken up into fragments, cemented together by the percolation of water, containing carbonate of lime. Many of the sandstones in like manner consist of particles of sand, cemented by carbonate of lime. This mode of formation of solid rock is a process that seems always to have been going on in nature, for all limestones and sandstones were originally soft mud, and became hardened by gradual drying under pressure. In this way has arisen the usual condition of the Bath, Portland, and other building limestones, and also many of the sandstones of England, while precisely the same process may be observed now wherever any large quantity of shells, or coral, or sand, is found on or near a sea-coast.

Whenever material of this kind is quarried out of the earth and exposed to the air, it is found to contain a good deal of moisture, on parting with which it becomes harder. Pores and crevices however are left, into which water will readily enter in wet weather, and if the rain should be succeeded by severe frost, the water, expanding within the stone, especially where it occupies the narrow crevices, soon chips off and removes any loose fragments, acting with most effect on the angular and projecting parts. It also throws off scales and films of stone from the smooth surface in a fine powder, little noticed at first, but gradually becoming manifest, and ultimately destroying the face of the stone. This, it will be noticed, is strictly a mechanical action, and occurs in any porous material, whether limestone or sandstone. In fact, some sandstones are even more affected than some limestones, owing to the weak coherence of their particles.

There is another serious cause of decay in such stones as consist either entirely of limestone, or of particles of sand cemented by carbonate of lime. This arises from the chemical action of substances held in solution by rain-water, and obtained from the atmosphere of large towns in which vast quantities of coal are constantly being burnt, as well as from the decomposition of animal and vegetable products. A certain quantity of ammonia, of sulphurous acid, and of carbonic acid, is thus always at hand, and possibly many other substances, all soluble in water; and there is also a large quantity of carbon in the minutely divided state we call soot, resulting from the unburnt portion of the coal which escaped as smoke. Mixed with all these, and being itself, when pure, capable of dissolving carbonate of lime to a small extent, the rain falls or is beaten against the exposed faces of stone, and is driven into the crevices and pores open to receive it. A slow destruction is inevitable; the surface of the stone becomes coated with soot; and the water,

with its acids, soon acts on the interior, to a small extent no doubt each time, but repeated so often as to produce in time a great result. It is only when the stone is not porous, and does not contain crevices, or when the pores and crevices have had time to be choked by some living vegetation (which happens often in the open country, but rarely in towns), or, lastly, when in some way these pores and chinks are choked up artificially, that there is any possibility of preserving the face of the stone from destruction.[1]

It is clear that all porous substances that admit of injury by the means just described come under the same category, and that the various cements of which carbonate of lime forms part will require preservation to the same extent as the natural stones. In a general way it may be said, that in proportion as a stone is more nearly crystalline, it is closer in texture, and less liable to absorb foreign substances than ordinary stone; and for this reason, as really crystalline stones and marbles of fine quality are too expensive for ordinary building material, the semi-crystalline stones of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, known as magnesian limestones, have been highly recommended, and, after careful inquiry, one of them was selected as the material for the new Houses of Parliament at Westminster. The sample quarry not being however of sufficient magnitude, it appears that a neighbouring one was selected, and it has unfortunately happened that a large part of the stone by no means answers the original expectation.[2] The disappointment and injury thus occasioned has been felt now for some time, and great discussion has arisen both within and without the walls of Parliament on the subject. To allow the decay to go on, will unquestionably involve in a few years the permanent injury of a large part of the architectural decorations of the building, and a remedy is loudly called for. There is no doubt that this unfortunate result in so important a building, has been the chief cause of the share of attention recently given to inquiries concerning the preservation of building stone from decay.

One remedy is at hand and has long been in use in London and elsewhere. The absorbent surface of the stone or cement exposed to injury from water, may be coated with paint made of animal oil and white lead; very efficient at the time, inasmuch as the whole surface is covered with a material which effectually repels all water as long as it remains sound. This remedy however is not only enormously expensive and exceedingly unsightly, but the instant the paint is laid on the stone and exposed to the weather, it also begins to decay. A chemical action commences, the oil becomes oxidised, and ceases to hold together the particles of white lead, and in the course of three or four years, at most, sufficient injury is done to render it necessary to re-paint the whole, if we would preserve the stone beneath. Added to this, the sulphuretted hydrogen in the atmosphere of large towns, produced by the combustion of impure street gas, attacks the lead, blackens, corrodes, and soon destroys it.

Under the head of paints must be included all, without exception, of the long list of contrivances that have been suggested (many of them also have been largely tried) in which the presence of animal or vegetable substances, chiefly oils, mixed with other ingredients, renders the application useless after the lapse of a longer or shorter time.

It must be evident, at a glance, that

[1] The destruction is greatly assisted by, and perhaps it sometimes originates with, the rapid absorption into the substance of the stone of various gases existing in the atmosphere of towns. This is effected by a peculiar process first explained by Professor Graham. Porous stones act, however, not only as absorbents, but as actual filters, decomposing the fluids they filter.

[2] Mr. L. H. Smith, one of the commissioners appointed to report on the stone for the Houses of Parliament, has recently stated that the true cause of bad material was the want of proper selection, and that other buildings in London of similar material properly selected have stood perfectly well. He instances the Museum of Economic Geology in Jermyn Street.

the admission of materials decomposing on exposure to the air is fatal to the durability of any mixture whatever; and thus the whole class of pigments containing oil, blood, or other organic substances, is excluded from competition in any attempt to discover a means of permanently preserving stone from destruction.

In the year 1825, an ingenious paper was published in a well-known German scientific periodical (Karsten's Archiv.), in which is described the manufacture of a kind of glass, composed, as other glass is, of silica or pounded flint, and a strong alkali (caustic potash or soda), but which becomes soluble in boiling water, owing to the large proportion of alkali employed in its manufacture. To this material the name of *water-glass* was applied. As originally made by Dr. Fuchs, its inventor, this glass consisted of fifteen parts of pure quartz, sand, or powdered flints, ten parts of well purified potash, and one part of powdered charcoal, exposed to a strong heat in a fire-proof melting-pot for five or six hours until fused. The resulting substance, being broken up and pulverised, was placed in about five parts of boiling water in an iron pot, the liquid being constantly stirred, and hot water added for three or four hours until the whole was dissolved. Being then cooled in a closed vessel it could be transferred to stoppered bottles in a liquid state, and kept for any length of time. By adding to a concentrated solution about one fourth its volume of alcohol, a gelatinous precipitate was produced, which could be separated and preserved dry, and this substance was soluble readily and completely in water. In this way was made *potash water-glass*, and, by a nearly similar process, either soda water-glass or a mixture of the two.

Dr. Fuchs considered that one of the most important uses of his new invention would be to mix with pigments, to impart great durability and indestructibility to paintings. He even considered that a new era was opened to art by the introduction of his system, which he named *Stereochromy*, and which was to supersede fresco painting.[1]

Many other uses suggested themselves to its discoverer for this singular material. When pure it has the appearance of ordinary glass; but acids, alkalies, and alkaline salts and earths, decompose it, and separate the silica in a gelatinous or flaky form. Even alumina combines with it. If it is dissolved and exposed to the air it attracts carbonic acid and suffers decomposition, producing a slimy deposit. If exposed to the air in a solid state, it is also decomposed after a time. When a concentrated solution is brushed over solid substances it soon dries up and forms a shining transparent coating, which afterwards becomes dull, and cracks as it parts gradually with its water. When it is used as a cement, its action resembles that of glue, but it forms a much stiffer paste with powdered carbonate of lime than with powdered flint, and acts differently on different solids.

Water-glass, thus discovered, does not seem to have become generally known or to have attracted much attention in Germany for the next fifteen years; but in 1840 Professor Kuhlman, of Lille, began a series of researches on the efflorescences on walls, with a view to determine the potash and soda present in building-stones and cements, thinking that by proper management he might

[1] The eminent German painter, Kaulbach, has executed four large paintings in this manner in Berlin, although the practical difficulties cannot yet be said to be overcome, and the question of durability is still doubtful. The application of the water-glass is both to the ground-work of cement on which the picture is to be painted, and to fix the colours after its completion. In the former, the completed calcareous incrustation which forms the ordinary ground for fresco painting, is twice impregnated with a solution of the water-glass, and then left to dry. The ground is said to differ but little from that commonly used. After the picture is painted, the water-glass is again applied with a syringe having a fine rose, and is repeated until the colours adhere so firmly that they cannot be rubbed off with the finger; different colours requiring a different quantity of the solution to fix them. When thus completed, the picture needs only to be washed a few times first with spirits of wine and afterwards with pure water.

discover a preparation by whose aid these absorbent substances might be changed at the surface into non-absorbent silicates.

He discovered that something of this might be done by the use of a silicate of potash, and was brought to experiment with this view on the water-glass of Dr. Fuchs. The experiments in the laboratory being at length successful, there seemed nothing left to accomplish, and the work was attempted on a larger scale. By placing chalk in a solution of the silicate of potash (water-glass), the chalk absorbed a considerable quantity of silica, and by a frequent repetition of the soaking and exposure to the air, the specimen not only hardened at the surface but was completely indurated after fifteen years exposure to a thickness of a quarter of an inch. This hardness was found also to be greatly assisted by heat. M. Kuhlman seems indeed to have been aware that occasionally in damp weather, and always in moist atmospheres, a considerable length of time must elapse before the silica can become hardened. This was however a practical difficulty which he hoped would not seriously interfere with the ultimate result, and he ventured to experiment on various buildings, throwing a weakened solution on the building in a shower by means of a pump, and employing soft brushes in the parts which the shower would hardly reach. The result of this we are not expressly told, but, judging from the effect of a similar wash when tried lately in England (with certain improved methods since introduced) on a portion of the river-front of the new Houses of Parliament at Westminster, the real secret of success has certainly not been discovered by the French chemist. It is not easy at present to reconcile the account given by Professor Kuhlman, and quoted in a report recently made on the subject to the French Academy of Science, with the appearance actually presented on the stone experimented on in England. It appears also beyond a doubt that similar trials in Paris have been equally unsuccessful.

While Mr. Kuhlman was carrying on experiments in his laboratory at Lille, a countryman of our own, Mr. Frederick Ransome, of Ipswich, had been making soluble silicate in his own way on a large scale, operating in a steam boiler on tons weight of material, with the view of manufacturing an artificial stone suitable for grinding, building, ornamental, and filtering purposes. Mr. Ransome's first idea was to obtain such a stone by fusing ordinary glass with sand forced into moulds by hydrostatic pressure; but he soon discovered the soluble silicate, though without the name (water-glass) that had been given it, and set to work to dissolve common flints, unbroken, under a steam pressure of sixty to eighty pounds on the square inch, with a strong caustic solution of soda or potash. Having dissolved his flints, he made the sand into a paste with them, and found that although at first this paste hardened, it soon became soft on exposure to the atmosphere. After subjecting it however to bright heat in a kiln, he obtained a permanent stone which he could modify in many ways with great facility, and which was perfectly durable. So far his experiments seemed (like those of M. Kuhlman) perfectly satisfactory, and he proceeded to manufacture and sell ornamental stone-work. After a time, complaints were heard that the stone became disfigured by the efflorescence of a salt, causing an unsightly appearance, and looking like incipient decay. On investigation, it came out that the stone was sound, but that sulphate of soda had existed or been formed in the stone; and that after a time it presented itself at the surface. By a series of experiments, and the application of chemical science, it appeared that the impurities in the soda-ash and lime used in the manufacture were the cause of the mischief, and that by treating the caustic solution of soda with caustic baryta before admitting it into the boiler, no subsequent efflorescence resulted. The manufacture of the improved stone then proceeded with activity, and we believe it has not since been complained of.

Armed with this knowledge of the

cause of impurity of his soluble glass, and proceeding still in a direction parallel to that of M. Kuhlman, though it would seem without any idea of the fact, Mr. Ransome next thought that he might apply his soluble silicate to absorbent stones, thus binding together the loose particles, and glazing over the whole surface. Like his rival at Lille, he also states,[1] that "he produced an "amazing degree of hardness which "appeared thoroughly effective so long "as it was protected from moisture;" but, unlike the former experimentor, he discovered, before experimenting on a large scale, that "a shower of rain or "a damp state of the air removed "the silicate next the surface before it "had absorbed sufficient carbonic acid "to precipitate the silica." It then occurred to him that an acid wash removing the spare alkali might do good, but this also was found practically inefficient.

It is at this point that the next step was made, which seems to have secured to Mr. Ransome the success hitherto wanting. Himself well acquainted with all that department of chemistry which he practised so ingeniously, it occurred to him that, by a process of double decomposition, he might actually precipitate on and within the porous stone the insoluble salt *silicate of lime*, the substance that is formed after a time, and gives its wonderful durability to old mortars, concrete, and other cements. He had already got the silica combined with soda in his solution or *water-glass*, and if he could get the silicic acid to combine with lime, while the soda was taken up by some other base, the thing was done.

Chloride of calcium, a well-known salt easily obtainable in large quantities, suggested itself without much difficulty; and as chlorine combines very readily with sodium, forming common salt, it was reasonable to hope that, the chlorine set free, the silicic acid would combine with the calcium and form the much desired *silicate of lime*. A few experiments were sufficient to show that the idea was correct; and now when a porous stone, no matter how decayed, is soaked or washed with the liquid solution made by boiling flints in soda ash, and afterwards with a solution of chloride of calcium, "the chlorine is immediately "set free, and forms, with the soda, com"mon salt, which is entirely washed away "and got rid of by the first rains, or by "the application of water; while the cal"cium, combining with the silicic acid of "the silicate, forms a tough silicate of "lime, attaching itself firmly round the "surface of each separate grain of stone "with which it comes in contact; pro"ducing an extremely compact deposit, "not acted upon either by carbonic or "dilute sulphuric acid, and identical with "the material which holds together the "separate grains or stones in mortar, "hydraulic cements, and concretes."

The first application of this method outside the laboratory Mr. Ransome states to have been on part of the river front of the Houses of Parliament, in the year 1856. In effect the result has been in the highest degree satisfactory; for although, owing to an excess of silicate of lime left on the surface—a not unnatural consequence of a first experiment — the appearance is somewhat unsightly, the stone is beyond all doubt preserved, and the decay, where it had already set in, is arrested. Other buildings on which the process has been tried have not shown this unsightly appearance, but have, as far as can be judged, remained altogether undecomposed, while parts of similar stone unprotected, and exposed in the same way, have shown unmistakeable signs of decay.[1]

[1] See his memoir, read before the chemical section, at the meeting of the British Association, at Aberdeen (1859), and since published in the Journal of the Society of Arts, November 4, 1859.

[1] The stones experimented on by Mr. Ransome, on the river front of the Houses of Parliament, may be observed to be covered with an efflorescence of small crystals. These consist of sulphate of magnesia, which, however, are thrown out without carrying with them any particles of the stone. Such at least is the statement of Mr. Warrington, made at a recent meeting of the Society of Arts

To all appearance, then, a method is discovered by the application of which much of the unsightly look and rapid destruction of the stone work of our newer public buildings may be prevented, and the decay that has commenced in others be stayed. Since also the application of this method to the surface of cement might replace painting, there is a prospect of great economy in this respect, especially with regard to private constructions where artificial stone enters largely into the composition of the decorative parts. In these cases no doubt the stone manufactured with the soluble silicate and flint sand would itself be the best material even if somewhat more costly, but at any rate a means is offered to remedy an evil from which, in a climate like that of England, there had hitherto appeared to be no escape.

Recurring to the different building stones, we may hope, with the use of this preservative, to find the Bath stone again coming into favour, and along with the large class of soft oolites to which it belongs, employed on a large scale for those numerous works of gothic architecture for which its softness and facility of working renders it so desirable.

If by any simple application of the kind suggested, its decay can be prevented, no stones are so likely as this and the other soft oolites to be employed in the metropolis on a large scale. We may hope, when such is the case, to see that freedom of handling which so soft a material admits once more employ the talents of our masons, whose ingenuity was thrown away when the duration of their work could hardly be calculated as reaching a quarter of a century.

Experience will show in a few years how far the results of the new process may be depended on.

ON READERS IN 1760 AND 1860.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE.

Comparing the last century and this, we may notice a curious change in the common estimate of literature and of its readers. The line was strongly drawn in Johnson's time between those who read and those who counted, without shame, as not readers, and far more decidedly of course between the class of authors and the world at large. They seemed to form opposite camps, contrasted as practical and helpless, fashionable and low, or again, as trivial and studious, learned and ignorant, ephemeral and immortal, as gay or serious thought respectively dictated men's criticisms. Literature in popular judgment oscillated between Glory and Grub Street. Student was then a word not so confined to youth or to special pursuits; the student or author were looked on at once with a respect and with a contempt unknown to our judgment—more liberal, but less accurate and sensible. For no one who knows Boswell's book (and to know this is to know more of the last century than we can of any before it) will fail to acknowledge that just grounds existed for some portion of the contempt and for a large portion of the honour. The tone of that century was, in a certain sense indeed, as we have often been told of late by rather violent voices, shallow and worldly, and certain special studies (philology and mathematics, mainly in England) were unsatisfactorily followed. Yet, in contrast with this, there is abundant proof that men read and wrote then, though not on such deep or earnest subjects altogether as now, yet in a deeper and more earnest spirit. We need not, now, much value many of their results; the "process of the suns" has rendered it certain that

(March 2d, 1860). The crystals are formed by the action of water, containing sulphate of ammonia, filtering in from the unsheltered and porous stones above.

perfect poetry was written before Cowley, and left us quite indifferent to the Warburtonian theory of government. Yet men gave their best thoughts and long labour to the books alluded to; they were written for and found real readers; they influenced men's opinions, more or less, for many years. Any moderately well-informed man would smile if it were pretended here, that all the writers and all the readers of 1760, were of that uniformly intelligent class which we know authors now are privileged to address; yet the line then drawn between the studious and the world was traced by the knowledge that those who wrote were more or less the separate class who were qualified and trained to teach others, and that readers came to learn new thoughts or information, or to find amusement of a kind higher and more amusing than could be expected from living gossip. Books were then a "substantial world" by themselves. They now become daily more and more a mere other person's conversation, a voice from another speaker who does not happen to be by. They were then apparently objects of a special belief; they were oracles conveying something not to be found elsewhere, or to be approached casually. No doubt the cave was often dingy, the tripod perhaps two-legged, the Pythoness drunk and declamatory, and the god altogether of a material order; yet there lay a genuine worship of the Muses in it all, an honest recognition of industry, and earnestness, and genius.

We have given up this superstition in great measure, and speak without any flattery of the ages which held it. Nay, to the writer, the attitude of the present century to the eighteenth, seems often to be not quite after the fashion of the folks in the parable; but rather a derisive gesture towards that Pharisee—thanking God that we are not like him, so proud, formal, worldly, and overwell dressed. We have proclaimed liberty of writing and reading, and in many obvious ways find this other free-trade much to our advantage. Nor would it be just to say that the respect generally wrung at last from the world for genius is paid at the present time with more than its usual reluctance. Do we not boast, in fact, that in our century a Johnson or a Chatterton would never have starved and struggled, that genius is at once crowned and welcomed, that our Miltons cannot complain of falling upon alien days? We believe what we boast, and think there is something very favourable to gifted natures in this universal diffusion of literature. But genius, meanwhile, is very passive under these advantages.

"Some books," said one of the greatest human authorities, "*are to be tasted*, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." Amongst our many facilities and gains in this matter, there is reason to fear that Lord Bacon's first class not only passes the others (as perhaps it always must) numerically, but threatens more or less to absorb them.

There seems no reason to think the froth of this day frothier than of old, and I am very grateful for novels and any good easy reading; it is not in the much extended attention such books now receive that the danger lies. One should differ from an authority so high as Mr. J. S. Mill with a rare hesitation; yet it does not seem to me that it is in a marked degree the mere number of new books, or the over-influence of advertisements, which renders good books scarce and good readers almost scarcer. Genius and Industry will not naturally heed the crowd in the market, nor is the difference between their works and the wares of the crowd less than at any former period. The root of the wrong appears to be, that people, unless profession or scientific interest influences them, go to books for something almost similar to what they find in social conversation. Reading tends to become only another kind of gossip. Everything is to be read, and everything only once; a book is no more a treasure to be kept and studied and known by heart, as the truly charming phrase has it, if deserving that intimacy. People expect no longer

an art in writing—a genuine vocation in the author for his work, a real accuracy, a clear condensation of fact or fancy, a language suitable to the thought, and thoughts worthy of choice language. Almost all but first-rate writers (and this majority includes many who were once first-rate) meet the fashion: their works are only to pass over drawing-room tables for the season, far indeed from that "possession for ever" which one of the books most justly so described was named by its author. The "Run and Read Library" only too accurately fits the popular feeling. It is here that the multitude of books tells injuriously.

Really, the more books, the better possible selection for the readers; but each fills so little time in an age when every one reads, that it is natural to turn to the next on the table. I may notice that this summary process, this inability to read even novelties more than once, leads to a truly mean and miserable false judgment on many books once justly studied and enjoyed. Byron, it appears, is too shallow, Scott too popular of old, Wordsworth too dull for the Athenians of the moment. And yet any one of these volumes, to those who read in a more purpose-like and higher spirit, will give far truer pleasure than libraries only "tasted." We read at once too much and too little.

Multum, non multa. I have tried to say in many words what the proverb says in three. Without a pedantic exclusion of lesser and lighter matters, let a man, or a woman who wishes to claim her natural mental rights and position, read mainly the best books, and begin again when the series is ended. Life is not long; but the available list is briefer still. Putting aside the books which give special information or discuss points of theory, a few shelves would hold all the modern master-works—how few the ancient! Yet these are enough. For a good book not only puts the thoughts of its age in the sweetest and highest form, but includes, by a natural implication, the thousand lesser works contemporary. And these again we read with far more gain and amusement through familiarity with masterpieces. Knowledge of these supplies taste and judgment and standards for the pleasant work of comparison. It is books thus read which "give growth to youth "and pleasure to age, delight at home, "make the night go by, and are friends "for the road and the country." . . . How modern the words seem! yet they tell that 1,900 years ago there were men who comprehended reading.

AN ENGLISH PAINTER'S TOMB.

BY CHARLES ALLSTON COLLINS.

Does the reader know Chiswick?

"Yes," he answers instantly, and with indignation, "of course he does." He knows a long and painful road whose heat is as the heat of the tropics, and whose dust is as the dust of Sahara. He knows a little lane down to the left, and a paddock by the side of the little lane. It is full of carriages with the horses taken out; and if you want the most immovable-looking thing in the world, let us speak of a carriage with the horses taken out. St. Paul's Cathedral is frisky to it. What else? Distant banging of drums from military bands—distracting ladies in maddening toilets, all of whom you would like to know—don't know any of them—know the Miss Younghusbands though, and they know you too, and seem inclined to stick to you. You dodge them round the tents, and, having escaped, run against them again five minutes after. What else? Swells whom you hate and envy, because they know the distracting ladies alluded to above, and do *not* know the Miss Younghusbands—absence of intellect in these lords of the

creation—decided scarcity of men of genius—too much lavender glove, white hat, cut-away coat, and fawn-coloured pantaloon—Scotch gardeners, who look upon flowers much as medical men regard interesting cases—long tents, where you exhaust your vocabulary of wonder and admiration at an early stage, and end in getting into a state in which a rose two feet in diameter would not astonish you. Other tents, where you are driven mad by the sight of unattainable strawberries—come out savage and dissatisfied—spoil your appetite for dinner with cakes and ices—see the pretty ladies depart, surrounded by the swells, for whose lives you thirst—time to go away—coachman not to be found when wanted—disappeared with horses—come back to cold dinner—unspeakably flat evening—resolve that all morning amusements are failures—determine you'll never do it again—very nearly determine that you'll never do *anything* again! It is thus that the reader knows Chiswick.

But it is not thus that Mathews R.A. and I know Chiswick.

It is the Chiswick of the past that we know; the Chiswick of the past that we visit. The Chiswick that has a mall, a river-side walk from which men with cloaks and spindle-shanks, with powdered heads and three-pointed hats, have handed ladies, who said "La!" into boats. The Chiswick that has old red-brick houses well built, clean and solid, with high and sloping roofs, white-sashed windows, suggestive of snowy bed-furniture, and sheets that smell of lavender, and squares of white curd soap whose lather is as hard to come at as is the colour from that cake of emerald green which Mathews's last but one (the sweetest blessed child I ever saw) was rubbing in a saucer when we started. Houses there where good dinners may be relied on still, where the sherry of Afric is unknown, and from whose doors fat-sided horses, driven by fat-sided coachmen, have drawn our ancestors to Chiswick church a hundred years ago.

This is the Chiswick that we know—Mathews and I—this the Chiswick that we "do" in a manner which is philosophical, artistic, antiquarian, archæological, calm.

In this choice and comfortable region, and in the choicest part of it, there stands, as everybody knows, a certain noble mansion, whose owner, shut in in his own large grounds, may, if he will, ignore the fact that London is within a half-hour's carriage drive, and may fancy the foul air, the pestilent sights, and sounds, and smells of the metropolis a hundred miles away. Indeed, the difficulty is to think otherwise, when once you have passed through those princely and coroneted gates, on which are emblazoned, in gold and colour, the ducal arms of Devonshire. Once in that avenue of tender and sweet-smelling limes, you wander on till you come to places wonderful in their beauty and seclusion; to a river white with lilies, to thickets of rare foreign trees, to lonely pools where unmolested carp roll on the surface of the tepid water on the August afternoons, and to deserted temples in that classic style which reigned some eighty years ago, when ladies dressed after the antique, when gentlemen made the "grand tour," and when no man's grounds were thought to be complete without a due allowance of river gods and Tritons. Will there ever be another Triton sculptured? It is a curious subject for speculation. Well, this is a rare old place after all; and I will wager the shirt-pin which my grandfather bequeathed to me (and which is the only article of value I possess) that its owner never enjoyed it half so much as I did when, by his permission, I spent a day there all alone, at that period of the year when the hot summer of '58 was at its very hottest.

Let us move a step farther. Our present business is not with this proud region. Let us emerge from it and look about us. Let us see what comes next.

Patched on outside the wall of this lordly park, humbly waiting at its gilded gate, there is a small domain, a little tangled plot of cabbage-garden; an inclosure, mark you, where the gooseberry

bush and the stinging-nettle grow together in amity, where the grass is coarse and high, where the dandelion and the thistle are not unknown, and where the artichoke of Jerusalem rises rank and tall to unheard-of altitudes. In a word, it is about as miserable a specimen of horticulture, and the whole place is about as good a contrast to that which we have described above, as can well be imagined. But what have we to do with it? You shall hear.

In this garden of the slothful there stands a little, shallow, piled-up house, with a high roof, and something of a hump-backed look difficult to account for. There is, too, a bay-window, like an excrescence, which sticks out so far from the house itself, is so unsupported, so exceedingly likely to tumble off into the untidy garden, and which gives one so completely the idea that it is (in nautical phrase) holding on by its eyelids, that one would hesitate to smoke out a single pipe beneath its dangerous shade.

And what of the little shallow house? What of its small panelled rooms, and its floors that rise and fall, and slope uphill and downhill, and show not one square foot of even planking? What of this excrescential bow?

In that window there has sat one whose memory we should not forget. In that house there has lived one whose name should be honoured among us. For that house was the house of Sir James Thornhill, and in it William Hogarth lived, and loved, and worked.

During the whole time that Mathews and I were in that house, we were singularly silent; but I noted that we were especially so while in the room which has the reputation of having been that in which Hogarth was in the habit of painting. We did not speak, and yet I have little doubt that, had we compared notes as to the subject of our thoughts, we should have found that we were both occupied with the same reflections.

Who is there that would not be startled if he was made aware of the amount of anxiety and disappointment, ay, and even of passionate distress, which the four walls of a painter's room witness? Does Doubleface, for instance, the art-critic, when he disposes of a picture in his usual flippant manner, think of these things? Does the public think of these things? Alas, the impression upon the public mind of the way in which pictures are produced is an utterly false one, and should be corrected once and for all. Let the public be told then, once for all, that an artist does *not* shut himself up with a canvas in his room, and proceed to fling his ideas upon it in a kind of untrammelled poetic fury, but that, on the contrary, he has to deal with stubborn and intractable facts which he cannot mould as he wishes, and whose laws he is obliged to obey. He is compelled, it is wretched to think how often, to abandon an intention in which he delighted, because human beings have bones and joints which he finds he cannot twist and warp into the shape he wants. Let the public know, too, that every part of the artist's work has to be painfully compared with nature, and tested by the limits (much narrower limits than is generally supposed) of possibility. Let them know that sacrifices, great and cruel sacrifices, are exacted from the artist — sacrifice of his pleasures that he may keep his head in that perfect order which is indispensable to his work—sacrifice of society that he loves, because he can think and labour harder when away from it, or because the exigencies of the peculiar subject he is at work upon require that he should be banished to some lonely place, where he has no soul to speak to for months together, and where he must remain till his task is done—sacrifice of his comfort, such as the man must encounter who sits at his easel out of doors when the snow is on the ground, and when the very blood is cold within his veins—and one sacrifice more, the worst of all, the sacrifice of his work, of work completed, and beautiful in itself, and which must be scraped and cleaned from off the canvas on which it has been placed with such long effort and such arduous labour, because it is inconsistent with some part of the work in progress,

and being so must go out of it. What do people know of the misery that reigns in an artist's whole household, when the members of it know that he is thus employed in undoing what it has cost so much to do? What do they know of an artist's career? Do they know that many who commence it break down under fatigues that few can undergo? Do they know that health has been destroyed, and that brains have softened, under the pressure of this work? And do they ever remember, for one fraction of a moment, as they examine a collection of pictures, that what they see before them has only been arrived at by close application, and by long and painful processes, and that many of these canvases which they regard so carelessly have been touched with pencils dipped in tears?

Enough of this. The subject warrants the digression, but it shall be indulged in no longer, and we will return, by an easy transition, at once from Hogarth's profession to Hogarth's house.

Now Mathews, whose own brave deeds in art are just those of one who would understand and love the memory of Hogarth perhaps better than any man alive, is highly indignant that this his summer residence should be allowed to fall into decay, and that the room in which he painted, and which is a separate building (a loft, in fact, over the stable), should be literally tumbling to pieces. In sooth, and indignation apart, the crossing of this same studio (about ten feet square) was a service of danger, and the floor was not one whit more secure than was a certain sheet of ice which fifteen years ago gave way beneath my skate, and soused me into the water, some twelve feet deep, which spreads its broad expanse before the Palace at Kensington.

"Now," said Mathews, as we emerged from the door of the little shallow house, "suppose we go, while we are about it, and pay a visit to Hogarth's tomb."

I don't mind acknowledging that I was a little startled at this. "From Chiswick to Westminster Abbey," I thought to myself; "we shall be late for dinner."

I am one of those wretched, wretched persons, who set great store by dinner. Woe's me, I almost think that if, on condition of missing that delightful incident in the day's history, I were promised, instead of a visit to Hogarth's tomb, an interview with Hogarth's spirit, I would not accept it. This, by the by, is by no means an unheard-of temptation that I am supposing, for have I not acquaintances who would think nothing of offering me an entertainment, in the course of which the spirit of Hogarth, or anybody else I like to mention, should pass the evening with me and rap away at the table, with a fury partaking of the respective natures of an insane woodpecker and an inebriated auctioneer?

The thought, then, of a journey to Westminster Abbey was formidable to me in the extreme; but I was ashamed to allege the real reason why it was so, and, trusting the matter to chance, I agreed to my friend's proposal, followed him down a green lane that led towards the river, nor uttered word till he led the way through a small gate that gave admission to Chiswick churchyard.

Then I up and spoke. "Is this the way to Westminster Abbey, Mathews?"

"No," said that gentleman; "why should it be? We have nothing to do with Westminster Abbey."

"I thought we were going to see Hogarth's tomb," I remonstrated.

"And so we are," was the reply.

"Well, then," I argued, thinking I had now hung my friend on the horns of a dilemma, "if we are going to see Hogarth's tomb, and Hogarth's tomb is in Westminster Abbey, it seems to me that we *have* something to do with that sacred edifice."

"Miserable man," exclaimed Mathews, "is it possible that you are not aware that Hogarth is buried in this small churchyard, and that this tomb before which we are now standing is the only monument in England that bears his name?"

I looked in the direction indicated by a wave of my friend's stick, and saw a small piled-up monument, something like the upright leaden tea-caddies in which our housemaids keep their stores of the Chinese herb. The tea-caddy was four-sided, and had an inscription on each side of it; for even this shabby monument was not erected to the great painter alone. On the tabular portion dedicated to William Hogarth was an epitaph by David Garrick, an ingenious inscription enough, exhorting the reader of it, if he is unmoved by everything that appeals to the softer and better emotions of humanity—if his heart is untouched by poetry, inaccessible to pity—to leave the place without delay. In brief, if he feels that his mind is a blank, and his heart a stone, he is requested to be off with all speed; while if, on the contrary, he is an agreeable and sensitively disposed person, he is invited to remain and drop as many tears as may be convenient to Hogarth's memory.

My friend deposited his stalwart form upon a flat tombstone opposite the monument we had come in quest of. I encamped over against him upon another, and we sat like ghouls among the graves. On one side of us was the tomb of a retired ship-chandler, and on the other a mausoleum erected to a late eminent corn-cutter. There was a bust of the corn-cutter on his monument. It was a bust of a prying nature, that leant forward, and seemed to listen to what we were saying. When I had noted these things I looked towards Mathews, and our eyes met.

"And so," said that gentleman, "you thought that Hogarth was buried in Westminster Abbey?"

"Yes," I answered, "I took the thing for granted."

"He takes it for granted," said Mathews dreamingly, and addressing, to all appearance, the bust of the eminent corn-cutter, "and so does everybody else. They all take it for granted that Hogarth's remains lie in Westminster Abbey, or else that this great dramatist, this master of satire, has found a resting-place for his bones in St. Paul's Cathedral. How many people know where Hogarth is buried? The fiction before people's minds is that he has a stately tomb in Poet's Corner, while the fact is that his dust lies here buried in a tea-caddy, with a ship-chandler on one side of him, and a corn-cutter on the other."

It was a sunshiny day, and, as my friend spoke, a bird flying close over the corn-cutter's bust threw, for an instant, his shadow on this distinguished operator's left eye. I could have sworn that the corn-cutter had winked, and that it was the wink, too, of a retortive and defiant corn-cutter, who would fain have replied to Mathews, "And very good company too for an artist."

"Imagine," resumed Mathews, "if the French had had such a man as this in their school, what a fuss they would have made about him, what statues they would have raised to his memory (thank goodness we have not), what streets they would have called after his name. Would anybody believe that a nation like ours could be so little proud of the man it has given birth to?"

"Yes," I interposed; "would anybody—"

"Allow me," said Mathews; and, feeling that he was doing it better than I could, I *did* allow him. "Would anybody believe that even this wretched monument, this bloated tea-caddy, was allowed, a year or two ago, to get into such a state that it would have dropped to pieces if an obscure private individual, remotely connected with Hogarth's family, had not stepped in, and mended it at his own expense?—And see this coat of arms," continued Mathews, touching the tomb as he spoke, but tenderly, and as one would touch a wound in a friend's arm; "the colour on this coat-of-arms is peeling off even now. I will ask permission to restore that at least with my own hands. I will bring my colours and my brush here one day and paint these arms afresh. And you, David Fudge," said this enthusiastic gentleman, addressing me by name, "should take your pen in hand, and remind the world of what it has forgotten, that there exists no

monument to Hogarth's name in all the broad expanse of London."

I promised that I would do this, and I have done it; but I have little idea that a monument will rise to Hogarth in consequence, or that his country-house will, through my words, be rescued from decay.

I say this because I know our national character, and because I believe that with us in England the reward of such men as Hogarth is different from what it is with other nations. It is great if unsubstantial; it is lasting though unrecorded. It is an immaterial glory that is theirs—a thing not of tombs or monuments, not of temples nor of shrines. It is a thing whose memorial is in men's minds—whose epitaph is in their mouths. Time cannot efface it; novelty cannot make it stale. Their monument is raised to their souls. Their Walhalla is in the people's hearts. Nay, the very dust into which their bodies turn, the grave, cannot hold it, nor the tombstone keep it down. In spite of these it rises—in spite of time, and change, and hurry of events; and, turned into grains of gold, it forms a halo round their heads.

ITALY RESURGENT AND BRITAIN LOOKING ON.

BY THOMAS HUGHES.

It is now all but twenty years since the man of all Englishmen then living who had most sympathy with the traditions and glory of the Italy of the past, wrote in terms of bitter despondency of the Italy which was then lying under his eyes. "No nation," wrote Dr. Arnold in 1840, "presents "so bad a side to the traveller as "this; for, whilst we do not see its "domestic life, and its private piety "and charity, the infinite vileness of "its public officers, the pettiness of "the Governments, the gross ignorance "and the utter falsehood of those who "must come in your way, are a con-"tinual annoyance. When you see a "soldier here, you feel no confidence "that he can fight; when you see a "so-called man of letters, you are not "sure that he has more knowledge than a "baby; when you see a priest, he may "be an idolater or an unbeliever; when "you see a judge or a public func-"tionary, justice and integrity may be "utter strangers to his vocabulary. It "is this which makes a nation vile, "when profession, whether Godward or "manward, is no security for per-"formance."

It is well to look at that picture for a moment before we turn to the Italy of to-day—the Italy whose soldier-sons have poured out their blood like water under their king and their Garibaldi; whose judges, men of letters, public functionaries, have not only shown themselves just and upright men, but have set an example of patriotic and judicious daring, and ready self-sacrifice such as we have not seen among the nations for many a day; whose priests, whatever they may have been yesterday, have thrown off idol-worship and unbelief for the time—let us hope, for ever. For from every quarter we learn that they lead their people to the vote, and the *Times'* correspondent (March 19), writes that—The urns are "set up in parish churches;" in some the priest has "exposed the sacrament, that the voters "may know that they stand in the real "presence of God;" and he (a man who throughout his letter is sneering at universal suffrage, be it remarked) sums up thus:—"One would say the whole "people are deeply penetrated with the "solemnity of the moment, as if they "were actually in the presence of the "Deity."

A people voting as though they were in the presence of God, for union, for freedom, in the face of dangers as tremendous as have ever threatened a nation; voting with their eyes open, and prepared to brave the consequences of their vote—for they march by thousands into the towns on Sundays, "bear-

"ing their contributions to Garibaldi's "fund for the purchase of 1,000,000 "muskets," shouting, "Vogliamo manu-ello" as they march,—is surely a sight to make a Briton's pulse beat somewhat quicker than usual. If it does not also make him feel somewhat ashamed of much that his own country has been saying and doing of late at home and abroad, I shall be much mistaken, and think worse of him than I am inclined to do at present.

I do not mean that we have much to charge ourselves with, up to the opening of the last Act, in respect of our conduct as a nation on this Italian question. I believe that until very lately few Englishmen could feel anything like real enthusiasm for the cause of Italy. Of course persons resident in the country or who were otherwise cognizant of, or brought face to face with, the noble life which must have been growing up there for years, may have been, and some have been, carried away by it. But most of us,—though we wished well to the cause of freedom in Italy,—could never be brought to believe that the people were in earnest, or, at least, in the sort of earnest which it takes to win freedom.

Until the last year or two the people who knew best (as we thought) told us, that it was folly to think of any real desire for national life springing up in that country. Every little kingdom, even every provincial town of any note, we were told, was jealous of, and looked with scorn on, all its neighbours. Tuscany sneered at Piedmont; Modena hated Parma; Milan, deeply as she loathed Austria, would scarcely deign to grasp the hand of a deliverer, if it was the hand that held the sceptre at Turin! The events of 1848—9 rather confirmed these ideas in us; and, during the ten years which followed, the antagonism of the party of Mazzini to that of Victor Emmanuel and Piedmont has kept us in the same state of half belief.

But now all is changed. Cavour, perhaps Victor Emmanuel, may have been intriguing and making all safe with Louis Napoleon, may be feigning and juggling, and this thing that men with masks on their faces and lies in their mouths can help forward a great cause,—I say, they *may have been* doing all this, though it will take a good deal more evidence than is yet forthcoming to make me believe it. But the nation knows nothing of such doings; the nation is no party to them. She has said, as plainly as a nation can speak, "The "Emperor of the French may go, if it so "please him; he may turn on us if he "dare; Austria may fall on us from the "north; the mercenaries paid with the "taxes wrung from our brethren of Rome "and Naples may be led against us from "the south—but for all that we will "unite, we will be a nation of freemen."

What I do think we have to be ashamed of just now, is the way in which Britain has received this news, that Italy has at last put all that is dear to a nation—nay, her very life—on the hazard. That we, the nation in Europe which of all others ought to have cried, "Well done; now we understand you, now we will stand by you," should have shown that we could not even believe it possible for any people to risk so much, that in our opinion there must be some secret understanding or trickery about the business, is not a pleasant sign. But this was, in fact, how we in Britain received the news. The *Times* and other papers within a few days talked of the "spilt milk" of Savoy, and spoke in cold and sneering disbelief as to the *bona fides* of the resolution of Italy to stand by her own solemnly-chosen policy at all hazards, alone if necessary, which was so plainly and ably stated in Cavour's despatch to M. Thouvenel.

It is all very well to say that England is not answerable for what the *Times* says. In one sense she is not; in another, and the most material, she is. For, wince under it as we may, the *Times* is a mirror—and a wonderfully sensitive and accurate mirror—of the England of to-day. It reflects the image which stands before it. It is of no use for us to throw stones at the mirror; but it may be of the greatest use to look

steadily at the staggering, much-talking, little-doing, less-believing figure of our noble selves, which has of late faced us therein, and see if we cannot do something towards improving *that* a little. No question that the mirror will give us the benefit of the change soon enough, if we can take out of the original ever so little of that look which betokens the mixture of a shrewd man of the world ready to make the most of this world and the next, and of a vague gentleman who has lost his way.

But what then ought Britain to do for Italy, what ought she to pledge herself to do? No man ought to shirk these questions. It may do some little good that every man who has the chance should let his fellow-countrymen know what he thinks about them.

It seems to me that, if we are not to disgrace ourselves, we ought to be ready to say and do thus much at least in the following cases:—

If France should hostilely occupy Tuscany, or any other part of Italy proper (which may happen yet for all that appears), we should insist on her withdrawal, and go to war with her if she should refuse to withdraw.

If France should withdraw from Lombardy, and Austria cross the Mincio, or land troops in any part of Italy, we should go to war with her.

If war should break out between Naples and Northern Italy, we should go to war with any nation who should assist either side.

What we should do in other events, such as a rising in Venetia or in Rome, seems to me to depend upon circumstances which cannot be anticipated, and which it is useless to speculate on. But surely if the British Government, backed (as I believe it would be) by the almost unanimous voice of the nation, were to lay down plainly what we mean by non-intervention in a few practical cases, such as those above suggested, it would clear the way for, and render far less difficult, the settlement of all the more complex questions which may possibly arise before long.

I believe that Englishmen are getting more and more anxious that their Government should speak out and be ready to act promptly in European questions. I believe that most Englishmen feel that England has not done this of late; that she has not held a steady or dignified course, but has been tricky and time-serving, and has lost much influence in consequence; and that there is little chance of things going right in Europe, unless she wakes to her responsibilities and takes a new course. No man, in fact, who is in the habit of mixing familiarly with different classes of his countrymen can doubt that the feeling of the nation is getting daily sounder and more healthy. Free trade is a good doctrine; we are all free traders. But the free trade which tells us that the honour of England matters nothing if we can only sell plenty of cotton cloth—this is an idol which we do not mean to worship. Non-intervention is a good doctrine; we are for it to a man. But we do not mean by non-intervention that England is to allow Louis Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria to act as they will in Italy and elsewhere, so long as they let *us* alone. Economy is a good doctrine, for nations as for men; we all admit it. But we only admit it with the qualification that our pursuit of economy is not to be allowed to deaden our love of, and service to, nobleness, and righteousness, and truth.

So the nation feels, though she can scarcely yet express herself clearly through the press or Parliament. We want statesmen who will see that it is so, and act on the conviction that England will back them in a straightforward and righteous policy, let it lead us where it will. There never was a time when such men were more needed than now. This resurrection of Italy is surely a great crisis for us, as well as for her. The Sibyl offers us now nine books; are we prepared to buy them, and read in them, and profit by them? If not, as surely as night follows day, three will be burnt, and we shall have to pay the same price for six.